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IS WESTERN CIVILIZATION IN PERIL?

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

ALL over the world, the thinkers and searchers who scan the horizon of the future are attempting to assess the values of civilization and speculating about its destiny. Europe, having just passed through a devastating war and already debating the hour for the next explosion, wonders whether the game is worth the candle or can be played to the bitter extreme without inviting disaster so colossal as to put an end to civilization itself. In America, where Europeans have renewed their youth, conquered a wilderness, and won wealth and leisure in the sweat of their brows, the cry ascends on all sides: "Where do we go from here?" *Vivere deinde philosophari*—the stomach being full, what shall we do next? Far away in Japan, the younger generation, still able to see with their own eyes vestiges of a feudal order abandoned by their elders, are earnestly inquiring whether they must turn back upon their path or lunge forward with renewed energy into the age of steel and electricity. So for one reason or another, the intellectuals of all nations are trying to peer into the coming day, to discover whether the curve of contemporary civilization now rises majestically toward a distant zenith or in reality has already begun to sink rapidly toward a nadir near at hand.

It is not alone the philosophers who display anxiety about the future. The policies of statesmen and the quest of the people in circles high and low for moral values reveal a concern about destiny that works as a dynamic force in the affairs of great nations. In Italy the Fascisti repudiate both democracy and socialism, bring about the most effective organization of capital and labor yet accomplished in any country, and prepare the way for the co-operation of these two forces or for a class war all the more terrible on account of the social equipment of the contending parties. In Russia the Bolsheviki join the Italians in rejecting democracy but attempt to create a communist state which, if a success, would be a standing menace to all the governments of the world founded on different principles. Germany writhes and turns, torn by an inner

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Zerrissenheit, with Nationalists cursing international capitalism and longing for buried things, with Socialists and Communists still active if shorn of their former confidence, and with the mass of the people once more absorbed in the routine of the struggle for existence, yet dimly aware that the Faustian age may not be closed after all. In an hour of victory, France reckons the terrible cost and stirs restlessly, wondering about the significance of the ominous calm. Likewise triumphant, England sits as of yore enthroned amid her Empire, with all her old goods intact and valuable additions made; but the self-governing dominions assert an unwonted independence; top-heavy capitalism, having devoured domestic agriculture, feverishly searches for new markets among the half-civilized and backward races of the earth, hoping to keep its machinery turning and its profits flowing, while American and German competition in the same enterprise presses harder and harder upon the merchants of London, Manchester, and Liverpool.

Apparently secure between two seas, and enriched by the fortunes of the European war, America reaches out ever more vigorously, huckstering and lending money, evidently hoping with child-like faith that sweet things will ever grow sweeter; but critics, foreign and domestic, disturb the peace of the new Leviathan. Einstein frankly sneers at American intelligence; Siegfried finds here sounding brass, tinkling cymbals, noise, and materialism. If many are inclined to discount the aspersions of the alien, they are immediately confronted with a host of domestic scoffers. The age of Victorian complacency has closed everywhere; those who are whistling to keep up their courage and deceive their neighbors merely succeed in hoodwinking themselves.

II

Given the liveliness of the present discussion about civilization and the confusion that reigns among those engaged in inquiries respecting the subject, it seems worth while and pertinent to the thinking of our age to take stock. Let us begin the discussion by recalling that a standard dictionary defines civilization as "the state of being reclaimed from the rudeness of savage life and advanced in the arts and learning." In origin, it derives immediately from the Latin word *civitas*, meaning in its concrete usage the rights and privileges of a Roman citizen, and figuratively a body of citizens, the state, commonwealth, or city. Now the rights and privileges of Roman citizens, as over against slaves and subject peoples, were realistic and economic, and it is of more than passing interest to note that in its deeper roots *civitas* comes from *quies*, repose from labor, perhaps that leisure enjoyed by ruling orders. Aside from all philological subtleties, civilization in its strict modern sense includes all these implements, devices, and practices by which men and women lift themselves above savages—the whole economic order, the system of leisure built upon it, the employment of that leisure, and all manifestations of religion, beauty, and appreciation.

Since the substructure of any civilization is the material fabric that frees mankind from the status of the savage, it follows that every civilization must depend in a large measure upon its geographical environment—rivers, mountains, seas, and natural resources—the state of its tools and industries, the occupations of the people, and the organization of society for the direction of industry. Civilization, therefore, is not a garment that can be put on or off by intellectuals at pleasure, transferred from a Frenchman or an Englishman to a Matabele or Zulu over night. Apart from some of its minor decorative arts, civilization cannot be borrowed without reproducing the accompanying economic order. And economic orders are not arrangements which nations can take on or discard at will without reference to their geographical situation or the

competition of their neighbors. Japan, for example, if she is to survive, has no choice but the extensive adoption of the machinery and science employed by her rivals, and with that adoption go its social and artistic habiliments.

If this pattern of thought conforms with the facts, then the classification of civilizations by mere reference to longitude or to chronology is hardly short of absurd. The cultural status of a people is not determined by the element of time or by its position east or west of Greenwich. Many primitive societies have remained in substantially the same condition for thousands of years; where the modes of acquiring a living remain practically static, civilization preserves the same social designs. In the backward places of Europe are to be found numerous village communities which have carried forward into the twentieth century the whole cultural outfit of the middle ages. Hence the distinction between modern and medieval civilizations, considered as the simple products of time, is intrinsically without meaning.

Nor is the geographical case much better—making astronomy rather than time the basis of calculation. In origin, the terms East and West are mere references to the dawning sun and its dusky resting place. Realistically considered, China and Japan, when compared with Europe of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, reveal more similarities than contrasts. Indeed, early Christian missionaries in the Orient were so struck by the resemblance between Buddhist religious ceremonies and their own that they ascribed the former to the devices of the Devil. No doubt a meticulous scholar can discover many fine points of distinction between the feudalism of Japan and that of medieval Europe, but for practical purposes the substance of the two orders was the same: the fighting men held the same supremacy in both geographical areas. There were differences between the lines and colors of the castle at Osaka and the castle at Warwick but they were both built of stone, their purposes were fundamentally the same, and the mode of life of their inhabitants strangely alike.

Proceeding from the definition given above and the argument thus sketched, it seems to follow that civilizations, apart from tribal and nomadic orders, when considered intrinsically, fall into three types:

Agricultural—slave, feudal, peasant, or freehold.
Pre-machine urban—handicrafts; mercantile and political capitals.
Mechanical and scientific.

If it be urged that this is merely an economic classification which leaves out of account arts, religion, and learning, the reply is that these things are themselves bent to the order in which they thrive and have meaning and vitality only in relation to their economic substructure. Traces of previous orders no doubt survive or thrust themselves upward into new orders, but they thrive only in so far as they carry with them the soil that originally nourished them. Certainly there are more fundamental resemblances between the culture of a peasant in a remote village in Spain and that of a peasant in a remote village of Japan than between the culture of a Christian priest of the upper Pyrenees and that of a Baptist clergyman in a thriving manufacturing town in Illinois. A Buddhist monk from Horiugi would feel perfectly at home with a Catholic monk from Ravenna: but neither of them would enjoy the hospitality or approve the religion of a Methodist parson in Zenith.

III

What is called Western or modern civilization by way of contrast with the civilization of the Orient or medieval times is at bottom a civilization that rests upon machinery and science as distinguished from one founded on agriculture or handicraft commerce. It is in reality a technological civilization. It is only about two hundred years old,

and, far from shrinking in its influence, is steadily extending its area into agriculture as well as handicrafts. If the records of patent offices, the statistics of production, and the reports of laboratories furnish evidence worthy of credence, technological civilization, instead of showing signs of contraction, threatens to overcome and transform the whole globe.

Considered with respect to its intrinsic nature, technological civilization presents certain precise characteristics. It rests fundamentally on power-driven machinery which transcends the physical limits of its human directors, multiplying indefinitely the capacity for the production of goods. Science in all its branches —physics, chemistry, biology, and psychology—is the servant and upholder of this system. The day of crude invention being almost over, ceaseless research in the natural sciences is absolutely necessary to the extension of the machine and its market, thus forcing continuously the creation of new goods, new processes, and new modes of life. As the money for learning comes in increasing proportions from taxes on industry and gifts by captains of capitalism, a steady growth in scientific endowments is to be expected, and the scientific curiosity thus aroused and stimulated will hardly fail to expand—and to invade all fields of thought with a technic of ever-refining subtlety. Affording the demand for the output of industry are the vast populations of the globe; hence mass production and marketing are inevitable concomitants of the machine routine.

For the present, machine civilization is associated with capitalism, under which large-scale production has risen to its present stage, but machine civilization is by no means synonymous with capitalism—that ever-changing scheme of exploitation. While the acquisitive instinct of the capitalist who builds factories and starts mass production is particularly emphasized by economists and is, no doubt, a factor of immense moment, it must not be forgotten that the acquisitive passion of the earth's multitudes for the goods, the comforts, and the securities of the classes is an equal, if not a more important, force, and in any case is likely to survive capitalism as we know it. Few choose nakedness when they can be clothed, the frosts of winter when they can be warm, or the misery of bacterial diseases when sanitation is offered to them. In fact, the ascetics and flagellants of the world belong nowhere in the main stream of civilization—and are of dubious utility and service in any civilization.

Though machine civilization has here been treated as if it were an order, it in fact differs from all others in that it is highly dynamic, containing within itself the seeds of constant reconstruction. Everywhere the agricultural civilizations of the pre-machine age have changed only slowly with the fluctuations of markets, the fortunes of governments, and the vicissitudes of knowledge, keeping their basic institutions intact from century to century. Pre-machine urban civilizations have likewise retained their essential characteristics through long lapses of time. But machine civilization based on technology, science, invention, and expanding markets must of necessity change—and rapidly. The order of steam is hardly established before electricity invades it; electricity hardly gains a fair start before the internal combustion engine overtakes it. There has never been anywhere in the world any order comparable with it, and all analogies drawn from the middle ages, classical antiquity, and the Orient are utterly inapplicable to its potentialities, offering no revelations as to its future.

IV

Granted that these essential characteristics of so-called Western civilization —namely, its mechanical and scientific foundations—are realistic, is it a mere "flash in the pan," a historical accident destined to give way to some other order based upon entirely different modes of

life, lifting mankind "above the rudeness of the savage"? Now, if the term "decline" in this connection means anything concrete, it signifies the gradual or rapid abandonment of the material modes of production prevailing in any particular age and the habits and arts associated with them. Conceivably, the Prussianism of the Hohenzollerns described so well in Spengler's *Prussianism and Socialism*, may decline—is declining. It is highly probable that the petty tenure system of the French peasantry, the now sadly diluted aristocracy inherited from the eighteenth century, the church of little mysteries and miracles may decay, but these things are not the peculiar characteristics of the West. They are the remnants of the agricultural complex which the machine is everywhere steadily subduing. The real question is this: can and will machine society "decline"?

It is generally agreed among historians that the decay of agriculture, owing to the lack of scientific management and fertilization, was one of the chief causes for the breakdown of the Roman state. Is it to be supposed that the drive of the masses of mankind for machine-made goods will fail, that large-scale production will be abandoned, that the huge literature of natural science will disappear in the same fashion as most of the literature of ancient Egypt, that the ranks of scientific men will cease in time to be recruited, that the scientific power to meet new situations will fail? An affirmative answer requires a great deal of hardihood. The scientific order is not recruited from a class, such as the patricians of ancient Rome: nor is scientific knowledge the monopoloy of a caste likely to dissolve. Unless all visible signs deceive us, there is no reason for supposing that either machinery or science will disappear or even dwindle to insignificance. And they are the basis of the present Western civilization.

If Western civilization does not break down from such internal causes, is there good reason for supposing that any of the races now inhabiting Asia or Africa could overcome the machine order of the West by any process, peaceful or warlike, without themselves adopting the technical apparatus of that order? No doubt, some of them are already borrowing various features of machine society, but slowly and with indifferent success. The most efficient of them, the Japanese, still rely largely upon the West for a substantial part of their mechanical outfit—for inventiveness and creative mechanical skill. Unless there is a material decline in Western technology—and no evidence of such a slump is now in sight—then it may be safely contended that none of the agricultural civilizations of Asia or Africa will be able to catch up with the scientific development of the West. As things stand at present, none of them gives any promise of being able to overrun the West as the conquerors of Rome overran the provinces of that Empire. Certainly there is not likely to be, in any future that we can foresee, such an equality of armaments as existed between the best of the Roman legions and the forces of her conquerors. Hence the downfall of the West through conquest may fairly be ruled out of the possibilities of the coming centuries. If, in due time, the East smashes the West on the battlefield, it will be because the East has completely taken over the technology of the West, gone it one better, and thus become Western in civilization. In that case machine civilization will not disappear but will make a geographical shift.

Defining civilization narrowly in terms of letters and art, are the probabilities of a "decline" more numerous? Here we approach a more debatable, more intangible topic. With reference to letters, taking into account the evidence of the last fifty years, there is no sign of a decay—at all events, a decay like that which occurred between the first and the sixth centuries in Roman history. Indeed, there are many cautious critics who tell us that the writers of the past hundred years, with the machine system

at a high pitch, may be compared in number, competence, and power without fear with the writers of any century since the appearance of the Roman grand style. Granted that we have no Horace, Shakespeare, or Goethe, we may reasonably answer that literature of their manner has little meaning for a civilization founded on a different basis. Considered in relation to their environment rather than some fictitious absolute, the best of modern writers, it may well be argued, rank with the best of the middle ages and antiquity. If poetry sinks in the scale and tragedy becomes comical, it may be because the mythology upon which they feed is simply foreign to the spirit of the machine age—not because there has been a dissolution of inherited mental powers. The imagination of an Einstein, a Bohr, or a Millikan may well transcend that of a Milton or a Virgil. Who is to decide?

The case of the arts is on a similar footing. For the sake of the argument, it may be conceded that the machine age has produced nothing comparable with the best of the painting, sculpture, and architecture of antiquity and the middle ages. What does that signify? Anything more than a decline in the arts appropriate to an agricultural and market-city era? The machine age is young. As yet it can hardly be said to have created an art of its own, although there are signs of great competence, if not genius, about us—signs of a new art appropriate to speed, mechanics, motion, railway stations, factories, office buildings, and public institutions. Using the lowest common denominator in the reckoning, there is no evidence of a decay in artistic power such as appears in the contrast between the Pantheon of Agrippa and the rude churches of Saxon England. To say that the modern age has produced no ecclesiastical architecture comparable with that of the middle ages is to utter a judgment as relevant to our situation as a statement that the medieval times can show no aqueducts or baths equal to the noblest structures of pagan Rome. It may be that the machine age will finally prove to be poor in artistic genius—a debatable point—but it can hardly be said that it has produced its typical art, from which a decline may be expected.

Passing to a more tangible subject, is it possible that machine civilization may be destroyed by internal revolutions or civil wars such as have often wrecked great states in the past? That such disturbances will probably arise in the future from time to time cannot be denied, and the recent Bolshevik revolution in Russia is often cited as a warning to contemporary statesmen. If the revolutions of antiquity be taken as illustrations, it must be pointed out that the analogies are to be used with extreme care in all applications to the machine age. When the worst has been said about the condition of the industrial proletariat, it must be conceded that as regards material welfare, knowledge, social consideration, and political power, it is far removed from the proletariat of Rome or the slaves of a more remote antiquity. The kind of servile revolt that was so often ruinous in Greece and Rome is hardly possible in a machine civilization, even if economic distress were to pass anything yet experienced since the eighteenth century. The most radical of the modern proletariat want more of the good things of civilization—not a destruction of technology. If the example of Russia be pressed as relevant, the reply is that Russia possessed not a machine, but an agricultural civilization of the crudest sort; peasant soldiers supplied the storm troops of the November revolution, and the Bolsheviki are straining every effort to maintain their position by promising the peasants and urban dwellers that the benefits of a machine order will surely come. There will be upheavals in machine civilizations, no doubt, and occasional dictatorships like that in the United States between 1861 and 1865, but the triumph of a party dedicated to a deliberate return to pre-machine agriculture with

its low standards of life, its diseases, and its illiteracy is beyond the imagination.

Finally, we must face the assertion that wars among the various nations of machine civilization may destroy the whole order. Probably terrible wars will arise and prove costly in blood and treasure, but it is a strain upon the speculative faculties to conceive of any conflict that could destroy the population and mechanical equipment of the Western world so extensively that human vitality and science could not restore economic prosperity and even improve upon the previous order. According to J. S. Mill, the whole mechanical outfit of a capitalistic country can be reproduced in about ten years. Hence the prospect of repeated and costly wars in the future need not lead us to the pessimistic view that suicide is to be the fate of machine civilization. We may admit the reality of the perils ahead without adopting the counsel of despair. If Europe and America were absolutely devastated, Japan with her present equipment in libraries, laboratories, and technology could begin the work of occupying the vacant areas, using the machine process in the operation.

For the reasons thus adduced it may be inferred that modern civilization founded on science and the machine will not decline after the fashion of older agricultural civilizations; that analogies drawn from ages previous to technology are inapplicable; that according to signs on every hand technology promises to extend its area and intensify its characteristics; that it will afford the substance with which all who expect to lead and teach in the future must reckon.

V

Such appears to be the promise of the long future, if not the grand destiny of what we call Western civilization—the flexible framework in which the human spirit must operate during the coming centuries. Yet this view by no means precludes the idea that the machine system, as tested by its present results, presents shocking evils and, indeed, a terrible menace to the noblest faculties of the human race. By the use of material standards for measuring achievement, it is in danger of developing a kind of ignorant complacency that would make Phidias, Sophocles, Horace, St. Augustine, Dante, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, Newton, Goethe, Ruskin, and Emerson appear to be mere trifling parasites as compared with Lord Beaverbrook, Hugo Stinnes, John Pierpont Morgan, and Henry Ford. To deny the peril that lies in any such numerical morality would be a work of supererogation. More perilous still is the concentration on the production of goods that will sell quickly at the best price the traffic will bear and fall to pieces quickly—mass production of cheap goods—rather than concentration on the manufacture and exchange of commodities with the finest intrinsic values capable of indefinite endurance. What the creed of "give as little as you can for as much as you can get" will do to the common honesty of mankind, if followed blindly for centuries, can readily be imagined. Finally, it must be admitted that the dedication of the engines of state, supported by a passionate and uninformed chauvinism, to the promotion and sale of machine-made goods is creating zones of international rivalry likely to flame up in wars more vast and destructive than any yet witnessed.

To consider for the moment merely the domestic aspects of the question, the machine civilization is particularly open to attack from three sides.

On æsthetic grounds, it has been assailed for nearly a hundred years, England, the classical home of the industrial revolution, being naturally enough the mother of the severest critics—Ruskin, Carlyle, Kingsley, and Matthew Arnold. The chief article in their indictment, perhaps, is the contention that men who work with machinery are not creative, joyous, or free, but are slaves to the

monotonous routine of the inexorable wheel. In a sense it is true that, in the pre-machine age, each craftsman had a certain leeway in shaping his materials with his tools and that many a common artisan produced articles of great beauty.

Yet the point can be easily overworked. Doubtless the vast majority of medieval artisans merely followed designs made by master workmen. This is certainly true of artisans in the Orient to-day. With respect to the mass of mankind, it is safe to assume that the level of monotony on which labor is conducted under the machine regime is by and large not lower but higher than in the handicraft, servile, or slave systems of the past. Let anyone who has doubts on this matter compare the life of laborers on the latifundia of Rome or in the cities of modern China with that of the workers in by far the major portion of machine industries. Those who are prepared to sacrifice the standard of living for the millions to provide conditions presumably favorable to the creative arts must assume a responsibility of the first magnitude.

Indeed, it is not certain, so primitive as yet are the beginnings of machine civilization, that there can be no substitute for the handicrafts as æsthetic stimulants, assuming that mechanical industry is not favorable to the creative life. The machine regime does not do away with the necessity for designing or reduce the opportunities for the practice of that craft: it transfers the operation from the shop to the laboratory; and it remains to be seen whether great æsthetic powers will not flourish after the first storm of capitalism has passed. In any case, it must be admitted that the "cheap and nasty" character of machine-made goods, so marked everywhere, may really be due to the profit-making lust and the desire of the multitude to have imitations of the gew-gaws loved by the patricians, not to the inherent nature of machine industry. Possibly what is lost in the merits of individual objects of beauty may be more than offset by city and community planning, realizing new types of æsthetic ideals on a vast, democratic basis. Certainly the worst of the æsthetic offenses created by the machine—the hideous factory town—can be avoided by intelligent co-operative action, as the garden-city movement faintly foreshadows. In a hundred years the coal-consuming engine may be as obsolete as the Dodo, and the Birminghams, Pittsburghs, and Essens of the modern world may live only in the records of the historians. However this may be, the æsthetes of the future will have to work within the limitations and opportunities created by science and the machine, directed, it may be hoped, by a more intelligent economy and nobler concepts of human values.

Frequently affiliated with æsthetic criticism of the machine and science is the religious attack. With endless reiteration, the charge is made that industrial civilization is materialistic. In reply, the scornful might say, "Well, what of it?" But the issue deserves consideration on its merits, in spite of its illusive nature. As generally used, the term "materialistic" has some of the qualities of moonshine; it is difficult to grasp. It is the fashion of certain Catholic writers to call Protestantism materialistic, on account of its emphasis on thrift and business enterprise—a fashion which some radicals have adopted: Max Weber in Germany and R. H. Tawney in England, for example. With something akin to the same discrimination, Oswald Spengler calls all England materialistic, governed by pecuniary standards—as contrasted with old Prussia where "duty," "honor," and "simple piety" reigned supreme. More recently, André Siegfried, following a hundred English critics, with Matthew Arnold in the lead, has found materialism to be one of the chief characteristics of the United States, as contrasted with the richer and older civilizations of Europe, particularly France. And Gandhi consigns every one of them—

England, Prussia, France, and America —to the same bottomless pit of industrial materialism. When all this verbiage is sifted, it is usually found that the charge arises from emotions which have little or no relation to religion or philosophy—from the quarrels of races, sects, and nations.

If religion is taken in a crude, anthropomorphic sense, filling the universe with gods, spirits, and miraculous feats, then beyond question the machine and science are the foes of religion. If it is materialistic to disclose the influence of technology and environment in general upon humanity, then perhaps the machine and science are materialistic. But it is one of the ironies of history that science has shown the shallowness of the old battle between materialist and spiritist and through the mouths of physicists has confessed that it does not know what matter and force are. Matter is motion; motion is matter; both elude us, we are told. Doubtless science does make short shrift of a thousand little mysteries once deemed as essential to Christianity as were the thousand minor gods to the religion of old Japan, but for these little mysteries it has substituted a higher and sublimer mystery.

To descend to the concrete, is the prevention of disease by sanitation more materialistic than curing it by touching saints' bones? Is feeding the multitude by mass production more materialistic than feeding it by a miracle? Is the elimination of famines by a better distribution of goods more materialistic than prevention by the placation of the rain gods? At any rate, it is not likely that science and machinery will be abandoned because the theologian (who seldom refuses to partake of their benefits) wrings his hands and cries out against materialism. After all, how can he consistently maintain that Omnipotent God ruled the world wisely and well until the dawn of the modern age and abandoned it to the Evil One because Henry VIII or Martin Luther quarrelled with the Pope and James Watt invented the steam engine?

Arising, perhaps, from the same emotional source as æsthetic and religious criticisms, is the attack on the machine civilization as lacking in humanitarianism. Without commenting on man's inhumanity to man as an essential characteristic of the race, we may fairly ask on what grounds can anyone argue that the masses were more humanely treated in the agricultural civilization of antiquity or the middle ages than in the machine order of modern times. Tested by the mildness of its laws (brutal as many of them are), by its institutions of care and benevolence, by its death rate (that tell-tale measurement of human welfare), by its standards of life, and by every conceivable measure of human values, machine civilization, even in its present primitive stage, need fear no comparison with any other order on the score of general well-being.

Under the machine and science, the love of beauty, the sense of mystery, and the motive of compassion—sources of æsthetics, religion, and humanism—are not destroyed. They remain essential parts of our nature. But the conditions under which they must operate, the channels they must take, the potentialities of their action are all changed. These ancient forces will become powerful in the modern age just in the proportion that men and women accept the inevitability of science and the machine, understand the nature of the civilization in which they must work, and turn their faces resolutely to the future.

MARY

A STORY

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

ON poetry afternoons grandmother let Mary and me wear Mrs. Gardner's white hemstitched pinafores because we had nothing to do with ink or pencil.

Triumphant and feeling unspeakably beautiful, we would fly along the road, swinging our kits and half chanting, half singing our new piece. I always knew my poetry, but Mary, who was a year and a half older, never knew hers. In fact, lessons of any sort worried her soul and body. She could never distinguish between "m" and "n."

"Now, Kass—turmip," she would say, wrinkling her nose, "t-o-u-r-*m*-i-p, isn't it?"

Also in words like "celery" or "gallery" she invariably said "cerely" and "garrely."

I was a strong, fat little child who burst my buttons and shot out of my skirts to grandmother's entire satisfaction, but Mary was a "weed." She had a continuous little cough. "Poor old Mary's bark," as father called it.

Every spare moment of her time seemed to be occupied in journeying with mother to the pantry and being forced to take something out of a spoon—cod-liver oil, Easton's syrup, malt extract. And though she had her nose held and a piece of barley sugar after, these sorties, I am sure, told on her spirits.

"I can't bear lessons," she would say woefully. "I'm all tired in my elbows and my feet."

And yet, when she was well she was elfishly gay and bright—danced like a fairy and sang like a bird. And heroic! She would hold a rooster by the legs while Pat chopped his head off. She loved boys, and played with a fine sense of honor and purity. In fact, I think she loved everybody; and I, who did not, worshipped her. I suffered untold agonies when the girls laughed at her in class, and when she answered wrongly I put up my hand and cried, "Please, Teacher, she means something quite different." Then I would turn to Mary and say, "You meant 'island' and not 'peninsula,' didn't you, dear?"

"Of course," she would say—"how very silly!"

But on poetry afternoons I could be no help at all. The class was divided into two and ranged on both sides of the room. Two of us drew lots as to which side must begin, and when the first half had each in turn said their piece, they left the room while Teacher and the remaining ones voted for the best reciter. Time and again I was top of my side, and time and again Mary was bottom. To stand before all those girls and Teacher, knowing my piece, loving it so much that I *went* in the knees and shivered all over, was joy; but she would stand twisting "Mrs. Gardner's white linen stitched," blundering and finally breaking down ignominiously. There came a day when we had learned the whole of Thomas Hood's "I remember, I remember," and Teacher offered a prize for the best girl on each side. The prize for our side was a green-plush bracket with a yellow china frog stuck on it. All the morning

these treasures had stood on Teacher's table; all through playtime and the dinner hour we had talked of nothing else. It was agreed that it was bound to fall to me. I saw pictures of myself carrying it home to grandmother—I saw it hanging on her wall—never doubting for one moment that she would think it the most desirable ornament in life. But as we ran to afternoon school Mary's memory seemed weaker than ever before, and suddenly she stopped on the road.

"Kass," she said, "think what a s'prise if I got it after all; I believe mother would go mad with joy. I know I should. But then . . . I'm so stupid, I know."

She sighed, and we ran on. Oh, from that moment I longed that the prize might fall to Mary. I said the "piece" to her three times over as we ran up the last hill and across the playground. Sides were chosen. She and I, as our names began with "B", were the first to begin. And alas! that she was older, her turn was before mine.

The first verse went splendidly. I prayed viciously for another miracle.

"Oh, please, God, dear, do be nice! . . . If you won't—"

The Almighty slumbered. Mary broke down. I saw her standing there all alone, her pale little freckled face flushed, her mouth quivering, and the thin fingers twisting and twisting at the unfortunate pinafore frill. She was helped, in a critical condition, to the very end. I saw Teacher's face smiling at me suddenly—the cold, shivering feeling came over me—and then I saw the house and "the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn."

When it was over the girls clapped, and the look of pride and love on Mary's face decided me.

"Kass has got it; there's no good trying now," was the spirit in the rest of my side. Finally they left the room. I waited the moment until the door was shut. Then I went over to Teacher and whispered:

"If I've got it, put Mary's name. Don't tell anybody, and don't let the others tell her—oh, *please*."

I shot out the last word at her, and Teacher looked astounded.

She shook her head at me in a way I could not understand. I ran out and joined the others. They were gathered in the passage, twittering like birds. Only Mary stood apart, clearing her throat and trying to hum a little tune. I knew she would cry if I talked to her, so I paid no attention. I felt I would like to run out of school and never come back again. Trying not to be sorry for what I had done—trying not to think of that heavenly green bracket, which seemed big and beautiful enough now to give Queen Victoria—and longing for the voting to be over kept me busy. At last the door was opened, and we trooped in. Teacher stood by the table. The girls were radiant. I shut my mouth hard and looked down at my slippers.

"The First Prize," said Teacher, "is awarded to Mary Beetham." A great burst of clapping; but above it all I heard Mary's little cry of joy. For a moment I could not look up; but when I did, and saw her walking to the desk, so happy, so confident, so utterly unsuspecting, when I saw her going back to her place with that green-plush bracket in her hands, it needed all my wildest expostulations with the Deity to keep back my tears. The rest of the afternoon passed like a dream; but when school broke up Mary was the heroine of the hour. Boys and girls followed her—held the prize in their "own hands"—and all looked at me with pitying contempt, especially those who were in the secret and knew what I had done.

On the way home we passed the Karori bus going home from town full of business men. The driver gave us a lift, and we bundled in. We knew all the people.

"I've won a prize for po'try!" cried Mary, in a high, excited voice.

"Good old Mary!" they chorused.

Again she was the center of admiring popularity.

"Well, Kass, you needn't look so doleful," said Mr. England, laughing at me; "you aren't clever enough to win everything."

"I know," I answered, wishing I were dead and buried.

I did not go into the house when we reached home, but wandered down to the loft and watched Pat mixing the chicken food.

But the bell rang at last, and with slow steps I crept up to the nursery.

Mother and grandmother were there with two callers. Alice had come up from the kitchen; Vera was sitting with her arm round Mary's neck.

"Well, that's wonderful, Mary," mother was saying. "Such a lovely prize, too. Now, you see what you really can do, darling."

"That will be nice for you to show your little girls when you grow up," said grandmother.

Slowly I slipped into my chair.

"Well, Kass, you don't look very pleased," cried one of the tactful callers.

Mother looked at me severely.

"Don't say you are going to be a sulky child about your sister," she said.

Even Mary's bright little face clouded.

"You are glad, aren't you, dear?" she questioned.

"I'm frightfully glad," I said, holding on to the handle of my mug, and seeing all too plainly the glance of understanding that passed between the grown-ups.

We had the yellow frog for tea, we had the green-plush bracket for the entire evening when father came home, and even when Mary and I had been sent to bed she sang a little song made out of her own head:

> "I got a yellow frog for a prize,
> An' it had china eyes."

But she tried to fit this to the tune of "Sun of My Soul," which grandmother thought a little irreverent, and stopped her.

Mary's bed was in the opposite corner of the room. I lay with my head pressed into the pillow. Then the tears came. I pulled the clothes over my head. The sacrifice was too great. I stuffed a corner of the sheet into my mouth to stop me from shouting out the truth. Nobody loved me, nobody understood me, and they loved Mary without the frog, and now that she had it I decided they loved me less.

A long time seemed to pass. I got hot and stuffy, and came up to breathe. And the Devil entered into my soul. I decided to tell Mary the truth. From that moment I was happy and light again, but I felt savage. I sat up—then got out of bed. The linoleum was very cold. I crossed over to the other corner.

The moon shone through the window straight on to Mary's bed. She lay on her side, one hand against her cheek, soundly sleeping. Her little plait of hair stood straight up from her head; it was tied with a piece of pink wool. Very white her small face, and the funny freckles I could see even in this light; she had thrown off half the bedclothes; one button of her nightdress was undone, showing her flannel chest protector.

I stood there for one moment, on one leg, watching her asleep. I looked at the green-plush bracket already hung on the wall above her head, at that perfect yellow frog with china eyes, and then again at Mary, who stirred and flung out one arm across the bed. . . .

Suddenly I stooped and kissed her.

MARRIAGE AND LOVE AFFAIRS

THE REPORT OF A SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

BY G. V. HAMILTON, M.D., AND KENNETH MACGOWAN

OUR common conception of marriage was begotten in a union of social necessity and herd superstition. The finality of marriage, qualified by divorce, the monogamy of marriage, qualified by romance—almost all the outstanding features of this institution are founded in greater part on a quite sane recognition that all human cravings, including the sexual-romantic, have got to be socialized to fit in with various sociological and biological necessities. But our prevalent ideas of marriage are also founded on harmful superstitions that probably go as far back as the days when our ancestors sacrificed young virgins to those gods who made human beings and who provided drought, famine, flood, earthquake, and saber-toothed tigers for their destruction.

Such hybrid products of reason and superstition obviously stand in need of revision. But it is the contention of some of us who are students of psychobiological research that this is no guessing job. For what is even the crudest superstition but a generation's best guess about things? And what are our best guesses but a new crop of superstitions? If we are far enough advanced on the road to civilization to abandon the medicine man's powwow in favor of a realistic approach to the problem of physical disease, then we have reached the stage at which guesswork, speculation, and opinion grounded in emotion can give way—and must give way—to factual diagnosis of our spiritual ailments. This should mean a factual estimate of the good and the bad features of marriage as most of us live it.

To this end a division of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, New York, has spent almost four years in a research in marriage founded upon the questioning of one hundred married men and one hundred married women. The primary purpose was to collect as many objective facts as possible concerning the sex life. The next step was to study the human cravings that find expression in love affairs, marriage, and divorce, to study them not in the spirit of advocates with a cause to defend, but rather as sane, unsuperstitious realists with a sincere and constructive curiosity. On the basis of a mass of dependable, unprejudiced evidence, it is possible to think in terms of what both the individual and the social body require. It is possible to estimate what satisfactions a man or a woman must have in order to lead a wholesome, balanced life, and what factors favor the fusing of individuals into domestic, social, and political units that are truly healthy.

The two hundred men and women chosen for the research were almost all college-bred or of college grade. They came from New York City or its environs. A third of the men were in professional life, a tenth were engineers, a little more than a quarter worked in literature or the arts, and a little less than a quarter were in business. Half of the men had incomes under five thousand dollars a year. The men and

women ranged from twenty-three years of age to fifty-nine; the majority were between thirty and forty, and had been married from five to fifteen years. It is fair to say that they seemed representative of their class in any large city.

The one thousand three hundred and fifty-eight love affairs of these two hundred men and women form the basis of the present article. They are a widow's mite of facts got under carefully arranged scientific conditions. They would have to be multiplied a hundredfold to justify any hard and fast conclusions, but a mite is worth dropping into the box—especially an empty box.

During this research the examiner wished particularly to avoid saying anything to any of the two hundred spouses which might influence their answers in any direction. For this reason the questions were presented on typewritten cards with the request that the answers be talked out in a very free, informal manner. There were forty-odd cards, each dealing with a particular topic—nearly four hundred questions all told.

Of course, these cards had to be renewed from time to time. They were likely to get smudged and crumpled after a score or more of eagerly-talking spouses had sat—one at a time—in the examining chair and handled them. There was one of these cards that invariably wore out sooner than all its fellows. It was known to the secretary who had to copy it over so often she could do the chore by memory as the "love-affairs card," and the one used by the women read as follows:

Give a list of all of the boys with whom you have been in love, either before or after your marriage, and give the following information about each of them:

1—How old were you at the beginning of your love affair with the boy or man?
2—Was he older or younger than you?
3—What was the color of his eyes and hair? Dark or fair skin?
4—Was he short, tall, or medium in height?
5—Was he thin, plump, fat, or of average build?
6—Did he resemble your father or any of your brothers in disposition?
7—Did he resemble your father or any of your brothers in physical appearance?
8—To what extent were there demonstrations of affection between you?
9—Was your affection for him of a kind to make it uncomfortable for you to permit him to make demonstrations of affection between you?
10—Did any other feelings interfere with your ability to let him kiss you or to do other kinds of "spooning" with you freely or easily?
11—What terminated your affair with him?

The questions for the men were an exact paraphrase.

The word "spooning" in the tenth question might have fatally affected the examiner's desire to be regarded by these men and women as a safely tolerant person if the earlier sessions had not already established his status in their minds. As it was, this obsolete word brought out many comments that gave him a sense of having displayed a middle-aged Victorian outlook on matters of love and sex.

The women provided another difficulty. They developed a tendency to list as love affairs episodes in which they achieved conquests of male affections and yet were not themselves emotionally moved. It became a stereotyped procedure to exhort each woman as the love affairs card was handed to her, "Now please don't include boys or men who may have been in love with you, but to whom you were indifferent." This plea was not very effective—especially with women born south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Three of the hundred women had never loved a man, and were entirely incapable of such a love, but the other ninety-seven had been in love with 677 different men—almost seven love affairs apiece. The hundred men accounted for 681 love affairs—just a little less per man. The figures include only relations in which there was an emotional attachment for the other person. Purely physical encounters, with no element of "being in love," are ruled out. But as

there were eleven questions about each of these 1,358 love affairs, the amount of information obtained by this card alone out of the forty was Gargantuan—no less than 14,938 answers. Naturally, a brief digest of this material can touch only the high spots.

II

The love relation of these men and women with their own mates provides what is perhaps the most interesting point of departure. In most cases it is a fair assumption that a woman's marriage is preceded by a love affair with her spouse, and that this is true of most men. As a matter of fact, only one man and five women—including the three women frigid to men—said they had never been in love with the person they married. And yet a surprisingly large number of the two hundred men and women left their mates out of their answers until they had told about all of their other loves and laid the card aside. Then would come an apologetic, "Oh, yes, I forgot to include my husband!" This interesting mental kink was not, of course, confined to the women.

All the subjects of this research did not come in as married couples. Forty-five men and forty-five women were married to stay-at-homes who did not answer these questions. The fifty-five couples were particularly interesting because with them the examiner was able to compare the accounts of husbands and wives, and their separate versions of their common love; fewer discrepancies appeared than might have been expected. Still more interesting were the cases of men and women who were not married to each other but who had had mutual love affairs. Their separate explanations of how these adventures had ended threw a good deal of light on the psychology of human "alibis." In no case did the jilted one seem to be lying, but there was always some eager assurance of the forsaken one's gratitude to the jilter for having withdrawn.

Much the most interesting "human documents" in the research came from men and women who had met and fallen in love with other persons after marriage. Here were tales of a very tragic kind. John, having a wife, meets Jane, who has a husband. Each finds in the other a sympathy and an appreciation which they had once had from the parent of the other sex, but which their spouses have failed to give them. Marriage has meant loneliness for them, somewhat relieved by the advent of children yet still full of a longing for what the mate couldn't or wouldn't give. Finally, the rise of a valid and satisfying love that had to be renounced. Behind such renunciations one usually finds, in the woman's case, a sense of obligation to her children. For the man there is this, too, with the added factor of pity for the woman who, in tying herself to him and bearing him children, has placed all her eggs in one basket; he sees how small her chances are for any kind of new matrimonial deal, not to mention a satisfying one. So he sticks to his bargain and, if he isn't too busy pitying himself, then his pity for her may become in time a fair substitute so far as his wife is concerned for the love which he has come to feel for another woman.

On the surface, tragedy of this sort seemed to have overtaken almost half of the women and a third of the men in this research. The figures in the tabulated material look depressing enough—forty-one women and twenty-nine men who had thought themselves more or less in love with people they were not married to. And yet these figures are a little deceptive. Not all these men and women had felt really serious longings to swap partners. Some of them were really quite well pleased with their matrimonial bargains, and had developed a romantic outside interest more out of loyalty to a creed than from personal inclination. This statement may puzzle readers who belong to a generation or a community in which the lay psychoanalyst has thus far labored in vain.

The point is this: A great many people nowadays, including many members of this group, subscribe to the doctrine that if you have been married as much as five years and haven't fallen in love with some other person you are automatically classifiable as pitifully repressed and reactionary. This is even truer of you if you are a woman than if you are a man. An extra-marital love affair is considered a gesture of freedom—not necessarily from the exactions of a too possessive spouse, but from what they consider a stupid and restrictive marriage code that went out of fashion with ground-sweeping skirts and the corsets that made the patent-medicine business a major industry.

All this may have a rather unsympathetic and reactionary sound, but it really springs from a belief that the younger generation of married people in New York—and doubtless many other cities—is being just as badly fooled by fashions in ideas as their parents were fooled by fashions in skirts and corsets. Old ideas may be stupid and hurtful, yet new ones stand little chance of being any better when they are based on the childish fallacy that you only need to reverse the bad in order to get the good. Such new ideas are very sure, however, to be fashionable.

The test of any action, of course, is not whether it is conventional or radical, but how it works. And here the research supplies some significant data.

The contention of the liberal-to-radical and definitely radical groups is to the general effect that it is a good thing for husbands and wives to have outside love affairs. They believe that such affairs need not imply dissatisfaction with the mate, and that they are likely to enrich the common lives of the couple—provided, of course, that there shall be neither cheating nor secrecy in the matter. It is suggestive that the women of these groups in the research were considerably more given to making actual tests of this theory than the men, and less able to tolerate comfortably the experiments of the other spouse.

Now the research provided a means of testing theories like these. About a dozen questions—checked by a very large mass of evidence—enabled the examiner to grade the married happiness of the men and women with some degree of accuracy. By this grading 51% of the men and 45% of the women appeared satisfied in their marriages. Apply this test to the people who had had outside love affairs during marriage, and the following results appear:

29 husbands had outside love affairs—9 or 31% are happily married.
71 husbands had no outside love affairs—42 or 59% are happily married.
41 wives had outside love affairs—11 or 27% are happily married.
56 wives had no outside love affairs—34 or 61% are happily married.

The results are suggestive, yet not, of course, conclusive. It is impossible to say how many of these love affairs were dictated by theory, and it is just as impossible to say how far these marriages were happy *before* the love affairs occurred. What we do know is that love affairs and unhappy marriages were very closely associated in this research, and we can argue that this will hold true of large groups of better-educated Americans.

It is interesting to learn how far these love affairs outside marriage remained platonic, and how far they led to actual infidelity. And it is also interesting to note the relation of such intercourse to happy married life. Here we have to throw out the test of whether there was a genuine emotional fondness and bring in the test of legal infidelity. In the first place, while far more women than men claimed emotional attachments to others than their mates, hardly half these women allowed their emotions to lead them into infidelity, and almost all of the men succumbed. Twenty-nine husbands told of extra-marital love affairs and twenty-eight men admitted infidelity. Forty-one women recounted emo-

tional attachments for other men, and only twenty-four admitted infidelity. Here, too, there were radical theorists. Many of the two hundred brought up and discussed the possibility of having complete physical intimacy with persons other than their mates without disaster to their domestic happiness. The next table, which merely supplies some facts and is not meant to imply a judgment either way, is based upon the record of sex affairs regardless of whether romantic affection were involved or not:

28 husbands admitted infidelity—8 or 29% are happily married.
72 husbands denied infidelity—43 or 60% are happily married.
24 wives admitted infidelity—4 or 17% are happily married.
76 wives denied infidelity—41 or 54% are happily married.

III

The two hundred men and women provide us with a pretty good index of the ages at which human beings are most likely to fall in love. Or rather, since man is pretty actively falling in and out of love for a generation, those years when he is most actively engaged in the principal business of life—trying to find a mate. Let us first divide the love-life into three genetic or natural periods—six years of age to eleven, twelve to fifteen, and fifteen to twenty, and then carry the record on in jumps of five years each. Let us then find how many love affairs occur in each year-period and divide this by the number of people living through that age; for, though all the men and women had reached twenty-one, some had not passed twenty-five, and many had not reached forty. This gives us the average number of love affairs per person in each year of life. Adding up the averages of the years in each period, with corrections for periods of unequal length, we have the following table:

Age period	*No. of love affairs per man*	*No. of love affairs per woman*
6–11	.63	.57
12–15	1.50	1.44
16–20	1.56	2.32
21–25	1.68	1.33
26–29	1.03	.76
30–34	.79	.56
35–39	.34	.35
40 and over	.43	.64

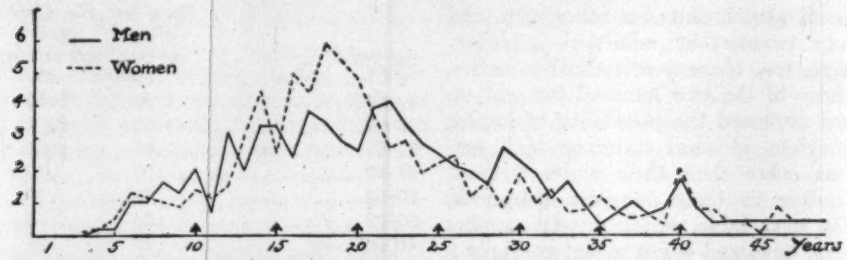
This table, together with the graph of the averages year by year, brings out four significant things:

The men began to show an amatory enthusiasm sooner than the women. Up to fifteen their average was somewhat ahead. Perhaps it is truer, however, to say that the women lagged behind. For in a graph of the average number of love affairs per person in each year, the men's curve is smooth and easy, while the women's rushes up and down in spurts.

The women reach the peak of their love affairs earlier than the men. With fourteen the curve begins bounding up. It reaches its greatest height at eighteen, and the field of greatest activity runs from sixteen to twenty. The men reach the peak between twenty-one and twenty-two. Thus the periods of the greatest susceptibility for the women and the men in this research are separated by a gap of about three years. The women come to the height of their love-period three years before the men. This is exactly the gap in time that we commonly observe between the physical maturity of women and of men. The girl comes of age at eighteen; the man, at twenty-one.

After the peak the men go down more slowly than the women, just as they have risen more slowly. On the chart of yearly love affairs there is a slight rebirth of love-making at about thirty, then another sag.

Suddenly with the forties comes another peak in the love affairs of the women. The men, too, react to this numerical signal that youth has passed and middle-age is upon them; but the women react more sharply. Through



This graph represents the 1,358 love affairs of the two hundred men and women distributed through almost fifty years of life on the basis of the average number of attachments that each man and each woman felt each year. Figures in the vertical line represent the average number of affairs.

the thirties the women show a little more activity than the men, and in the next decade they definitely out-distance them. Perhaps this is due to nature crowding into this period a stronger sex urge for the woman than for the man. Perhaps it is due to the fact that after forty a woman's children are out from under her feet enough to give her a new lease on the kind of life which spells love and romance. But the most curious fact presented by this chart is that the number "40" has a special power over both sexes, and more over the women. The fortieth birthday of a woman gives her even a more frantic sense than it gives the man that romance is passing with her youth.

IV

"Was the beloved person older or younger than you?" Here is the factor of age injected into relationships that are already infinitely complex. Mathematically considered, the complications ought to leap up in number and variety. Reason ought to be staggered by the results. As a matter of fact, age seems to be the one factor that produces clear, simple, and thoroughly logical patterns through all this business of love.

This is probably because we look at differences in age simply and realistically. This man *is* definitely older than this woman, or younger, or of the same age. Difference in age is no mysterious and hazy thing, like "inferiority complexes" or emotional capacities. For centuries the white race has observed certain definite reactions about the age of lovers, and it has all but codified the results.

First of all there is the almost universal acceptance of the man's slight seniority in marriage. Woman develops emotionally and physically three years earlier than man. Hence she should and she does marry a man somewhat older than she is. This insures a better equality between them and a proper protection for the expectant mother in an embattled world. So much for the factor of age at the time of early maturity when marriages are made. Other patterns arise in the first years of love-making and the last, and these patterns are definite and well recognized. They all deal with a greater difference in age and put much store by it. We are used to the spectacle of adolescent youth loving maturity. If we remember our inner lives from seven to seventeen, we remember one or more love affairs of this sort. The commonest feature of them all is unrequited love. The boy is filled with fleeting but terrific heartaches for a goddess who is unattainable by reason of her seniority. The girl in grade school or high school longs to disclose the greatness of her soul by dying a romantic, heroic death in the service of an incomparable but indifferent male of eighteen or twenty-five, or even an elderly one of thirty. At the other end of life we know all too well the picture of the man or woman of forty seeking to recapture youth through a love affair—

not so often unrequited—with someone anywhere from ten years to a generation younger.

The second question on the love-affairs card brought out a mass of most interesting and systematic facts on this matter of disparity of age. The following table summarizes the attachments when the loved one was at least five years older or younger. It shows the percentage such love affairs present to the total for each sex.

Ages	*Men loving older women*	*Women loving older men*	*Men loving younger women*	*Women loving younger men*
10 to 19	17%	85%	0.4%	0%
20 to 29	11	41	13	1
30 to 39	6	37	56	19
40 or over	1	19	80	38

The first two columns begin by showing the love of adolescents for older men and women—the girls having more attachments than the boys. After the 'teens the men's interest in older women rapidly declines; the women, however, continue up to forty to take quite as great an interest in older men as they did in their school days. The last two columns show the men and women steadily growing more and more interested in the younger generation. The men display this interest even in their marrying years, and it swells up into an overwhelming fixation after forty. The women show no interest in younger men until the thirties; then it leaps up, and it increases still more in the forties. With both men and women æsthetic considerations doubtless play a part here. It is a greater factor for the men, because women's appearance alters more drastically. The women balance this with the fact that in the thirties their emotional energies do not slacken as rapidly as the men's, and it is only from younger men that they can get a response which ignores fading beauty. Youth, of course, puts less store by its own physical charms. Graying heads and sagging features seem infinitely remote as personal possessions, and the achievements and perquisites of maturity are most coveted.

V

"'Tis better to have loved and lost," we are informed, "than never to have loved at all." That fact ought to be clear enough from the cases of the three women in this research who had never loved any man. All three are as unhappily married as it is possible to be. But the reader of Tennyson, as well as the reader of this article, may wonder *how many* 'tis better to have loved and lost—just how far a man or woman can go in unrequited or at least unculminating love, and how far the capacity for love affairs is associated with the capacity for being happily married.

Among the men of this research one man ran up a total of twenty-seven love affairs—against one very unhappy marriage. The old saying, "He went through the woods and through the woods and picked up a crooked stick" appears to have truth in it, not only for this sentimental Don Juan, but also for the whole two hundred men and women. Divide them into two groups—those that had had at least one and not more than five love affairs, and those that had been in love more than five times—and here is what we get:

46 men with five or less love affairs—59% are happily married.

54 men with more than five love affairs—44% are happily married.

39 women with five or less love affairs—59% are happily married.

58 women with more than five love affairs—38% are happily married.

If it is not altogether desirable to be too much the creature of Aphrodite, does it also follow that it is better not to develop amatory interests too early in life? Yes, so far as these two hundred people are concerned, the age of the first love affair does seem to bear some relation to their happiness in marriage. Let us divide the men and women into the following genetic groups: up to the age of eleven, from twelve to fifteen, and over fifteen.

We find only one period for the men

and only one for the women when the beginning of love-interests seems to agree with a later ability to find a happy marriage. This comes first for women—early adolescence from twelve to fifteen—and later for men—from fifteen on. These findings are doubly interesting. The best age for a girl to feel her first love is the physiological equivalent of the best age for the boy. They are separated by the three years that have come traditionally to be considered the difference between female "coming of age" at eighteen and male "coming of age" at twenty-one. For either boys or girls to fall in love before their proper period suggests a degree of emotional precocity, and this precocity, in turn, may be a factor in making for adult emotional maladjustment.

VI

Some years ago Sigmund Freud set a large section of the intelligent world thinking about the Œdipus complex, wondering if the love of a boy for his mother and of a girl for her father determined the kind of people they chose to marry and the happiness of their married lives. Certain questions in the research brought out information on this score. Are boys and girls attracted to other girls and boys because of their similarity in mind and body to the parents of the opposite sex? How does this work out in the case of sisters and brothers: are boys attracted to girls of their sisters' type, and girls to boys of their brothers' type? Below is a summary of what the two hundred said when they were asked if such resemblances existed.

Both the men's and the women's answers show a large majority for physical dissimilarity; but the men show more partiality for girls resembling their mothers than women show for boys resembling their fathers. It is also apparent that mother-types and father-types are likely to be more attractive than sister-types and brother-types.

These results are about what one might expect. They follow a natural biological pattern and they exaggerate the data on the mothers and wives and the fathers and husbands of the people in this research. Biologically it is necessary that we should marry unrelated people and people who do not resemble us in order to avoid the evils of in-breeding. Furthermore, the boy has got to free himself from his emotional bondage to his mother if he is going to marry any woman at all or find any happiness with her; and he does this through an instinctive liking for girls who seem very different from his mother.

It is rather amusing to note how the biological urge against in-breeding lies behind some of the picturesque and often absurd cravings of youth for novelty. The unknown and the unfamiliar are notoriously more attractive to the young than the things they are familiar with, the things that have become dull commonplaces. Even one's name is likely to undergo a sea change in that period when the mating urge begins to assert itself. William H. Brown becomes W. Hetherington Brown. Gladys Smith becomes Gladyes Smith and even Gladyse Smythe—if the girl can get far enough away from home. Boys with the sandy hair and blue eyes of father and brother are passed up for heroes with raven-wing hair and smoldering

The men found—

	In Physique	*In Disposition*
no resemblance to mother or sisters	in 478 cases	in 476 cases
a resemblance to mother	in 139 cases	in 113 cases
a resemblance to mother and sister	in 14 cases	in 11 cases
a resemblance to sister	in 40 cases	in 32 cases
a resemblance to woman who later was his wife	in 2 cases	in 2 cases
a resemblance to himself	in 1 case	in 1 case
a resemblance to brother	in 1 case	
Question not conclusively answered	in 6 cases	in 46 cases

The women found—

	In Physique	*In Disposition*
no resemblance to father or brothers	in 499 cases	in 416 cases
a resemblance to father	in 101 cases	in 130 cases
a resemblance to father and brother	in 16 cases	in 7 cases
a resemblance to brother	in 29 cases	in 30 cases
a resemblance to mother		in 1 case
Question not conclusively answered	in 32 cases	in 93 cases

black eyes. The boy who has lived with a brunette mother and brunette sisters dreams of angels with flaxen curls and sad blue eyes. And yet if the family love-ties are not unwholesomely strong, but just strong enough to become agreeable memories in early adult years, all this flair for the unfamiliar is likely to be replaced by a desire to duplicate the outer aspect of such love-ties on a grown-up, unrelated basis. The data on the resemblance of husbands and wives to parents showed the workings of the tendency towards and away from the parent type. The data on love affairs exaggerate the same results because the great majority of the love affairs naturally occur in the earlier years, and that is the time when the necessity of sheering off from the parent—particularly from the boy's mother—is most sharp. Ironically enough—and perhaps this is the source of the greatest amount of tragedy in this tragic world of ours—though biology urges men to avoid in-breeding with women of their mothers' traits, men are happiest in their marriages only when they have chosen women physically resembling their mothers. Out of the seventeen men in this research who married women with this resemblance sixteen were happily married.

For the women there are a few qualifications. Since both boys and girls are far, far closer to their mothers than to their fathers, the father-daughter tie is never so intimate and powerful as the mother-son tie. Yet it can be much more troublesome in one way, for the girl seems more easily disturbed by the implications of incestuous desires than is the boy; she has not lived through it in the relationships of babyhood. Perhaps one other factor modifies the girl's adherence to the same biological principles as the boy, and makes her love fewer men resembling father or brother. As a potential mother and as a creature with less physical strength to safeguard her welfare and that of her unborn children, it is desirable that all her urges relating to defense or discrimination in the matter of loving and mating should be doubly strong.

So much for the physical resemblances between parents and loved ones. In the case of the disposition, there is a similarly large majority against resemblance, yet there are differences worth noting. The women had fewer instead of more affairs than the men with lovers whose dispositions did not resemble their fathers', and they were more likely to follow the father pattern of disposition than the men were to follow the mother pattern. In other words, the women shied away from the physical and were attracted by the dispositional a little more than the men; which is natural enough when we consider that the physical implies an incestuous element to which the boys had grown better used in childhood through their great intimacy with their mothers.

VII

What terminated the 1,358 love affairs? Marriage and re-marriage took care of 210 of them. Out of the remaining 1,148, separation from the loved one was the more general termination. It accounted for most of the affairs before adolescence, and it continued to be the most important factor when the age came for the youthful lovers to go to boarding school or college. "Out of sight, out of mind," like most old sayings, seems to

express a psychological principle behind certain kinds of human conduct. "His family moved to another part of the city, and I didn't see him again until my interest in another boy had made me forget him" is a characteristic answer. The love affairs of 146 men and of 125 women ended in this fashion.

A table showing the relative importance of the commoner endings of love affairs may be of some interest:

	Men	*Women*
1. Separation, such as moving with the family to another town, going to boarding school, entering college, etc.	146	125
2. Dissatisfaction with the beloved person	93	78
3. Affair not terminated by any particular development, there having been just a gradual drifting apart	82	81
4. Affair terminated by the beloved person	70	73
5. "I fell in love with somebody else"	51	73
6. The affair may be said never to have existed save as a subjective event for the person telling about it, the beloved one having been worshipped from a distance or at least having never displayed any interest in him (or her)	39	37
7. The affair has not yet terminated (these are extra-marital affairs which were still in progress when the research was made)	29	26
8. Terminations growing out of the circumstance that one or both of the lovers were already married	9	22
9. Interference on the part of the girl's family	7	14
10. The death of the beloved person	6	15
11. Interference on the part of the man's family	6	2
12. Because he felt inferior to the girl—unworthy of her	5	0

When we compare the men's column with the women's a few points of difference become apparent. Separation from the loved one, dissatisfaction with her and, on the other hand, a feeling of inferiority to her terminated the men's affairs more frequently than the women's. The women had more affairs that ended because they fell in love with somebody else, because one or both of the lovers were already married, because her family interfered, or because the boy or man died with whom she was in love.

The love affairs that led to marriage were often brought to an end at some time after this momentous step had been taken. But not always. To sit in the examiner's chair and wait for the answer on this point was almost as exciting as waiting for the election returns. The question "What terminated your affair?" might be answered sourly or tersely or philosophically or cheerfully, and it was entertaining to try to guess which of these reactions it would be. The replies are worth listing:

	Men	*Women*
1. "It hasn't terminated yet"; "It ended in a successful marriage"	53	49
2. (Without other comment) "Marriage"; "Getting married"	39	31
3. Separation	5	10
4. Divorce	9	3
5. "It never was a love affair on my side"; "I was never in love with the person I married"	1	5
6. "I married the poor soul"	0	2
7. "Possibly marriage has terminated it"	0	1
8. "It terminated impulsively in marriage"	0	1
9. "It was not a hurried marriage"	0	1

VIII

It seems rather a pity that these 1,358 experiments with love and romance should have yielded only ninety-six happy marriages for the two hundred experimenters. And it is only natural to ask why these fifty-one men and forty-five women were more fortunate than the other 104. The answer is not to be found in anything so concrete as facts and figures. In such an article as this allusion only can be made to impressive evidence contained in the answers to questions in other phases of the research than those dealing with love affairs. These had to do with the relations of the parents to one another, with the attitudes of the parents to the subjects, and particularly with early curiosities about sex and how these curiosities had been met by fathers and mothers. Out of all this the examiner gathered certain impressions. He has a fairly extensive familiarity with the gravity of the problem behind this question, and a still greater respect for the rules of scientific evidence which psychiatrists must learn to apply on a large scale before they can solve it. For these reasons the examiner can only have a few more opinions and possibly a few more intelligent guesses to make than he had before the research began.

These opinions and guesses can be roughly summed up in the judgment that the cards were stacked against the two hundred men and women before their 1,358 experiments were well under way. Fathers and, much more frequently, mothers stacked the cards. Sometimes they did it by not getting on well together and betraying the fact daily to their children. Too often the parents were so embarrassed, evasive, or downright untruthful in response to the legitimate sex curiosities of their children that the experiments in love and romance were carried on with a sense of guilt. Everybody was ready to tell them without reserve what to do by way of preparation for this or that kind of adult vocation, and just what adults really do when they are occupied with grown-up jobs. Consequently these children and adolescents could let their imaginations go without hindrance when they tried to fantasy what it would be like to grow up and function as firemen or milliners, doctors or actresses, lawyers or housekeepers. No boy or girl among our two hundred would have been so ill-advised as to set up prematurely in any of these occupations. Youth can be amazingly patient in waiting for the satisfaction of urges that can be faced without shame and appraised in terms of the "is" and the "is not" of reality instead of the "ought" and the "ought not" of superstition and arbitrary taboo.

The examiner suspects that there are so many unsuccessful experimenters in the field of love and romance not alone because it is only half illuminated for childhood and adolescence, but also because it is full of roped-off places that are unintelligently labelled. The signs read, "Evil," "Unclean," "Murky," "Must be entered furtively if at all, even by adults," and "Keep out!" They ought to read, "The management wishes to make this field a place of joyous exploration for you. There are a few hazardous areas in it, and others which you cannot fully enjoy without first learning something about them. If you wish to supplement your own common sense with truthful and explicit information about these areas, you need only ask questions or read the guide books."

Some of us feel that if we were permitted to train the management, fewer of the exploring children would get hurt, and more of them would find the happiness they are looking for.

KATYTOWN IN THE EIGHTIES

BY ZONA GALE

IN THE late eighties Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles—C.L.S.C.'s, as they were intimately known—were in their full flower in the United States. It was thrilling to see middle-aged men and women responding to the treasuries of academic commonplace; minds coming, adult yet virgin, to Ulysses and Goethe and Juno and Runnymede.

I remember sitting silent on a little carpet-covered stool and listening to a woman relate to my mother a part of the epilogue to the American Revolution.

"And, look here, in the first place they never wanted to u-nite at all. No sir! Some of 'em said it was impossible the colonies should ever be got to u-nite. Yes, sir! And when they first talked it, to a meeting in Albany, only seven colonies sent delegates and nobody much but Benjamin Franklin was what you might say hot for it. Did you ever hear of such a thing? But the governor of Massachusetts, he wanted it in order to fight France. And say! The folks in Massachusetts was jealous of the folks in Virginia, and Georgia and South Carolina most fit over usin' the Savannah River. And, Mrs. Gale, when them British troops come over, they tented 'em on the Boston Common, and our book says Samuel Adams got up in the Old South Church and he says, 'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country' . . . wait till I tell you: *That* was when we dumped the tea—wasn't it grand? Fifty men, got up like Mohawk Indians, done it. And Paul Revere, he rode off to Philadelphia to tell 'em the jig was up. . . ."

She poured it out with spirit, she was bright-eyed, she had on either cheek a little high red spot. All her facts had been unknown earth until the Chautauqua American History had opened to her. And now gossip, domestic grievances, prices had all been dropped from her conversation. She was enthralled, as by the fiction which she had never learned to love. Her dining-room wall was covered with her diplomas, she counted for you their seals. In a hundred homes of the nation it was the same. There was, in the eighties, a homely renaissance, not of learning, but of study. It was as if the grammar school had walked and cried its commonplace aloud, beyond its walls. And this commonplace was now no longer in its disguise of task, of penance; but was at last radiant, clothed with its essential wonder.

Women of the Middle-West university and college towns were ardent in the movement, as became those whose look had long been toward the thresholds which they had never crossed. And the little near-by towns had their circles, meeting on winter evenings when coal stoves glowed and on hot summer afternoons when muslin curtains stirred. All the stimuli were there—the love of learning, latent in the pioneer and waiting the mellower time when it might flower; the social urge to work together; the zest of competition in the race for seals and courses completed; and tenderest of all, the dumb desire to "keep up" with the young folk, already coming home from school with challenging inquiries. Secret in the heart of this

whole phenomenon lay all the time this imperative object, and glorified it, yet not more, after all, than it was glorified by the mere subjective desire to know.

To Katytown the C.L.S.C. came not as a process but as a power. Thirty women were caught up by it and straightway looked through windows where had been but walls. These were the days when marketing and household work made the morning, sewing and calling the afternoon, and evening ended early. "Company for supper" and driving were the chief entertainment. The machinery of a livelihood was all-absorbing. Children and love and the out-of-doors were the magic. But the C.L.S.C. looked out upon the outer world.

The Katytown circle was made up of both men and women, rather of women and those husbands who could be allured to attend. There were young matrons whose husbands were occasionally to be induced to the meetings, but growling neolithic growls. There were older—and stiller—women of simplicity, not the sad, feigned simplicity of a later time, but of a simplicity native and unconscious; women of some tradition they were, with inherited nests of tables, women whose husbands slept through the entire evening. Ministers and the school principal always attended and were deferred to in any perplexities—foreign phrases, Biblical and geographical names, subjunctives; and if in the lesson there occurred anything of indelicacy ("anything with anything of a tang to it," they said), by common consent it was maneuvred to the minister, who read it in the temper of the Hebraic embarrassments, so that one thought nothing of it, or not more than when he rhymed "wound" with "sound," as he always did.

A half dozen women there were whose husbands flatly declined to attend. ("He is pretty tired when night comes." "He says, 'Of course I'll go if you say so, but . . .' and I haven't the heart to make him." "He likes to have me go, but he's a great hand to stay away from everything." And occasionally, with a confidential forward leaning, "He does hate to change his clothes.")

Consider an evening on which the C.L.S.C. met with Mis' Artemus Mason. Mis' Mason had double parlors, cut by an arched doorway, heavily molded and painted gray-white. Precisely in this archway was stationed the coal stove, a base burner, showing ruddy from the snowy street. It was October, and it had not been necessary to light the coal (to "fire-up" as they said) but the stove had been specially set up, lest this evening prove chilly. The hostess explained this to everyone on arrival. ("Perhaps you do feel chilly. Wouldn't you like a little shoulder shawl?") These rooms were high-ceilinged, hung with "golden floral" wall-paper, and with stiff lace curtains spread fan-shape on the Wilton carpet. There was a square piano, there was a towering old secretary whose shelves were filled with Compendiums of Useful Knowledge, Great Truths by Great Authors, Hill's Manual, Tupper, Morse, Hall, Matthews. There was a black-walnut center-table with finials on the carved cross-pieces and a round felt mat pinked at the edge and beaded in Greek design. There were camp chairs covered with Brussels. The ornaments were in keeping: On the white-marble mantel stood a waiting urn, and from the high bronze-and-black hanging-lamp hung an ostrich egg painted with cat-tails. This lamp someone was intermittently lifting and lowering, and the weights scraped. It was before the days of Rochester burners, but there were double wicks on reading lamps, and one wick was forever flaring up in the table lamp of pink frosted glass, and every time that it flared, like cat's ears, the hostess murmured something about it, as if she were at fault. The rooms both smelled a little of kerosene.

The hostess called the meeting to order. ("Friends, if you please. . . ." did that.) She was a little woman of

fifty, with gray hair drawn high at the temples and with thin central frizzings. She was wearing a wine-colored stuff gown, with a wine-velvet "vest" front, and she had on two cameo rings, both too loose, and a watch and chain. Her head had a pretty sidewise droop, and she had an engaging smile and a way of looking up—graces without homage, save in her brief flowering at courtship time. She was flushed in her double capacity, for the circle was accustomed to meet at the member's who was to prepare the paper. Mr. Mason, a slow-moving attentive man, had been admitting the guests, and though the bell—set on the outside of the door below the wrought-iron panels—went off like a pistol every time that it was pulled, Mis' Mason would call, "Artemus! The bell!"—and he already moving toward it. This man had a smooth-shaven upper lip, a beard, and a bald head—as if no one had been there to distribute things aright. From the moment when order was bespoken little giggles came from the hall. There on the draughty stairway, and peering through the "banister" spindles, was a minister's little boy and another minister's little girl, amused out of all proportion to the simple happenings.

Mis' Mason called on Miss Lelah Parkinson to open the program with a piano selection. Mis' Mason explained that the piano was a little out of tune, and Miss Parkinson explained that she was a little out of practice. She had on long earrings terminating in gold fringes and bobbing to the motions of her head which swayed lightly to her rhythms. She played the "Mountain Bell Schottische."

The previous year the circle had completed The Preparatory Greek Course in English, and was now centering upon The Preparatory Latin Course in English. Each household in the circle had a copy of the textbook, and the text, which everyone was to have read once or twice in the course of the week, was followed by all, so far as the hanging lamp and the frosted lamp with the double wick would permit, while Mis' Mason read aloud:

*"The present volume is, in order of preparation and publication, the second one in a series of four books devoted, all of them, to the same general purpose. That purpose is to conduct readers, by means of the English tongue alone, through substantially the same course of discipline in Greek and Latin literature—not, observe, Greek and Latin, the languages, but Greek and Latin literature—as is accomplished by students who are graduated from our American colleges. . . . If we ourselves, therefore, do not, in preparing this volume, fall short of our mark, whoever reads this volume with suitable attention will, having so read it, be as well-informed in the literature of the Romans as are students who have triumphantly passed their entrance examinations for colleges and have thus become duly numbered in the ranks of proud and happy freshmen. The present volume bears the title *Preparatory Latin Course in English*. . . .

"The watchful reader will have noticed that we make a distinction. We say Greek and Latin literature—not Greek and Latin, the languages themselves. We do not hope and aim to make linguists of our readers. Greek and Latin scholars they will not become, however heedfully they may read these books of ours. . . . No reader need now misunderstand us. Our aim is a practical one. It is not on our part foolishly aspiring. It should breed no foolish conceit on the part of any reader. No truly intelligent reader of our books will ever be found boasting that he has come to knowledge of Greek and Latin by a royal road . . . no royal road. We say there is no royal road to Greek and Latin scholarship. Whatever flattering opinion you, dear reader that have never studied Greek and Latin, may kindly entertain of the road we build for you—call it royal, if you

*Preparatory Latin Course in English. Chautauqua Press, 1886.

please, and many thanks for your good will—still, let there be no mistake as to whither the road built by us leads. It does not lead to knowledge of Greek and Latin, but only to some real knowledge of Greek and Latin letters. You will indeed be able to talk with college-bred men and women on a tolerable footing of equality, about Greek books and Latin. But when it comes to a comparison of your knowledge with theirs, in the matter of Greek and Latin, you will discreetly and modestly be silent. You may inwardly suspect—and one chance at least in ten your suspicion will be correct—that your graduate friends too might better be silent themselves than loquacious, on these same delicate topics of accurate scholarship. But that fact let college-bred people themselves be the ones to avow. Enough for you, not disputing the avowal when made, quietly to enjoy the substantial satisfaction of conscious peerage with the liberally educated in familiarity with ancient classic literature.

"We shall be gratefully glad if we may feel ourselves to be, in the endeavor to make our books faultless, of one guild and fellowship with all our readers. . . . It is a loaded table of contents to spread in a single volume before our readers. But we trust their appetite, as we shall have to ask them to trust our cookery. It will, we confess it beforehand, be the fault of the cook if the feast is disappointing. . . . Now forward."

Mis' Artemus Mason read well, and she knew it. She had the reputation of being "up" on pronunciation, and she made a point of that position. Often callers at her house have seen her pause with uplifted finger and, "Now, do you know, I can*not* be sure that I am correct on that," she would say, and she would go to her *Webster's Unabridged* in the parlor and emerge with the news. Also, "I'll look it up in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*" you often heard her promising. So she packed into the race her anxious molecule of respect for the content of every word of her language. And to-night her only fault was her virtuous faultlessness. Unless one ungraciously includes a tendency to the apostrophe, as "flatt'ring," "bett'ring." And if she misspoke she met the moment prettily, with a nod of the head, a little sidewise, and "Well!" For an hour she read, uninterrupted save by occasional sibilants from the staircase where, well outside the spell of Latin literature, the two sat, delighting at nothings, and now and then fell down a step or more. Also Mr. Artemus Mason remembered that he had not covered the canary with a newspaper and, lest the bird wake and cause a diversion by singing, he himself caused a diversion by picking his way to the cage among the readers. The gentlemen watched him. Other gentlemen wakened. On the whole, the interval was not unwelcome, save to Mis' Mason who, however, said nothing, though perhaps not permanently.

Following the reading, there was opportunity for discussion. Mis' Mason closed the book and waited brightly. After a silence, "Let us hear from a number to-night," she said. No one said anything. There had been, at the cessation of the reading, a moment of pleasantly relaxed tension, when Mr. Enos Abbott, one of the older members, had frankly yawned aloud, and had been cut off in some zenith by his wife, clutching informally at his leg, and had gone, diminuendo, into a smothered but articulate "Wha's the matter?" Now, however, the tension caught them all again, and they waited for Mr. Becker. Mr. Becker always spoke first. In Chautauqua discussions, in prayer meeting, on committees, it was the same. He was inherently and fundamentally a chairman. Mr. Becker looked like Jonathan Swift.

"Very edifying," said he, "most edifying. I have been singularly interested in following the present reading. I—of course none of us are as familiar with Roman letters as we might become. I—the present plan seems to offer a very, very neat entrance into those—ah—

mysterious, I may say, emblems. I recall as a boy being drawn to read considerable about Cicero. Remarkable man, Cicero—a very remarkable man. I—my reading has somewhat gone from me, I confess, and a chance to brush up will be very, very acceptable. I—none of us, I should think, need be ashamed of a desire to penetrate to these—ah—portals, at this time."

He sat down, folded his coat about him, sighed, caught his lips tightly together, lifted his brow and gazed thoughtfully down, over his folded arms. Somehow, the doors to art and letters had closed just before he reached them, but he had never understood that he was outside.

"That's true," said Mis' Mason, nodding. "Now someone else? Isn't there?"

Elbert Morehouse was an old lawyer who usually spoke at some length, and there was, as he rose, a certain apprehension. He tasted his lips slowly, and consulted the picture molding.

"My study of the Greek and Latin tongues," said he, "in my college days has proved a great source of satisfaction to me. I remember I didn't like them at the time—had to be forced into them by my desire to complete my prescribed course, I recall. But I am thankful for the little I had, since it gave me my only glimpse into that plane of classic letters. It is a great world on which we are about to enter, my friends, and we ought to enter in reverence, in reverence. There is a shadow of a mighty destiny upon that race of the Romans—a destiny never realized in its plenitude, but all too plainly mapped out by the—ah—prowess of the people. What names. How the mind staggers back at their very syllables. Cæsar, a man who . . ."

He went through a catalogue of names, rolling them with a certain authentic tenderness. A passionate reverence, blind and unrooted, was in him and made itself evident. He would have liked to know how to love those names and he did love something. But it was not that which he was expressing. On the stairs those two put their heads down and giggled at the sound of his periods.

He was succeeded by another pause which Mis' Mason, rocking slightly in her patent rocker, bridged with a bright:

"Anyone else? Let the discussion be free."

One of the older women now spoke—a gentle, delicate woman, with blue veins in her temples and a smile which, given in nervousness, was yet rare and lovely.

"It seems to me," she said, "that one of the things I shall be most thankful for is to know all those references when I come to them. I was reading ahead in the book this afternoon, after I got my lesson. I never knew about Cornelia and her two Gracchi—is that the way you pronounce it? (It was not.) And I've often seen the name 'Ovid' and so on. I think it makes you feel so inferior not to know what those words mean. My father knew quite a good deal of Latin," she added, and sat down.

"Oh, that makes me think of something I found in the book to-day, farther on," said Mis' Mason. "I just can*not* keep from reading ahead after I get my lesson." She made a search and after several false starts, she read:

*"Any Latin reader is pretty sure to contain its share of fables and anecdotes. . . . The tyro (I think that's 'tyro') is constantly allured along the paths of Latin Lore by some appetizing bit, of tale, of witty wisdom, held out before him. . . . The sweet juice of the meaning is usually well-diluted in the youthful student's mouth with the secretions of his own mental idiosyncrasy, excited to flow by the long suspense of ruminant mastication necessary before the mingled product is ready to be swallowed and entered into his hungry, individual circulation. On the whole, the Latin reader (ask any college graduate) is saturate with pleasurable association."

**Preparatory Latin Course in English.* Chautauqua Press, 1886.

"Isn't that beautiful?" murmured a little woman near to Mis' Mason.

A younger woman looked up with the air of a ripe peach, fresh from sleep.

"It seems to me," she said, "that this Mr. What's-name who wrote this book has some pretty nice thoughts himself."

In the murmur of assent a woman named Mis' Helmus Copper, and quite generally known as Mis' Hellie Copper, stirred abruptly and spoke for the first time:

"Well, it seems to me," said she, "that he does an awful lot of talking that I could worm along without."

This they took tolerantly, with a smile, as being "just like Mis' Hellie Copper."

They were to hear yet once more from the book when the high school principal had spoken. He was a man of fifty, with that manner of positiveness consequent to long speaking down to others, a manner rather dictatorial than academic. He would not have said, "I present the following thesis." He would have said, "I want you to bear in mind." . . . He now said that it was to him a regret that this outline of study might not have yielded some insight into the Roman tongue—a never-failing source of inspiration through life. He referred to his satisfaction in tracing the English words to their Latin derivatives. He gave some instances. The two on the stairs were in ecstasies of mirth at this sight, in private life, of a man who did not belong there, but on a rostrum.

"Isn't that wonderful," said the ripe and wakened peach, "I never thought of that in my life before. Think of 'cordial' being from the Latin word meaning heart. Oh, isn't it wonderful?"

Her work—she was "etching" a splasher of frogs and cat-tails, done in red cotton—dropped to her knee; her face was lighted, radiant.

"Oh," cried Mis' Mason, "that's the very thing the book advises. I found it to-day. Wait," she entreated everyone, "wait a minute." She searched, ran it down, read:

*"To all readers, whatever their private motive, who would gladly furnish themselves with a modest but serviceable smatter of Latin, we take great pleasure in saying your wish can be gratified. . . . You have no new alphabet to learn. A Latin page does not like the Greek bristle to you with Procul, Procul (if that's what it is), Off, Off, multitudinously horrid in the very aspect of the letters. . . . Very well, go at it, nothing doubting. Read it unafraid. . . . Skip paragraphs, pages even. . . . Get yourself thus easily led-up to the declensions, so called, of the Latin nouns. Fall afoul of these. You can make sing-song of the task and chant it as an accompaniment to any necessary other employment you may happen to have in hand. . . . Once more unto the breach, dear friends, and storm the four conjugations of the Latin verbs. There, that is all. Only, of course, you can, you know, if you find you really like Latin grammar, look, as much as pleases you, at the rules of syntax. But you will now have learned enough Latin to serve useful ends."

"I read that too," said one of the older women. "And I thought I'd do it. I could learn those what's-names while I'm ironing."

"And then think!" cried another. "You could take an English page and pick out the different words that came out of Latin!"

"What good'd that do you?" demanded Mis' Hellie Copper.

"Why, so to know!" cried two or three together.

Mis' Artemus Mason placed the capstone.

"Well," she said, "and then it makes you feel as if Katytown isn't all there is to it."

And there, it may be, you have the secret of the success of the Chautauqua movement, in Katytown and everywhere else. As exoteric Christianity gave to slaves a dream of eternal rest;

*_Preparatory Latin Course in English._ Chautauqua Press, 1886.

as the India Service or any war gives to task-ridden boys the hope of change and adventure; as music opens a door upon beauty, and the life of the spirit quickens to new levels of perception and faculty, so areas of drudgery and rounds of hackneyed thought were abruptly lit by the splendid suspicion that this wasn't all of it. Years too late to respond to Aladdin and Alice, they cried hail and farewell to Ganymede and glyptodons and Gilbert à Kempis and his Saracen lady.

Here was one of the high romances of education in the United States, romance to be classed with the initial passion which laid the foundations of public school and university in the wilderness; and with the day and night schools for eager aliens and mountain folk; and with the woman's club movement of the nineties, before it concerned itself with civic and social betterment. For in the C.L.S.C., as in the woman's club movement growing out of it, inhered the social factor of contagion. It was one of those inexplicable psychological phenomena of a large part of the population becoming subject to nothing new, nothing which it might not itself have claimed. The mere spell of suggestion set the thousands to buying books, holding meetings, taking examinations, framing diplomas, exhibiting seals, graduating. . . .

Very far away they all were to those two whispering on the stairs at Mis' Artemus Mason's. All those folk seemed concerned with gray territories and remote. Let a hush fall, and it was to those two comic, excruciating. They would bury their faces and think that they tried not to laugh. For what did they know of life? And what do any know of life who fail to understand, with a tenderness all but passionate, those meetings on winter evenings in the eighties?

The romance of the time has not yet been equalled among the women of the middle class in the United States. They had answered to a faint tocsin which, in the present pealing clamor of their bells, the twenty million women of the country may as well remember.

NIGHT OF MIRACLE

BY STERLING NORTH

WITH Blake's bright figures in my head,
I crossed a meadow and a stream.
On either side as in a dream
Pale spirits rose discomfited.

And everywhere that grass might hide—
Oh, unbeliever that I am—
Peacefully and side by side
Lay the lion and the lamb.

And I had wandered far afield
When suddenly out of the summer night
I saw most terribly revealed
The tiger burning bright.

FOUNDATIONS, UNIVERSITIES, AND RESEARCH

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

IT SEEMS fated that the social sciences should take over their methodology from sister-disciplines which aim at, and achieve, results which are not open to those who study human relations. In the eighteenth century the achievements of Newton led students of politics to find in physical analogies the sovereign key to their problems; in the nineteenth century the discoveries of Darwin made the pursuit of biological metaphor the favorite sport of almost every thinker with a book to write. In our own day the symbols are drawn from another field. It has become fashionable for the observer to apply to the social process the latest discoveries of psychology; and the complexes of the statesman, the listed impulses of the man in the street, the unreasoning instincts of men acting as a crowd are all joyously scrutinized as the home of the final secret. Somehow, it seems to be thought, psychology at least will give us a social law of gravitation.

But a new technic has appeared, the votaries of which are as ardent in their faith as ever were the followers of a religious creed. In the past, for the most part, men analyzed in solitude the facts before them; and they put down, without much mutual discussion, such vision as was vouchsafed to them. This procedure, it appears, was an error of high magnitude. "We risk waste effort," writes Professor Wesley Mitchell, "when we use our narrowly limited individual resources in attacking problems which might yield to joint endeavors. The mathematical, physical, and biological sciences were first in this country to organize an effort to see their problems whole and to facilitate co-operation among specialists concerned with clusters of problems. But shortly after the National Research Council was formed several representatives of political science, economics, sociology, and statistics came together for a similar purpose. Out of this informal beginning the Social Science Research Council developed in 1923. It was presently strengthened and broadened by the accession of psychologists, anthropologists, and historians." And out of these small beginnings there has developed an organization of considerable magnitude, with its executive, its conferences, its committees on problems and policy, its advisory committees on method, agriculture, corporate relations, crime, cultural areas, migration, industrial relations, and the rest, its grants-in-aid to the established, and its fellowships to the immature. We need, it seems to affirm, to proceed upon the principles of mass-production: division of labor at the base, scientific assembling of the material prepared at the top. When this is done in each department of social science we shall have—at least we may hope—laws of political behavior the exactitude of which will be comparable to those of chemistry or of physics. The work now afoot may, a generation from now, come to mark an epoch in the development of social science.

And Professor Mitchell would, I think, agree that the universities have gone to work with a stout heart and an iron will. No university to-day is complete without its research institute; no foundation is worthy of the name unless its directors are anxiously scanning the horizon for suitable universities which can be endowed with such institutes. There are few universities where the movement is not away from the discussion of principle to the description and tabulation of fact. Everything is being turned into material for quantitative expression since this best yields to co-operative effort. We investigate output per man per hour per machine in every industry and in every country. We study the movement of prices in every century and every continent. We describe the tax system, or the method of railroad regulation, or the promotion system in the civil service in India and China, in Italy and Albania and Japan. Research associations in the different social sciences are passionately at work, devising methods, comparing methods, holding conferences "for consecutive thinking and planning not feasible at other seasons." We have bibliographies of special subjects and bibliographies of bibliographies. We have brief abstracts of papers, and long abstracts of papers; soon we are to have a whole journal composed of nothing but abstracts.

And, of course, we study what we do. The research institutes report to the universities; the universities report to the directors of foundations; the directors of foundations report to their trustees; the trustees seek reports from detached outsiders upon the reports they have received. Conferences are held for the reception of reports; and men are judged by the impression of them the reports convey. Trustees look to university presidents to pick the professors likely to attract endowments from the foundations; university presidents look for professors who can produce the kind of research in which the foundations are interested; professors search for healthy young graduates who can provide the basis for the ultimate generalizations. There are endless committees to co-ordinate or correlate or integrate. There are new executive positions for men who do not themselves research but judge whether other people are suitable for the task of research. These are formidable people, widely traveled, gracious, but firm in manner, as befits men who have vast benefactions to dispense. There are interim reports, special reports, confidential reports, final reports. There are programs for the development of every theme. There are surveys for the dissection of every problem, industrial, racial, national, international. There are experimental centers, statistical centers, analytical centers. More energy, I venture to believe, has gone this last five years into the systematization of research in this field than in any previous generation of intellectual effort.

II

If I suggest here certain skepticisms as to the policy involved, it is with no feeling except one of admiration for the ardor and enthusiasm which has gone into the effort. My doubts center about three aspects of the situation. I doubt whether the results to be achieved are likely to be proportionate to the labor involved. I doubt, in the second place, whether the effect upon university institutions is likely, in the long run, to be healthy; and I doubt, in the third place, whether the result of the policy will not be to give to the foundations a dominating control over university life which they quite emphatically ought not to have.

Let me take each of these aspects separately. In the social sciences every investigator has two great problems. He has first of all to find his facts, and secondly, he has to assign a scheme of values to them. They are not, as William James said, born free and equal.

They have to be weighed. They have to be given a significance most of which depends upon the personal philosophy of the individual investigator. If, for instance, I tabulate the membership of the English Cabinet since 1801, and discover that some sixty per cent were born of immediately aristocratic parentage, I have merely provided a basis for interpretations of the most diverse kind. I may take the result to mean the fine determination of the English peerage to devote itself to public service; I may take it to measure the differential advantage an English aristocrat possesses when he embarks upon a political career; or I may take it as a criterion of the degree to which the English social system puts barriers in the way of the common man who desires to distinguish himself in political life. Obviously enough, my interpretation will largely depend upon my personal scheme of values. The latter has no validity until it has the facts upon which to work. It becomes of intense importance as soon as the facts are at its disposal.

Now my own argument is that co-operative research is of high value once it has been determined to find a body of facts; it is of dubious value in determining what body of facts would be significant when found, and of still more dubious value in assigning values to them after their discovery. For the proof of these things I appeal to anyone who has ever engaged seriously in the business of research. One finds a problem which clamors for solution. One begins to dig, and the mere process of digging by oneself is a definite means of illumination. One gets material, broods upon it, arranges it, dissects it, discusses it. It becomes a part of one's personality. It becomes absorbed into the whole scheme of one's philosophy. It gives point and color to the whole. It is intimately a part of oneself. The revelation of what it seems to imply is borne in upon one almost unconsciously by living with it. And the generalization is made, usually in a difficult solitude, and in a mood which, if it is akin to anything, is essentially allied to artistic inspiration. That is why, I would add, the great scientist, the great philosopher, the great historian have always been in their essence great artists.

If it is the thesis of co-operative research that it can replace the process I have just described, my answer is that it is simply untrue; and that it is untrue even in the mathematical, physical, and biological sciences which are adduced in proof of the proposition. If that is not the claim, then my argument is that the place for co-operative research is in aiding the thinker to secure the best possible materials in the easiest possible way for his thought. Co-operative research, in other words, stands to the social sciences in the same relation as computing to the astronomer or as the making of slides or the provision of animals for dissection to the biologist. He indicates what he wants, and the materials are placed at his disposal. His eyes, his time, his energy have been saved. But the really vital task is still his, and no amount of co-operation can ever replace his vital duty to do it himself. Co-operation can suggest questions to be asked, difficulties to be considered, material to be searched. It cannot replace, and it has never adequately replaced, the vision and the insight of the individual thinker.

It is, of course, all to the good that men engaged in these disciplines should meet and talk over their common problems. It is all to the good, also, that they should pool their common knowledge and suggest lines of inquiry which their experience as investigators indicates to them as desirable. Every university teacher who is worth his salt is doing that every day as a matter of normal routine. It does not need any elaborate organization to make it possible; indeed, it is likely to be the more fruitful the less it assumes a formal shape. And so far as aid in the collection of material is concerned, and its reduction to usable form, that is either a matter for

the trained computer, or else for the young graduate student who is learning the business of serious research. If the latter has real ability he will not do it for long; the call to original investigation of a superior kind is too insistent to be stifled. Here, again, it is extraordinarily difficult to see why there is need for elaborate institutes of research, with executive staffs and growing hordes of faded underlings. Anyone who has done investigation knows that their aid at the critical point is essentially a *pis aller*. Once the stage has been reached where judgments have to be made, the investigator, like the soldier at headquarters, must make his own decisions and stand or fall by them. He will never see clearly if he is content to see through other men's eyes.

All this applies with especial force to the immense apparatus of bibliography and abstraction now being prepared for his assistance. A fairly long experience has taught me that if of the listing of titles there is no end, most of them are not worth listing and do not repay investigation. What one wants is the critical bibliography—like those, for instance, of Charles Gross—which warn as well as encourage. Essentially the same is true of abstracts. Either a paper is worth reading as a whole, in which case one merely wants its title, or it is not worth reading at all, in which case to make an abstract is a waste of time and money. Yet thousands of dollars are being spent annually in America on bibliographies which are a snare and a delusion; and one of the greatest foundations has just devoted half a million dollars to a journal which is simply to contain abstracts of articles in the social sciences. It is not, I think, going beyond the mark to describe most of this expenditure as simply wasted. I can have confidence in, say, a book on American history recommended to me by Professor Turner, or in one on economics recommended to me by Professor Allyn Young; but if I have merely a title from an unknown bibliographer who has probably not examined the book, in the absence of other information, I save my eyes and my time.

It is, indeed, an excellent side of this co-operative research that it should lead to the award of fellowships to young men of promise in the hope that their leisure may bear fruit in research. But here it is imperative to award the fellowship essentially on promise and not because a student proposes to examine some subject in a list of which the research institute or committee has approved. Anyone who reads the output of books on this side of the problem cannot help but doubt whether it is promise that comes first. So many of the themes chosen are hackneyed; so many of them are really matter for an article rather than a book. Few of them deserve to be printed, and fewer still are ever reprinted. Let the reader take the long lists of doctoral dissertations published by the Library of Congress and he will observe, on any careful examination, that most of them were intellectually dead before they were born. And the trouble is, further, that under the blessing of a planning committee, a young man who has been assigned a fellowship for a given theme must continue his researches in that surrounding field unless he desires a reputation for instability of mental temper. A young professor who had investigated a small subject as it exists in America and had come to England for a year to investigate the same theme here paid me a visit. All that he could want to know about it, he could have learned in six weeks. But what with his bibliographies and card-indexes, he was able quite without effort to spend his full quota of time upon material unworthy of his powers. Some of my colleagues and I tried vainly to tempt him into alien paths; but he seemed to feel that it was not the part of academic wisdom to venture upon the unexpected.

On this head, then, I venture the guess that, compared to the results

attainable, the money spent on the collection and preparation of material is enormously disproportionate. I know, on incontrovertible authority, of an American foundation which has produced a single volume at a cost of eighty thousand dollars; and I do not think that volume could be regarded as epoch-making. I know of another foundation each of whose efforts has cost some eight or nine thousand dollars; all of them have had a largely temporary value, and few of them have done other than summarize, often with admirable vigor and accuracy, material easily available elsewhere. Even where the valuable work is being done of giving grants-in-aid to deserving scholars, the cost of the panoply of investigating the claim, deciding upon its merits, and allocating the sum decided upon is greatly in excess of anything necessary. Most of it could quite easily be unpaid work, done by other scholars for love of their subject; and this method would usually save many a scholar many heartburnings as he seeks to explain his purposes to a bright young, or pompous old, executive of some foundation, to whom the very meaning of research is, in any effectively creative sense, entirely unknown.

III

I turn to the second aspect of the problem: the effect of the system upon the universities. Here, the controlling fact is that the great foundations have immense sums to disburse. It is the inevitable result that an energetic university president or an ambitious university teacher should think out his plans in terms of what the foundation is likely to approve. Certain obvious consequences follow. "Dangerous" problems are not likely to be investigated, especially not by "dangerous" men; that would not win the esteem of the trustees who can be counted upon to dislike disturbing themes. I know, for instance, of an important project, brought to a point after long and difficult negotiation, which was killed by a foundation in the belief that its completion would be displeasing to Signor Mussolini. And it must be remembered that the system, as it works, is all to the disadvantage of the scholar whose results, however important, come slowly. The president wants material for a formidable annual report which will obtain a renewal of the grant. Other things being equal, his blessing goes to the members of the staff who can give him material for such a report; and, where vacancies occur, search will be made for men of a similar stamp elsewhere. The personnel of the university, in a word, comes to be dominated by the "executive" type of professor, who is active in putting its goods into the shop-window. The university with a big grant has its place in the press. The president is marked out as a man able to do things. The enthusiasm for quantity—the most insidious of all academic diseases—grows by what it feeds on. Those who cannot aid the development of the new tendencies find themselves without influence and discouraged. Men, only too often, are judged by their output; and, as soon as that point is reached, they spend their time, not in reflection upon ultimate principle, but in the description of social machinery or the collection of materials. It is the business of a university to breed great scholars; and in such an atmosphere great scholars will hardly be bred.

Nor must we neglect the effect of this upon the teaching in the university itself. Anyone who analyzes in this regard the tendencies in social science will, I think, be struck by two things. There is an increasing drift away from the study of basic principles and towards the study of concrete facts; and there is an increasing disposition to give the student practical field-work of some kind. I speak here, of course, of the undergraduate period. Of that stage, whether in England or America, I can only say this: it is all that a teacher can hope to

do, even with an able student, in the time at his disposal, to make the student aware of the fundamental problems in his subject. His main urgency must be the attempt to clear away the bewildering mass of detail and to make the student see a few big general principles in firm outline. I taught in American universities for four years; and I have had many American students since my return to London. My difficulty with them has always been that, though they have been taught to assimilate masses of fact, they have rarely learned to reflect upon the scheme of values they ought to read into those facts. Still more rarely do they attempt that integration of the social sciences which Professor Mitchell declares it is one of the purposes of co-operative research to attain. They keep their principles of economics in one compartment, and their principles of politics in another. They even more rarely relate the social sciences to philosophy, or glimpse the significance of that totality of vision which Professor Whitehead has set out with such magistral nobility. Only principles at this stage will cause them the intellectual excitement which is the main business of him who teaches undergraduates; and the passion for pouring upon him masses of concrete description prevents him from penetrating beyond them to their real significance.

One of the universities most noted for its adherence to this method of research tells us with enthusiasm of how the new technic has vivified its methods of teaching. Students are enabled to embark upon "field-work" in their courses; they gain a living sense of the concrete material. They learn, we are to assume, that "pungent sense of effective reality" which tears through the miasma of dialectic. But here, surely, there are many things to be said. If a student grapples with a big body of material, seeks to arrange it, and to discover its significance, no one can doubt that the experience will be of high value to him. Probably what he has to report about it will not be very valuable; but he will experience something of the excitement that comes to a young lawyer who handles his first case in court. That, however, is not what is meant by "field-work" in the new sense of the word. It means that the student goes out and collects a body of facts for his teacher, that he co-operates with the latter in some part of an investigation. Now if that is done on any considerable scale it is taking the student's mind away from essentials; it is teaching him not to inquire and to evaluate, but to describe. It is computer's work made better only to the degree that the teacher later explains what meaning he attaches to the result.

The real value of the method lies there; and the process of collecting the material bears the same relation to the task of teaching the student to think clearly as a visit to a precinct station to an explanation of the police-power. And if any considerable time is spent on the task there is loss we can ill afford of the opportunity we have to make the student see the great problems we confront and give him awareness of how great men, ancient or modern, have sought to solve them. I still dare to believe that an undergraduate who had glimpsed the reason why the mind of man still echoes the thought Plato uttered two thousand years ago would be fitter for the task of research than one who had co-operated in a house-to-house inquiry into non-voting in Keokuk and assisted in tabulating the results.

The truth is that we are in danger of becoming over-interested in the collection of material for its own sake and under-interested in the problem of the philosophy the material implies. We are getting absorbed in method, to the exclusion of an anxiety about the results our methods attain. That is being reflected in the teaching-work in social science to an amazing degree. It is shown in the innumerable conferences held and books published thereon. It is demonstrated by the increasing num-

ber of vast treatises in which the text is drowned in a terrifying apparatus of notes and bibliographies and excursuses and appendices through which the reader bores his way with a sense that neither he nor the author has seen the wood for the trees. It is seen in the passion for the *inédit* however insignificant; and in the yearning to publish something somewhere at all costs. We have got to remember that one takes a journey for the sake of the destination. The end of social science is the better understanding of the world; and that will come not from the mere multiplication of men able to collect more facts, but from the increase of those who know, first, what facts need to be collected, and, second, what value those facts have when assembled.

IV

Nor is it easy to be satisfied with the position of the foundations themselves. Here, let me say at once that some of them are blessed indeed in their personnel; when one thinks of a man like Abraham Flexner, with his insight, his wisdom, his humility, one wonders why, long ago, one of the great universities had not implored him to lend it the aid, as its president, of his creative imagination. But a man like Abraham Flexner is rare indeed among the executives of a foundation. Usually the director gives the impression of considerable complacency and a keen sense of the power at his disposal. He has not often himself engaged in the serious business of research. He has dipped into an immense number of subjects; he is usually captivated by the latest fashion in each. He travels luxuriously, is amply entertained wherever he goes (he has so much to give), and he speaks always to hearers keenly alert to sense the direction of his own interests in order that they may explain that this is the one thing they are anxious to develop in their own university. When you see him at a college, it is like nothing so much as the vision of an important customer in a department store. Deferential salesmen surround him on every hand, anticipating his every wish, alive to the importance of his good opinion, fearful lest he be dissatisfied and go to their rival across the way. The effect on him is to make him feel that he in fact is shaping the future of the social sciences. Only a very big man can do that. From which it follows that he is a very big man.

He has no desire—let it be admitted in the fullest possible degree—to control the universities he seeks to benefit. The gifts are made; and it is, I believe, only in the most exceptional instances that any conditions of any kind are attached to them. But, with all the good will in the world, he cannot help controlling them. A university principal who wants his institution to expand has no alternative except to see it expand in the directions of which one or other of the foundations happens to approve. There may be doubt, or even dissent among the teachers in the institution; but what possible chance has doubt or dissent against a possible gift of, say, a hundred thousand dollars? And how, conceivably, can the teacher whose work fits in with the scheme of the prospective endowment fail to appear more important in the eyes of the principal or his trustees than the teacher for whose subject, or whose views, the foundation has neither interest nor liking? What possible chance has the teacher of an "unendowed" subject to pull an equal weight in his institution with the teacher of one that is "endowed"? How can he avoid the embarrassment that may come when he is asked, as he has been asked, to put his own work on one side and cooperate in the particular piece of research the foundation has adopted and upon the report about which the standing of his own institution may depend? What are his chances of promotion if he pursues a path of solitary inquiry in a world of colleges competing for the substantial crumbs which fall from the foundation's table? And, observe, there

is not a single point here in which there is the slightest control from, or interference by, the foundation itself. It is merely the fact that a fund is within reach which permeates everything and alters everything. The college develops along the lines the foundation approves. The dependence is merely implicit, but it is in fact quite final. If a foundation is interested in international affairs the college will develop a zeal for its study, or for anthropology, or the negro problem, or questions of population. But it would also, whatever the cost, develop a passion for ballistics or the Bantu languages if these were the subjects upon which the foundation was prepared to smile.

I remember vividly a summer school in a European city which was visited by the director of an important foundation. Its organizers were hard pressed for funds and hopeful that some manna might fall from the particular heaven in which this director dwelt. I was invited to meet him at dinner, and instructions were offered to me about the kind of reception he was to have. Though none of us felt that what he has written possessed any special importance, we were to treat him as a high authority upon his subject. We were to elicit his frank views about the school, and explain that his hopes and fears coincided with our own. We were to discuss—of course in an impersonal way—the great achievements to the credit of his foundation, and the high influence it had exerted in the promotion of international good will. We were to refer delicately to our sense of the fitness of things which had led a foreign government to decorate him for his services. We were to indicate our faint hope that the light of his countenance might be pleased to shine upon so humble an effort as the summer school. In so delicately perfumed an atmosphere it was indeed comforting to watch the expansion of his personality. I think we almost convinced him that he was a great man; certainly he was pleased to indicate that he believed a distinguished future lay before "some of your group." And in due time the school made its formal application, and the appropriate manna fell from heaven.

As a rule, of course, the environment, on both sides, is manipulated with a finesse more exquisitely molded and more subtly staged. But that it is recognized where the real control lies no one who has watched the operation in process can possibly doubt. The man who pays the piper knows perfectly well that he can call the tune. He can shut down, at a moment's notice, one of the most promising graduate schools in the United States by the simple process of deciding to spend its wonted subsidy in another direction. He can close an activity for which his foundation was famous all over the world, to which, also, men of international reputation have given years of devoted service, merely by deciding that there is not room for its activities in his next year's budget; and the unfortunate subjects of his decision are without opportunity either of appeal or protest. Those who have access to him among the universities become important merely by the influence they exert. Let him select a scholar to travel among the colleges and report upon the teaching and organization of a particular subject, and the scholar will be received with the same breathless reverence as a Jacobin representative on mission. The foundations do not control, simply because, in the direct and simple sense of the word, there is no need for them to do so. They have only to indicate the immediate direction of their minds for the whole university world to discover that it always meant to gravitate swiftly to that angle of the intellectual compass.

V

No one, I suppose, has ever undertaken research, however humble, without feeling that the business of discovering facts is grim and necessary and infinitely laborious. But it is one thing to find them for the purpose of an end be-

yond themselves, and it is another thing, and a dangerous thing, to elevate the mere process of their discovery into a religious rhapsody. For immediately the second road is followed, a body of vital consequences follows. Immense sums of money become necessary; and the essential factor in the situation becomes the man or the institution with money to give. The laborers in the vineyard set themselves to cultivate his good will. And because scientific "impartiality" is important—for the donors must not be accused of subsidizing a particular point of view—the emphasis of research moves away from values and ends to materials and methods.

The men who used to be architects of ideas and systems become builders' laborers. They are rated not for what they think and its value, but for how they can organize and its extent. The man who dominates the field is the man who knows how to "run" committees and conferences, who has influence with, and access to, a trustee here and a director there. The governing bodies of universities are naturally impressed by imposing buildings, long lists of publications, reports of committees with high-sounding names; how, for them, shall such activities not be important upon which foundations born of the grim, material success they understand, are prepared to lavish millions? The directors are content enough, for their esteem is flattered and they have the assurance of innumerable committees that, one day, results of the first importance will be born. And if somewhere a faint doubt obtrudes, a reference to the technic of the natural sciences and the immense results secured there is usually sufficient to stifle skepticism.

Yet if we look at the history of scientific research, the great discoveries do not, somehow, seem to have come in this way. They have been rather a matter of some lonely thinker brooding in solitude upon the meaning of facts from the significance of which he cannot escape. He gets a sudden moment of illumination, and he proceeds to test the hypothesis by finding whether it will fit the facts at his disposal. So, at least, inspiration seems to have come to Newton, to Darwin, to Clerk-Maxwell, to Einstein. And, in the vast majority of cases, the material which has given birth to the great idea, the apparatus of experiment that has proved its value have been simple alike in conception and execution.

So, too, in the social sciences. The great inventive minds, Plato, Hobbes, Rousseau, Hegel, Bentham, do not seem to have been natural members of committees. They found their ideas in a body of factual experience which impressed them so overwhelmingly that they could not avoid the effort to discover its meaning. One could, I imagine, have helped Adam Smith a little with books and references. One can help to-day a great medievalist like Haskins by copying out the charter he wants, or a great jurist like Mr. Justice Holmes by finding the references to the cases he requires. No one suffers from discussion with his fellows. The partnerships of Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock, of Bertrand Russell and Professor Whitehead receive no emphasis now from anyone's eulogies.

Where co-operative research means these things, or others kindred to them; where, as Maitland once said, it may lead the great man, when he comes along, to fling us a footnote of gratitude for having saved his eyes and his time, I protest its value as eagerly as any. But, in its newer forms, it seems to me to raise hopes unlikely of fulfilment. It is an immense superstructure without due bed rock in the facts of intellectual creativeness. We are in danger of paying a price for its erection that we are ill able to afford.

"SATAN AM A SNAKE"

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

DUKEY, though not a mulatto, had a lighter skin than either of her sisters. It was not only lighter but colder. Georgiana and Liss were both of a warm, deep brown, but Dukey's was a hue so rare in the Carolina Low Country, the gray—dryly lustrous in some lights—of gunmetal, that the men from the neighboring "niggerhouse yards" and the peripatetic sawmills were apt to give her the white of an uneasy eye at a chance meeting in the dusk and to keep on walking. Liss and Georgiana were great favorites, but with all the queer talk about the gray one nobody would have thought of taking her to the store or to meeting, much less of going in the woods with her. And this was the more curious in that, while her sisters, merry enough, were neither more nor less than ordinary "Gullah-nigger gals," despite an irregularity of the teeth amounting almost to distortion, Dukey was marked out in the whole Cottonmouth section by the lithe symmetry of her form and the grace, at once sinuous, voluptuous, and disdainful, of its carriage.

When Dukey laid her lips back, blue, and let her long eye-teeth shine she could look as ugly as sin. She did this sometimes in secret. Sometimes when the cabin was empty she would stand and look at herself in the triangular bit of mirror hung over the clay chimney. There was room in it for no more than her face and its three-cornered malevolence, the sloping brow, the transfixed and beady stare, the obtuse metal-gray nose, and those two eye-teeth, overlarge and sharp, shining fang-white in the gap between the laid-back lips. So she could stand for an interminable time, unblinking, self-hypnotized.

When Dukey, at twelve or thirteen, had begun to realize that fellows were paying more attention to her sisters and less to herself, she puzzled and moped; she used to cry a good deal when no one was looking. By the time she was nineteen and Georgiana had been "married" any number of times, and Liss at least twice, the gray girl's pride had had to find this way of defending itself.

"Mens, huh?"

Studying those two fangs in the mirror's dusty triangle, she seemed to feel them slowly pivoting outward in their sockets in the blued gum.

"Mens! If man ebber go foh bodduh *me*, I gwine struck um; yassuh, same lukkah rattlesnake do." She could make a whirring sound with tongue and palate. "An' when I struck um, dat man *dead!*"

She could look like sin. She could look like Satan. Like the good-song:

> *Satan am a snake,*
> *An' he lay in de grass,*
> *An' he always wait*
> *Wheh de Chri'tian pass.*

Mingo Rabnel, though he was still comparatively young to be the father of three such big wenches as Georgiana, Dukey, and Liss, had been of little use to himself for years. The cabin stood too

close to the edge of the Cottonmouth Swamp, where the shadow of the cypress tops fell over it in the late afternoon; thirty-seven years of its miasmas had got into the hollows of the black widower's bones.

Now that the girls were grown up he could no longer make them step around. Especially, these days, since the traveling sawmill had set up in Mr. Joe Paschal's pine woods a mile away, the shrunken martinet found them getting beyond him.

There was the field work. Tied by his infirmity to the cabin step, "acres" away from the pea crop or the corn crop, the interminable driblet of his threats, wanting heel or fist to back them, kept his daughters' hoes going only so long as they sweetly pleased; as the blistering afternoon wore on, "Shut yoh mout', ol' man!" they grumbled, and Georgiana and Liss, unbending, thumbing sweat out of eyes and ears, gossiped in longer and longer breathings.

The whine of the saw over in Mr. Paschal's woods made them think of the crew, and that made them think of "Highcollah," the coal-black under-boss. He had got the name from his habit of washing his neck for the evening, after work, and putting on a collar high enough to choke him and a bright bow tie. Because of this and because the tongue he spoke was so different from their own slipshod Gullah dialect, the brown sisters thought he was set on himself, "swongah."

"Highcollah, he *too* 'swongah'."

"He t'ink he mo' bettuh 'n we, bekaze-why he come fum West Indy."

"West Indy nigguh a trash nigguh. He duh mek me laugh. Las' night he tell me he like me mo' bettuh 'n he like you, I gots a mo' fattuh face—"

"You duh tell a lie, a *Gawd* lie—"

"I'ze a liah? You stan' duh call me a liah, you oagly nigguh—"

Hoe-handles.

Her head appearing between the tassels of the neighboring corn-row, reared on the satiny gray column of its neck, Dukey regarded the scufflers with a sneer. "Whuffoh you fight 'bout liahs? You-all two liahs. T'ink a juntleman luk dat Highcollah gwine bodduh 'bout two *field-han's* luk you-all is?"

Liss, startled into sarcastic mirth, began to slap her thighs.

"Yi, yi, yi! *Dukey* duh study 'bout *Highcollah*. Dukey binna fall in lub."

"Me? Study 'bout dat 'rangatang?" A flash. A flattening of all the features, lips laid back. Though the girls would never have called it fright, it always made their breath suck and their blood jump when their sister looked at them like that. There were retorts enough now, but before either girl's tongue was ready to utter them Dukey was gone, a ripple and rustle of corn-leaves.

"Wheh you gwine to, Dukey Rabnel?"

"Dukey, if you gwine in dat swamp—"

Mingo's far whine, thin as a wasp's, made it a trio, "Gal, if you t'row yoh hoe down an' go in dat swamp dis day—"

It was all the good it did them. Dukey was "bexed."

Whenever Dukey was "bexed" she made for the swamp. Offer a negro of the neighborhood ten dollars to trail her and he would shake his head; he would sooner have thought of stealing a pitcher off a new grave than of following where Dukey led, once she had tucked her skirts up from her gray legs and slipped in between the cypress trunks of the middle Cottonmouth. There were too many theories, too many tales.

"I know a man, he know a man, dat man he duh see Dukey wid he own two eye hold conpersation wid a rattlesnake, enquiah how he woman am an' he chillun."

"Rattlesnake can't cry watuh wid he eye; needuh-so Dukey can't cry."

When Dukey was little, her father used to whip her when she returned from the swamp. But after she was twelve, string her by the thumbs as he would, make her writhe and spit as he might, he

could never make her weep. It was as though her tear-ducts had withered with the coming of her womanhood.

The sunlight of the noisy world was gone; in here its rare intrusions were no more than the pencillings of a cubist's paintbrush, layer seen through layer of geometrical abstractions, veil laid upon veil of moss-gray triangles, ashen trapezoids, startling perspectives of diminishing parallels, where the twilit boles of cypresses ran away twice in air and water.

For Dukey it was like opening eyes that had been blinded and ears that had been hammered deaf. No matter how "bexed," how quickly in these dusky chambers—these cobweb-and-velvet corridors—did she feel her self-confidence rebuilding, see herself magnified, find herself walking "swongah" again.

The swamp, which accepted no man, took Dukey in. Whether she loitered or ran, she passed with no more speed than a fold of satin drawn through the closed hand. Gray as the stalactite moss, she moved as little marked as the shadow of a shadow.

Though to the uninitiated ear silence dwells forever in the swamp, to the knowing one there is never any for an instant; where neither leaf nor ripple seems to stir, the swamp-creature's eye sees a manifold life on the move, the crimson wing-dip of a cardinal, the ghost-sly preening of an aigret, the little breathing of a log that is an alligator, and always the fluent vanishing of snakes.

A dry whisper almost underfoot. The weaving of a sandy wind through brittle stems. Without fright, with a suave, tortile grace, Dukey swerved. Next instant, squatting on her heels and putting back a spray of a bushy gum tree, she peered in at the making coil.

"Who you, rattlesnake? Oh, foh Heaben! you ol' One-Eye. Shhhh . . . Shhhh . . . Don' you go foh t'row yo' head at Dukey. Don' you rattle yo' tail at me . . . Shhhhhh. . . . "

There is no such thing as time in the swamp. Little by little by little the reared head and the wheat-sheaf of the tail subsided into the black pile.

"Shhh . . . Shhhh . . . " Commanding, mocking, soothing, sibilant. "Shhhhh . . . "

But then a whine no louder than a mosquito's came creeping through the woods hush, like the thrumming of a plucked nerve. Dukey's head turned an inch. Yes, it was; it was the sawblade screeching all the way from Mr. Paschal's pine land. Unguarded for an instant, a wince gathered the gray brows.

Under the gum bush, at that, a dry whir flashed. A length of black body, thick as a man's arm, flung, failed, and fell.

Now the girl's brow flattened. Fury swept her. A second whir she answered, the rattle tearing between tongue and palate; a second lunge she evaded, a third, a fourth, playing the arm they missed with the streaming speed of a whip-lash, in and out, thumb and fingers wide in a mock of jaws, strike for strike, rattle for rattle. Sweat oiled her skin, exultation ran in her pulse, the sawmill was forgotten. As, lash by lash, the tiring snake's strikes shortened, the flutterings of her tongue took on coherence, gloating syllables, taunts, execrations. Wearying of the deadly play at last she gave it over, sprang back erect, and ran off spattering across an iridescent ford.

She came into sunshine. A century gone, perhaps, someone who underestimated the malice of the swamp had built a house on one of its hidden "islands"; on a cleared hogback its chimneys stood, their hearths a yard in the air; the English bricks of its foundation still marked the perimeter in uncertain mounds overgrown by vines that bore great, deep-colored, bell-shaped blooms. In a ruinous cistern water-moccasins swarmed.

Dukey lay on her stomach on the turf above this cistern, where the sun's reflection came up from the water full

into her eyes. Here too she played, more quietly. Stirring not so much as an eyelid for minutes on end, gradually she succeeded in bringing the sun to a standstill in the mirror, a perfect disc. Where her sisters would have been blinded, she could study it so for a length of time, whole-eyed. But then, at a lift of her hand, all the heads that had been watching hers, fascinated by her fascination, flipped back in question-marks, submerged, and fled inward from the margins of the pool; above their subaqueous weavings the sun was shattered; a thousand serpents of white flame danced a dance of coils, mesmeric in the girl's overhanging sight. Surrendering to it by and by, as the loops slowed and fattened and swallowed one another, she slept as a reptile sleeps in the weight of the sun, her spirit fixed in voluptuous dream, her faculties wide awake.

One of the cistern's denizens, whether bolder than the rest or only weaker against the pull of curiosity, swarmed an inch out of the water on Dukey's side. Two inches. Ten. A big one, gray-orange. Now the whole of the moccasin's length was drying on the crumbled brick moraine. Fascinated. The head, reared a foot high, rocked ever so slightly from side to side. Dukey's head took up the measure, swaying musefully, ever so little, from side to side.

Shadow touched her; the sun had slid behind tree-tops. She sprang up.

"I hope debbil git you!" she cried toward the east, baring her gums. For now at the slackest of the afternoon the sawmill's whine reached even here.

She began to "wrastle."

"I ain't foh study 'bout *him*. No-suh, I won' foh go de sawmill road dis ebenin'. I done-done settle in my mind. *I won' not foh go!*"

Already she was going. A mile through the pillared dusk she ran, an arrow of smoke. Free of the swamp, there was a width of old rice-flat to cross, heavy with salt-grass and red with evening. A tunnel of pine-land path. A fallow clearing. More pine land. Here she moderated her pace.

Just where the road from the Four Corners entered these woods of Mr. Paschal's, the undergrowth, gum and laurel, grass and weed, was thick. Stepping high, to leave no trace, Dukey got into the heaviest of the thicket and lay down. Though she was not more than three yards from the road, and though her eyes, between the stems, had the passage for fifty yards under surveillance, she was completely hidden.

She knew how to wait. The gang at the sawmill camp had knocked off work. Soon two of the hands came padding out with bread from their supper in their fists and pork-fat around their mouths. A moment later the remnants of a Ford truck coughed past, in it Burden Jackson, a brown mechanic from Savannah way, and "Le'me-shum" Powl, third cousin to the Rabnel girls and, for the moment, Georgiana's admirer.

Dukey let them go. The sun declined; the promise of a hot morrow flared and cooled and was beginning to let the light out when the tread of the Caribbean outlander, the pure-bred negro under-boss, loudened on the dust between the wheel-ruts. The first of him to appear in the tunneled twilight was the high white collar that gave him a local name, the second the gray flannel cricket "bags," ripened toward brown by years' suns, the last the iron-polished blue blazer, along with the black-skinned extremities, the head, the long-wristed hands and flat bare feet.

It was enough to make anyone giggle and guffaw.

"Nebbuh crack a smile to he teet', he t'ink he a Gawd king. He just pyo' 'swongah'!" It was hard to be asked to believe that under this garb, at once farcical and infantile in Low Country eyes, the man might still be big of bone and powerfully, if smoothly, muscled.

"Now!" Dukey breathed in the dark of the stems, before it was nearly

time. "Now, suh! Now!" It was hard to keep from panting. "He walk along so Gawd-uh-mighty wid he chin in de element, but he cowa'd all uh same. He pyo', trimbly *cowa'd*." The violence of excitement that possessed her was an unaccountable strange thing, reasonless, beyond her control. Seconds before she meant it her lips pulled back and the horny whir of the swamp rattler rushed out from between them, once, and twice.

Oh, the sweetness! How *that* brought him up! Up so short that one of his feet stayed hanging in the air, like a shot-burned rabbit's.

The craven! With a perverse felicity she read the dismay on the face framed between two leaves and lighted by the footlights of the dusk coming in along the tunnel of the road. The white eye of confusion, not knowing which way to dart. The caught breath. The working of the nostrils, commencing at hardly more than a flutter of the thin walls, then accelerating as it were greedily, distending, collapsing, trying this side, that.

"*Whirrrrr!*"

Ventriloqual, it flew up at him from everywhere. Moving it inch by inch, for all his panic, he returned the hanging foot to the ground as far as the leg would reach behind him. The other he lifted; step by backward step he withdrew, his nostrils swelling to the last. Escape made good, he turned and padded off hastily into the dark of the woods. Minutes later Dukey heard him getting out by another way, a cow-path fifty yards to the south.

Now she got from ambush and ran, soft-footed, doubled down. She knew the terrain as Highcollar did not, and cut the distance to the creek-crossing by a third. For all sign she showed she might never have hurried, she might have been there an hour on the log-built bridge, mirroring the slothful, supple beguilements of her grace in the water beneath and dreaming disdainful dreams, when Highcollar came flapping his flannels along the road.

Queer, shut-mouth, "nomannersable" creatures, these from West Indy; he might have gone on over the bridge without so much as a word had Dukey not yawned aloud, turned by chance, and fetched the pretense of a start.

"Heaben! Who dat? Do-do! if he ain't Mistuh Highcollah! Wheh-to you gwine all dress-up dis ebenin'?"

The man, so arrested, stared at the dust in which his big-toe drew butterflies. Malice whipped the girl on.

"Why-mek-so you so dumb an' trimbly? You binna see a sperrit or a plat-eye or t'ing in de wood? Or a warmint? Mebby a snake some kind?"

That so "swongah" a fellow might perhaps be shy could never have occurred to the simple Gullah girl. As her gaze travelled over the round, glossy, finely featured head, the swelling neck and the set of the powerful shoulders under their fooling flannel, a shrew's resentment ran away with her. "H'come you don' ax me my sistuhs gwine be home dis ebenin' duh cabin? Loss yo' tongue?"

Highcollar began to lift his self-conscious eyes. Studying in ascent the figure before him, the silhouette of a lithe and contemptuous beauty drawn on the faint shine of the water beyond, he drew a wrist over his mouth.

"Your sistuhs does not consuhn my evening—uh—oppreciably." He bowed in the imposingly hesitant way of the black British colonial. "On the othuh hand, if Miss Dukey in puhson would con'scend to puhceive an admiruh—"

Mocking, was he? Fever-keen to ferret a sneer out of anything the least ambiguous, Dukey's face flashed hate. The hiss of the intake of her breath brought his eyes up too quickly; she hadn't the time to thicken her lips again and hide the gleam of her big eye-teeth. She was confused, and the more confused at sight of the man's amazedness, his eyes as round as turkey eggs, mouth fallen open, cheeks dusty.

It lasted but a wink; the next, with

hardly a sound, Highcollar was off the bridge on the villageward side, halted, peering back in the growing dark.

"So, suh!" she heard him cogitating. "Quite so!" And then this uncommunicative, mirthless man she heard laughing in little nervous explosions under his breath. "'Pon my word, suh! *Quite* so!"

Dukey went to pieces. She made for him, screeching. "You t'ink I boddah 'bout *you*, you dutty 'rangatang, you oagly alligatuh? You le'me graff yo' neck wid all-two my hand, an' I gwine—"

But Highcollar, almost as sleekly as she herself might have done, had glided into the safety of a thicket off the road ahead.

The next she saw of him he was rummaging under the seat of Burden Jackson's truck, which was parked in the weed-garden in front of the Rabnel cabin. Whatever the object he had found there, he held it behind him when he became aware of her. He pulled at his cap then and bade her as solemn a good-evening as though it had been the first time he had laid eyes upon her that night. Mockery again? Her chin high, eyes the other way, dry-mouthed with rage she held on toward the house, accentuating the toss of her shoulders, the undulation of the slim barrel of her torso and the swaggering roll of her hips in tempestuous counterfeit of disdain.

Burden and "Le'me-shum" Powl and Georgiana and Liss were sitting on the single broad step at the door. She had to pass them, but for once she hardly marked them enough to dread it. What were *their* giggles, *their* asides, *their* obvious (and only half-insincere) alertness to scatter if the gray one should turn their way? What was the distrust, the repugnance, the banter of anyone alive—save of one?

For the first time now she was altogether conscious of how lonely she was on earth, how meanly, cruelly, fearfully left-out. Huddled on a spinach-box in the doubled darkness of the chinaberry trees by the smokehouse out back, she put her fingers in her eyes and her thumbs in her ears. The venom of her hate seemed so dilute a poor thing of a sudden, and the world so enormous, so insolently alive and beautiful, and so unconcerned. But hiding would not do. For all her fingers, the moon would come up above the pine woods. For all her thumbs, the revelry of summer night would penetrate to plague her ears with its thousand voices—booming of alligators deep in the cypress barrens, bats flicking and clicking, alarms of motors far off on the "concrete," tiny amours of insects that live by night, her father's wandering indignation, thinned-out fever of an old man's jealousy, and the tapping of his stick.

Another stick was going now. Beyond the cabin, out front, one of the men was beating an empty five-gallon can with a piece of board. "Yai! Yai!" Liss was catching the cadence. Someone else had got a gourd and was at it with two splits of lightwood, filling with a dry crackle the pulse-beats in the bigger banging. "Yai! Yai! Yai! Yai!"

The sisters were dancing, Dukey could tell. Throwing their heads, their bodies, slapping the dust with their soles. But who was the drummer? (Not the stolid big one, but the little one with flying sticks.) As Dukey considered that, it seemed to her she had never heard a calabash sing before. Carrying the gasoline-can bass along ever a little faster, like a shuff and chuckle of witched nerves pressing the measure of the heart, it took hold of the gray girl and whipped her body with strange whips till it set it swaying. And by that then she knew it *must* be the man from the Caribbean playing.

It was pitiful, the way she tried to fleer. "I don' kyah. Whuffoh I kyah? I don' boddah 'bout dat long-mowf nigguh; no-suh, no-suh." Why then was her body, reared erect out of the huddle of hips and legs on the spinach-box—why was it rocking here, fawning here to the cadence of his arrogant, inattentive command?

Hate! That was why. Why did old One-Eye, the black rattler, reared high out of his coil, yearn and rock and sway? Fangs! that was why. Hate!

"Jedus! I lubbuh struck dat nigguh. I lubbuh struck um dead!"

There was an intake of breath somewhere near, like laughter swallowed. Dukey's spine bent back, her shoulders jerked narrow, her eyes flashed left.

So it wasn't Highcollar pounding the calabash. For here was Highcollar while the drums went on, his elbows on the low eaves of the smokehouse, his face half hidden, half revealed, by clots of moonlight and shadows of chinaberry leaves, his gaze (for all that swallowed chuckle) absorbed and somber.

Dukey could see and hear things in the swamp that others couldn't; how had he come without her knowing it? And how long had he been here?

Hotness struck her. She was flustered, and racked by suspicion.

"Whuss mattuh wid *you?* Who ax *you* come 'zammin round yeah?"

The under-boss shook his head with a kind of preoccupied impatience.

"I ain't lub no juntleman company." Surrendering to fury, Dukey's voice flew on a queer whistling note. "An if I *done* lub um, he wouldn't be no 'rangatang dress-up in Buckra chillun clo'es, needuh-so no alligatuh. Why-mek-so you duh study 'bout *I?* Tell me dat t'ing."

"Them othuhs is plain, but you 'ave got a beauty. Tha's why."

What was more, for a breath, to the bewildered gray girl, the tone of his voice and the light in his fixed eyes seemed almost actually to mean it. When she could speak she could only stammer.

"You—you true you t'ink me beauty? You lub look 'pontop uh I?"

But then—No! *No!* She was being played with, sniggered at, by this "swongah" sly foreigner. When it came to sniggers, she had a snigger of her own.

"You duh say me beauty bekaze you t'ink I de morest oagliest woman 'pontop de yuth. Mebby I *yiz.* But scusin' *you* is too-much *mo'* oagly. You stan' same lukkah black alligatuh wid de head duh monstrosity 'rangatang. Morobbuh 'pontop uh dat, you binna *Gawd cowa'd!*"

"Cowahd?" Highcollar weighed that calmly and found it wanting. "No, no, Miss Dukey. No puhson can't say that. What would I be cowahd of?"

"You cowa'd uh snake. Yassuh! *Snake!* Yai!"

"No, no."

"Yassuh! *Yassuh!*" The reiteration carolled. Triumph of a sort she had never known rose from her heart and thrilled her throat. For, pile doubt on doubt, warning on self-warning, as she might, still there was this: the man was here, here with *her;* and he lingered and still he lingered, despite all the charms of music and merriment and Georgiana and Liss, saying little indeed but looking much, not seemingly able to take his glowing eyes away.

He had said she was a beauty. And after all—could it *be?*

"Yassuh! Yassuhhhh!" she kept on crowing.

The white loveliness of the summer night broke into her eyes; life struck her; her body twisted and yearned, for all she could do; blood beat in fire along her arteries, and she shivered as if it had been jets of ice. Now she didn't care. What was "why," what was "wherefore"? Here was the man. And still, because her thoughts ran in such a mob and she didn't know what else to do, she must press on with her heavenly banter.

"Yassuh, Mistuh Highcollah, you *done* f'aid uh snake; you *blan* f'aid um."

Now his eyes, above the roof-slabs, came and passed through her, like skewers to hold a piece of hog-meat.

"No, I'm a man very interest' in snakes. In Trinidad, whaih I'm born—"

"Yai! Yai! Whu' you do den when you yeh de rattlesnake duh t'row he rattle in de t'icket? Tell me dat t'ing, whu' you do?"

The eyes remained so, skewering, but a small, slow smile passed over the black man's face.

"When I heah snake, an' smell snake—"

Laughter caught in Dukey's throat. "Whu' you duh do?"

Something happened.

Dukey's mouth fell open. She had to gasp. "Whu'—whu' dat?"

Really, she couldn't know—couldn't be sure—what it was. She, whose eyes could count the wing-beats of a humming-bird along the ceiling of the swamp, could not be certain-sure that the man's arm had moved. There his hand lay now on the roof's edge beside his chin. Yet it seemed to her that in the crevice that lies between two seconds it had been a yard from there, an inch before her face, closing with a snap on empty air and gone before the wind of it had touched her cheek.

Between two other seconds another thing happened. Terror. While yet he was opening his mouth to speak again, her mouth dried and her pupils were dilated. Was it because she dwindled, or was it that he began to tower? She saw his face being magnified, as though it moved toward her.

He spoke. "But when I *heah snake*, and I—"

Dukey was running through the corn.

The swamp!

She didn't know how she came to be running in the corn. She couldn't think. All she could think was, the swamp!

Prodigious, dire, Highcollar was running too. Now a pursuit unseen, thrashing in the rear, now a spurt, an outflanking movement, feet thudding, leaves blowing in silken gusts, to the right, to the left.

Once, as he fled gliding along her narrow corridor, she was nearly caught. She *was* caught, indeed. A flanneled arm, breaking through the wall of stalks, clutched at her shoulder with a black hand and missed, clutched and fastened. Quick as instinct her neck cracked around and she bit at the wrist, but with a quickness beyond hers it was fetched away from between her teeth and they struck on emptiness. She heard him cursing then; for an instant, given pause, his oaths receded. That was enough; the next, and she had gained the swamp.

Immediate terror lessened as she penetrated deeper into the moon-threaded blackness. Sanctuary. No man, and certainly no stranger fearful of serpents, would follow her here. Things that would have scared another back, things that rustled, things outlined and faintly lambent, filled her only with a waxing sense of security as her swift, wise feet avoided them. When a thing unseen in the air kissed her temple, even as she flinched she knew it for what it was, a tongue of hanging moss, and with that the constriction of the windpipe loosened of a sudden and her laughter sounded.

Drunk from sole to crown with a virgin excitement, the flood that rose as the level of her panic subsided came to its height when she had reached the ruinous clearing and cast herself prone down in full moonlight above the pool.

Exultation. No matter what, no matter why; out of the hurly-burly of half formless emotions, spite, shame, raillery, dread, that one thing burst full-shaped, grew and towered. For she had seen it. Seen it in his eyes.

"He lub me. He lub me. He lub me."

As simple in its rhythm as the fall of surf on a silver strand, as steady-leaping as the blood-beat in and out of a young heart. . . . At first she lay chin down, her gaze fixed on the black mirror of the cistern from which the moccasins had gone about their night's affairs. But little by little then her breast came away from the turf. Raised on her elbows—whole arm high at last—her body began to respond to the cadence of her pæaning thoughts.

"He lub me. He done lub me, done lub me . . ."

So, under the swamp moon, rapt, mesmeric, the gray groundling danced.

"He f'aid uh me. But he lub me. He done lub me . . ."

Milk of moonlight. Heavy scent of mud and fern, bat wing and night-breathing flower.

"He wantuh dead me. He lub me. He lub me. He wantuh dead me dead."

As there was no catch in the flowing of her shoulders, so there was none in the streaming of her thoughts. She was conscious of no paradox. Without conflict and with equal passion the two desires ran in her blood; to strike him, "dead him"; yet to have him.

"He lub me. He done—"

The swaying stopped, broken in mid-beat. The jerk of it ran down her muscles and tightened the tendons of her legs. Her brain froze and the lids shrank back off the balls of her eyes. On the moon-white ground before them a shadow lay, in the black shape of a man.

In one lightning move she was up and whirled and face-to-face, but swifter than lightning Highcollar's hand had shut on the nape of her neck, thumb and fingers clamped into the meat, imprisoning the spine.

All with the wrist now he began to bend, and with the bending her chin went up and her pate went back and down. She saw him more and more blurrily out of the bottoms of her eyes, heard him more and more confusedly with the cracking of her vertebræ and the onrush of paralysis.

"But when I heah *snake*, an' smell *woman*—jolly well right you ah, my Missie—bloody well cowahd I shall be until I *see*."

The pain began to grow unimportant. All she could make out now in the haze on the floor of her sight was the white of his eyes, and of his mouth, cracked wide in grimace as if in mock of her own, which was so broad agape by this that her palate hung in the light and her two long, sharp eye-teeth pointed at the moon.

"Poison-fang!" Dizzily she heard him, apostrophizing, heavy in breath. "Spit, fang! Because you going to spit no moah."

The last thing Dukey saw was a new thing glimmering, the pair of pliers he had purloined from the kit in Burden's truck, lifted level of a sudden with her glazing eyes. The last thing she felt was a minor rending pain.

Misery.

Where was she? What had happened to her? Lying supine and all disordered on the ground in the slant light of the westering moon, the gray girl found one bit of consciousness and put it with another, and in the cloud of her mind it was as if she had been trying to recover the scattered fractions of herself flesh and bone, and piece them together again.

Something approached, cast a shadow in her eyes for a moment, and disappeared. Presently it returned to hang above her face, and she perceived that it was a wrist. Then she heard a voice, half tentative, half taunting.

"Strike."

The wrist floated, derisive, an inch from her mouth.

"Have a bite, do." A rich, gloating, full-fed chuckle. "What?"

But swift to the hint now, all the fragments of her distress came flying together there, in her mouth. Now the whole top of it was one ache. Her tongue, suddenly cramped by swollen membranes, sucked out into a hollow; yes, into two hollow places; for on the other side was another puffed emptiness where the big eye-fang that marked her for Dukey should have been.

"My teet'!" It brought her sitting bolt up. "I loss um!"

The automobile pliers lay on the turf, satiny with grease and dull with flecks of blood. Again that rumination of mirth, curiously full-fed.

"No good lookin' foah them thaih; I flang them in the watah long ago."

Highcollar gave her an eye for an eye when hers came up. Seated cross-legged, his huge white neck-gear agape and the shiny projectile of his head sunk

up to the jowls in it, he studied her, heavy-lidded, and as if, in figure, licking his chops.

Dukey's dismay broke higher. "I loss my two-teet'. Oh Jedus, I'ze ruin!"

The man slapped his thigh and laughed and exulted privily in his chest.

"Cry," he taunted her. "Bawl. Le'me see you. Blubber."

It struck her awake. "Me foh *cry?*" She grabbed at fury. "*Me?*"

But something eerie had happened to her. Now her puffed face would not flatten into the arrowhead of hate; clutching at wrath, self-pity was all she caught. Her bosom began to heave and strange sobs fell out of her mouth. The ducts of her eyes were reopened violently and tears ran down her cheeks. Covering them with her two hands she rocked and cried.

"Oh! Oh! He graff my teet' out! Oh, Jedus! Ebberybody gwine laugh!"

Highcollar did, for one, in a clear outburst, relieved, exultant.

"*Tha's* woman. Pure woman. By Crykey! Ho! Ho! *Tha's woman!*"

Dukey felt her hands being wrested from her face. Pity! what was she now against anything, anybody? Her bruised mouth was worse bruised; all her aches were revived and redoubled in the hug of this wild black god's arms.

It was nearly "dayclean," the weakening moon gone into the trees, fog blurring the swollen architecture of the Cottonmouth. In the cloud, Highcollar's retreating form grew phantom. The gray girl scrambled to her knees, wrung her hands, implored and despaired:

"*Don't* gone! Foh Gawd, man, *don't* gone lef' me yuh lone in de *swamp!*"

For how eerie of a sudden, how scary a place this swamp was, where dead things half-seen hung from the trees and deadly things unseen riffled the shallows and wove in the grass! Fright lifted Dukey to her feet and set them running.

"Man! Maaaaan! Tek kyar foh yo'se'f!"

She could not run straight. All the nerves she had were in her naked ankles; pricked by gooseflesh they came bouncing back high out of the green-scummed water, shied from every grassy shadow, flinched at the touch of a fern . . .

Satan am a snake,
An' he lay in de grass. . . .

Where was her breath going? It all drained out through the gaps in her teeth. But she had to catch up with Highcollar. Had to.

She could see him now, a mist-drawn swaggerer.

"Man, foh Jedus! tek kyar foh yo'se'f dat-yuh gum-bush. Dah wheh ol' One-Eye lib!"

Satan am a liah,
An' a conjuh too.
Ef you don' look out
He conjuh you.

In the under-boss's tent the light was a golden blaze, morning sun through canvas. The scream of the saw-blade through new pine outside was trumpets. Dukey, busy with a frypan of hog-meat over an exciting contraption known as an oil-stove, danced from toe to heel, heel to toe. For measure she was "shouting" the old spiritual.

Satan am mad,
An' I am glad.
He loss a soul
He t'ink he had.

Georgiana and Liss stuck their heads in at the tent flap, their eyes dry with worry and want of sleep, their mouths glum.

"Wheh you bin to, Dukey?"

"Whu' you do yuh, cook he bittle foh Highcollah dis mawnin'?"

They could have killed her, the way she carried on, her back to them, heels flirting, elbows flaunting, shoulders "shouting."

"Whu'foh you laugh and sing so 'swongah'? You gone *blan Gawd crazy*, gal?"

Dukey flipped the frypan and laughed. "I'ze marri'd, sistuh."

She sang, "I *yiz!* I *yiz!*"

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

AUGUST, 1928. This is the year and this the principal month of the Olympic Games, the modern sporting revival of those sacred games of ancient Greece held in the valley under the shadow of Mount Erymanthus in western Sparta over two thousand years ago. The news despatches suggesting the friendly intermingling of the athletic youth of more than fifty nations make it seem jolly and delightful; there is a pleasant air of informal good sportsmanship about the reports that flutter daily across the ocean from Amsterdam. Yet occasionally a paragraph creeps in that leads one to wonder whether all is really well upon the sporting Potomac, whether these modern Olympic Games are working out quite as Baron de Coubertin and his committee hoped and expected when they first met in Paris in 1894. Indeed, in certain outspoken quarters there is a belief that it would be best to drop them altogether. Thus a recent editorial in the London *Daily Express* said, "The British nation, profoundly interested in sport, is intensely uninterested in the Olympic Games."

Everyone familiar with sport, as well as every student of the classics, is vaguely aware of the existence of the Olympic Games several thousand years ago; but not everyone realizes what an important position they held in the Greece of 400 B.C. or thereabouts. For more than six hundred years, no matter who was fighting or what kind of warfare was being waged, a truce was always proclaimed throughout the land at the time of the Games in order to allow spectators and athletes to make the journey to Sparta in safety. A winner was escorted home in triumph in a chariot and taken into his native city through a breach in the walls made to signify that a town capable of producing such a man needed no protection. Poets like Pindar and Simonides composed hymns of praise in his honor; for a long time the Olympic victor was regarded as the expression of Grecian culture at its highest. But as the Games grew in importance and prestige their spirit and that of the victors changed immeasurably.

This change seems to have come about first of all through the addition of various events to the Olympic program. Originally the single contest was a footrace within the Stadium; then the chariot races were added, next came other races of various distances between the contestants. Very soon it was found that the earlier winners, men who devoted little or no time to preparing for the Games, were being beaten by men who took months to train seriously for the different events. Towns and cities discovered how beneficial it was to produce the winner at Olympia: grants of money and assistance were given their athletes, and before long the simple wreath of olives was by no means the only prize the victor at Olympia received. Indeed, so open and so apparent were the commercial recompenses dispensed, so far did the games begin to drift from the Olympic ideal of old, that men like Plato and Socrates denounced them in public, doubtless receiving the same sort of derision as those who venture to question our sporting panorama of the twentieth century. Then, as now, a class came into

existence which openly devoted its time to the serious business of athletics. Its vocation, as well as its avocation, was the Olympic Games.

Before long whole towns began to compete for the services of athletes in much the same manner as our professional baseball players are bought and sold in the open market to-day. Thus we are told how Astylus of Crotona declared himself to be a citizen of Syracuse, and how Sotades of Crete became a citizen of Ephesus, both men receiving large sums of money in the transaction. Furthermore, not only were the amounts bestowed upon the winners by grateful townsfolk enormous, but not infrequently the victors were given the right of "Sitesis," or free subsistence for life, in other words a kind of athletic pension. Solon alone among the Athenian lawmakers of his time dared protest at the corruption of the Games; indeed, it was principally owing to his efforts that the prizes for winners, which for some years had been given in the form of money, were limited to five hundred *drachmæ* apiece. So open was the venality of the ancient Olympics that the religious atmosphere in which they originated was lost sight of, and when athletes became out-and-out professionals, abandoning all other occupations, interest in the contests began to abate. It was the beginning of the end of the famous Olympics of Greece. These Games, conceived in a spirit of religious purity, became the victim of corrupt professionalism, and after a period of more than seven hundred years of existence, came to an end in 293 A.D.

II

The more one studies the history of the original Olympic Games and compares them with their modern counterpart the more is one struck with the resemblance between them. Like the present Games, the Olympics of Sparta were held in summer and in the month of August. Like the Games of old, the present Games were begun in a spirit of almost religious devotion to an ideal. It was agreed among the committee which met in the Sorbonne in Paris at the invitation of Baron de Coubertin that the principal result of the reinstitution of these great sporting gatherings would be the friendly feeling they would generate between nations and individuals. Acting on the theory that to know a man well is to like him, and that the peoples of the world would be drawn into close contact through athletics, the committee looked forward to the immense benefit the Games would bring to nations unable to understand one another except upon the meeting ground and through the common language of sport. That in many and devious ways the peoples of three or four continents have grown to know more about one another through their sporting representatives in field and track is true enough; but that the Games have been a vital factor in the promotion or the cementing of international friendships is something not quite so evident to the casual observer.

One can imagine the leaders of the Olympics of, say, the year 100 B.C., the executives of the Spartan, Theban, and Athenian Amateur Athletic Associations, talking blandly of the vast benefit of sport in international relations to anyone presumptuous enough to question the lasting value of the Games. Yet it appears that international relations do not always get the best of it in such encounters. "After boxing for four hours thou hast been so altered that neither dogs nor any person in town could recognize thee," says an old report about a man who had just competed in the Olympics of ancient Greece. And in the last of our modern Olympic Games Bruisse, the French one-hundred-and-fifty-pound champion, so lacerated the breast of Mallon, the English boxer, that he was disqualified for biting! But perhaps boxing is a sport that tends to arouse the ugly passions of the healthy young animal. Let us have a look at some sport of less rough-and-tumble a nature.

For instance, fencing. Yet a little investigation will prove that fencing is hardly a case in point for those who hold that these games bring about amity and good feeling. For it appears that in the Olympics of 1924 the Italian team, "dissatisfied with the decision of the referee, behaved in a most unsportsmanlike manner and withdrew from the competition." Perhaps they were within their right in so doing; but at any rate there was little justification for their star fencer, Signor Pulitti, who, being disqualified by one of the judges, met him later and promptly knocked him down. For this he was barred by the *Jury d'Honneur*, the Supreme Court of the Olympic Games, from taking part in any future Olympics, and a severe reprimand was administered to the entire Italian Fencing and Saber Team.

Study closely the history of the modern Olympics, and you will have difficulty in discovering many which did not leave a series of unfortunate incidents in their train. The aftermath of the Games of 1908 in London was a series of booklets and pamphlets attributed to Mr. Gustavus Kirby on our side, and on the British side to Mr.—now Sir—Theodore Cook, each man pointing out the inaccuracies of the other in no uncertain manner. In fact, it was Mr. Cook who set us down properly by remarking that "the 1908 Olympic Team from America will go down in history as the team on whose behalf more complaints were made than any other."

It may have been true that our 1908 team did win the International Olympic Complaint Record; but was it not actually the British that year who protested over the decision in the four-hundred-meter run? In the final heat of this event there were four Americans running against a single Englishman, Lieutenant Halswelle. As they came into the turn the Englishman found himself unable to get past his four opponents, and after the race the claim was made that he had been boxed, that is, deliberately pocketed so that he could not get by his competitors. This all the Americans energetically denied, stating that it was every man for himself, and that if Halswelle had been pocketed it was his own fault. British judges sustained the British protest, however; Carpenter, the winner, was disqualified, and the race ordered rerun. The American captain refused to permit his men to compete again, and Halswelle ran the race alone as the winner.

A few hard names were called by both sides during the rest of the meet, and one American correspondent wired home that the sentiment in London was "anything to beat the Yankees." Certainly the evidence tended that way when a little later Dorando, the Italian Marathon runner who had collapsed in the Shepherd's Bush Stadium four hundred yards from the finish, was picked up by officials and carried across the line as Johnny Hayes, the American, entered the field. The decision, first given to the Italian, was later reversed, but not until some heated words had been exchanged by British and American officials.

After the recent disclosures of Mr. Charles Paddock, there is occasion, as *The Sportsman* of Boston remarked, to lose our faith in American sportsmanship at the Olympics. You may remember the admissions of Mr. Paddock, made over the radio, and later confirmed in a letter to the Amateur Athletic Union. It seems that in the finals of the hundred-meter run in the 1924 Games, in which four Americans and one Englishman were running, the former agreed that each American in turn would "jump the gun." This would cause the Englishman to jump the gun also and thereby get penalized. "Of course," calmly added Mr. Paddock, "if the first American was not called back he would undoubtedly win." Actually the idea fell through, the race was fairly run and the Englishman won. But the fact remains that the trick had been deliberately planned. *The Sportsman* in commenting on it says, "It was as if they (the Americans) had said, 'We planned to win by sticking a rake handle between Abrahams' legs

at the fifty-yard mark. It was a good scheme and it seemed sure to succeed. But at the crucial moment we didn't do it. This is real sportsmanship. . . .' Heretofore we have naïvely believed that the protests of the English in 1908 and of other foreign teams in later Olympics against the morals and manners of the American delegation were inspired by nothing more than the chagrin of defeat, but now—now our faith begins to falter."

"The VIII Olympiad," said Colonel Robert M. Thompson after the last Games, "marked one more step forward in the promotion of understanding and good will among the nations." Reading the voluminous report issued by the American Olympic Association, one gets a slightly different impression. Manager Sam Goodman, in speaking of the visit of the American rugby team to the Olympics in Paris, wrote, "Without going into details about our stay in the French capital, it is only necessary to remark that we were accorded anything but hospitable treatment; in fact, many times were treated with open hostility." And later on, he remarked casually in his account of the game between the American and Roumanian teams, "Throughout that game the ten thousand or more French spectators cheered the Roumanians and booed the Americans with great consistency. That attitude seemd to us unnecessary; at any rate, it failed to improve our feeling and love for the French."

This one can readily understand. Nor—according to Mr. Goodman's report—did the finals in which the American team defeated the French appear to show the step forward so plainly indicated by Colonel Thompson. For, said Mr. Goodman, "Athletically speaking, public feeling generally was intense, which probably accounts for the jeering, booing, and hissing which the American flag and the American players received at the conclusion of the match."

Much the same thing happened at the Games in Antwerp in 1920, when the crowd of Belgian spectators became weary of the continual American victories in track and field and the continual hoisting of the American flag to the top of the pole as a symbol of our triumphs. The report on the Games of that year, in its naïve explanation of how we managed to win the fencing events, also gives an insight into the tactics used by some of the athletes of the United States to obtain victory, and may possibly explain our unpopularity at the Olympics.

> Denmark used epee methods, fought bitterly, and employed all the rough tactics of which they were capable. When the score stood 7 to 3 the United States braced. They found that very little attention was being given to the right of riposte and the conventions of foil fencing made so much of in England and the United States. "Form" was forgotten, and they went in and fought. Denmark's savage rushes were met with solid body-checking, and by seizing the attack and adopting the fighting methods of the Danes, the United States won six consecutive bouts.

And a very good job, too, you can almost hear the author of this enlightening document say to himself. In other words, anything to win. We must have a victory to show the folks back home, because, alas, Americans worship victories, and some day we shall be asking for money to come over again to these Games that do so much for the promotion of good feeling among the sporting nations of the world. Sometimes one is tempted to wonder whether opinions expressed about the beneficent effects of the Olympics on international relations always coincide with opinions felt. Thus, Mr. Edward L. Farrell, one of the assistant track and field coaches and not one of the least capable, says bluntly in his report upon the last Olympics:

> Colonel Thompson in his public speeches said, "It is not so much the winning or the losing as that good will must prevail among the nations." Very good; but yet I overheard Colonel Thompson bewail the fact that we lost the one-hundred-meter run and the Marathon. In my opinion he was holding the coaches responsible.

That the Olympics are a great international gathering of the best athletic stars of the entire world no one can deny; that they are productive of keen competition, new records, immense crowds, profitable weeks for the hotel-keepers and shop-owners of the city in which they are held, no one will for a moment question. But that they have succeeded in becoming a beneficial force in the spreading of peace and good will throughout the world, or that they bring together the various competitors in friendly social intercourse is not so certain. For, as Mr. George Trevor of the New York *Sun* said recently, in what close observers will agree to be a conservative statement: "The history of the Olympic Games since their arrival in 1896 has been marked by sporadic dissension, bickering, heartburning, and one or two old-fashioned rows."

III

About the time the Olympic Games were beginning to decline, when the professional athlete superseded the amateur, the winning of first places became a business for which intensive preparation was necessary. Galen tells us something of the severe course of training the contestants underwent for nearly ten months before the Games started; it included special dieting, gymnastics, massage, breathing exercises, and other exercises for runners, wrestlers, boxers, and weight men. Indeed, the similarity between the modern and ancient methods is sometimes amazing. As we have developed a great system of try-outs held all over this country for places upon the American Olympic teams, so in ancient days the Isthmian and Pan-Hellenic Games fulfilled exactly the same function for the Games at Olympia. We are even told that the athletes of 200 B.C. were forbidden at meals to discuss anything but the lightest topics for fear that headache and dyspepsia might be produced by the mental strain. This custom has carried over to the present time, and prevails, so we are informed by those who have first-hand knowledge, at our university and athletic club training tables to-day.

Anything more out of keeping with the wishes of Baron de Coubertin or the ideal spirit of the Olympic Games than the American system of training would be difficult to imagine. What is the purpose of training tables, managers, trainers, try-outs, practice on shipboard, shutting up athletes in remote villages while the contests are going on, and all the rest of the system built up by our professional athletic directors at present? Simply the desire to place American competitors in the field in the pink of condition, to insure by every possible means a string of victories. Now this intense training, this stressing of the wish for victory, is one of the things which many observers believe is tending to destroy the Games as it has obviously destroyed their aim and their purpose. Any informality, any levity, any suggestion of a friendly and open spirit in the preparation for the Games is frowned upon, with the obvious result that the atmosphere becomes so charged that one might be excused for thinking the American forces were going into battle instead of into an athletic encounter. Indeed, this is no mere figure of speech, as one would doubtless discover if one could see the games from the inside. As it is, one of our assistant track coaches in the last Olympics admitted that his duties consisted of "scouting the teams of other nations." Shades of the God of American Football! Who can say after this that we are not an efficient nation in sport?

Victory! That's the ideal of our teams. Win. Come in first. Don't stop to bother about friendly intercourse with the athletes of other lands. We didn't come to Amsterdam for that. As another coach expressed himself after the 1924 Olympics, we should make "the winning of games the real and only incentive within the realms of decent sportsmanship and curtail to a minimum the social functions."

No one can deny that this incentive prevailed at Paris in 1924. The American athletes were lodged in the little village of Rocquencourt nine miles from the scene of the Games, in frame shacks and huts. It appears that the authorities wished to keep the men away "from the temptations of Paris." A laudable desire but one carried rather to excess in the selection of so inconvenient and uncomfortable a place. To practice, the men were obliged to travel over rough roads for two hours by motor bus. Frequently during the actual contests they got back so late at night that no food was provided for them at the camp. Naturally under such conditions the reaction on both men and women runners and swimmers was unfavorable; indeed, it could hardly have been otherwise. Long, monotonous evenings in a dismal cantonment—that was what the heads of the organization thought necessary to keep the athletes "trained." One coach, even after this, had the temerity to recommend that in future a special committee of non-athletes be selected to represent the United States at all social functions.

It is easy to understand the amazement of the British team who, at the time our men were living like prisoners, escorted back and forth to the Games in auto trucks under the ever-watchful eyes of their elders, were living a normal life in a hotel on the outskirts of the city. One can also imagine the British taking wine or ale with their meals, smoking a pipe or two after dinner, seeing an occasional show if they so desired, and acting more like normal human beings than is consistent with the best form in American training circles. Very likely our trainers and executives were shocked at this attitude of license in sport. Can they not point with pride to the large number of victories won by American athletes and the small number won by the British? Very likely also, the British might retort, "What of it?" Yet they would be greeted with derision if they ventured mildly to suggest that their attitude toward sport was closer to the true Olympic ideal than that of the American machine with its trainers, coaches, managers, and other supernumeraries so necessary to the efficient twentieth-century athlete.

This summer it would appear that the business of serious training is to be carried to a still further extreme. According to a plan made in advance and quoted in a despatch in the New York *Evening Post* of April 11, 1928, our team was to assemble at Hoboken on July 11th (after the final try-outs in the Harvard Stadium on July 6th and 7th). The SS. *President Roosevelt* was to sail on the 11th, the entire boat having been chartered for the American Olympic Team, officials, and camp followers. Once on board this floating prison, the athletes were not to leave it, except for the brief moments when they were to be unleashed for competitive purposes, until their return late in August. Unless this preliminary plan is altered——and as I write at the end of May it is still unchanged—the athletes are to remain constantly under the eagle eye of the leaders of the American Olympic Expeditionary Forces for a period of seven to eight weeks. Thus at Amsterdam while the games are in progress it is planned to transport these unhappy warriors each morning to the scene of their labors and, once the daily stint is over, they are to be rushed back aboard the liner anchored in the harbor of the city. At the end of a period of five or six weeks—the Games last until well into the middle of August—one can easily imagine how much love of sport for the sake of sport will remain in these three hundred and twenty-six young men and women who have been cooped up like performing animals in a zoo.

Dr. James J. Walsh, who besides being eminent in his profession is a close student of modern athletics and was at one time a competitor in college sports himself, said recently:

We carry this training business to an absurd length. Of course this is what gets

the men so keyed up that they readily break down and go stale. We hear about men weeping over the loss of a game, and scenes of this kind are described as if they represented heroics instead of hysterics. Surely this is pushing the cult of the trivial to the last degree.

IV

Was Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish distance runner, a professional? If so, why? Did Charles Hoff, the Norwegian pole vaulter, recently declared by his own authorities ineligible to compete in the present Olympic Games, receive money for entering in our amateur track meets? When Charles Paddock, the sprinter, comes east to engage in a track meet, does he pay his own way? And if not, does that make him a professional? Just what is the reason why amateur athletes hire managers as theatrical stars and movie actresses do? And what function exactly do these managers fulfill for the amateur athletes in question? Anyone able to answer these problems with any degree of accuracy would go a long way toward solving the great amateur-professional issue which has troubled the world since the days of the Olympics of Sparta.

To decide just when the Olympics of old began to decline is a difficult problem; even classical scholars do not try to fix the date precisely. But it is certain that when the Games began the winners at Olympia—indeed all the contestants—were men of "high social quality," men who frequently held office in their native cities. Their victories were typical of "purity, vigor, and beauty," and they were looked up to on every hand. But about the time of Plato we begin to hear of the first professional, a man who abandoned all other occupations and "professed" the business of devoting himself to the Olympic Games. Interest then slowly but steadily declined. The fine and cultivated men who had seen a noble ideal in the Games found this ideal no longer being adhered to. The spectators who came to see them as a magnificent spectacle discovered that the competitors thought only of the rewards to be obtained, and had but little interest in the towns they happened to represent. Corruption of athletes crept in; at one of the Isthmian Games, Philostratus tells of a victory bought for the sum of three thousand drachmæ, and of wealthy communities contributing to bribery funds. The end of these sacred festivals was, of course, in sight once these practices began.

Professionalism has bored its way into the modern Olympics in a much shorter time. Its presence became clear this past winter when the International Olympic Committee, "which was meant to be the very center and focus and shrine of international purity in sport," as Sir Theodore Cook so eloquently puts it, declared that it would sanction "broken time" in football. This expression simply means that when a player gives up a job to compete in the Olympics he shall be paid by the authorities of the Games his salary for such time as he is playing, in order that he may lose nothing financially by his absence from work.

This worthy idea, carried to its logical conclusion in other sports, would throw open the games to everyone, amateur and professional alike, and would, of course, mean the eventual disappearance of the amateur athlete with everything that he has represented. The English Football Association protested vigorously at such a ruling, and has firmly refused to send a team to Amsterdam this summer; but the harm has been done with the repudiation of the principle of amateur sport which underlay the reinstitution of the Games by Baron de Coubertin in 1896. The editor of the *London Field*, evidently not overfamiliar with American sport, predicts or rather suggests in a recent article the secession of England and the United States, "those countries which value pure amateurism," from the Olympic Games in the near future and a meeting between them after the pattern of the Olympics.

One would like to believe, as he points out, that amateurism is valued and appreciated in the United States at its true worth; but little incidents such as the following cause one to wonder. As I have already indicated, the status of many of our leading track and field athletes is somewhat uncertain. Are they amateurs or professionals? That, no one seems able to decide; but a significant announcement on the subject came recently from such an amateur body as the Illinois Athletic Club of Chicago, which stated publicly that it was going to cut down its staff of amateur athletes because they cost too much money!

Commenting on this amazing declaration, the sporting editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, Don Maxwell, said, "The very theory of amateurism held by our leading athletic clubs is based on the premise that the public is simple-minded enough to believe that our young men are willing to go from Chicago to New York and run their heads off for the pleasure of making the trip. Some of them may be. I doubt it of many."

Without wishing to show as much brutal skepticism as Mr. Maxwell regarding the standards of our principal amateur athletes, I think it can hardly be denied that on the Continent, at any rate, there is hardly the slightest conception of what an amateur sportsman is, nor any keen intention or desire to help athletes live up to the spirit of the rule in the Olympic Games. The successful agitation for "broken time" showed this only too clearly. Many of the leading French tennis players not only make a living out of lawn tennis and constantly violate the amateur ruling under the eyes of their officials—perhaps a not extraordinary occurrence, for it has been known to happen in other lands—but see no harm in what they are doing. They are actually hurt and surprised if one ventures to question their athletic integrity. And just as professionalism creeping into the Olympics of old foreshadowed their eventual abandonment, so professionalism creeping into the modern Games through Continental sources may be the beginning of the end. Dr. R. Tait McKenzie of the University of Pennsylvania, who accompanied our last Olympic team abroad, said in his report to the National Collegiate Athletic Association:

> Another impression I got was the vagueness in the minds of a good many European competitors and committees of the distinction between the amateur and the professional. I remember going out with a group to a military school and speaking to some of the instructors there; it was taken for granted that they should represent the nation. I believe that such is a very general impression through a good many European countries. . . . Of course, if that feeling grows instead of dwindling, it means that our amateur athletics will not progress as they should, because we all know that the amateur and the professional competition cannot mix, never have mixed, and always end when they are mixed in the extinction of the true amateur competition. It is inevitable.

V

The first of the series of modern Olympics was held in a Stadium erected outside the city of Athens, partly by the Greek government and partly by private subscription. It was an informal affair compared with the complex and highly organized system of events now being run off at Amsterdam some thirty-two years later. In those Olympics of 1896 the vital spirit of the Games of old was faithfully embodied. Historians with a cynical turn of mind might observe that lack of money prevented anything else.

What a difference between those Games at Athens and the gigantic carnival at Amsterdam! Instead of a small army of many thousands of competitors from fifty nations all over the world which are competing to-day, there were less than a thousand athletes in action at Athens, and of this number four hundred were Greek. Instead of being concentrated in camps and on boats like prisoners of war, the entire assemblage lived simply and modestly together in

a few schoolhouses thrown open by the Greek government. Their friendly and sportsmanlike attitude toward the Games and toward one another was in direct contrast to that of the pampered athletic stars of the present day. At the Olympics of 1920 in Antwerp, American competitors, housed by the Belgian government in schoolhouses, openly revolted at such "conditions," and one of the coaches of the team of 1924 attributed the poor showing of some of his athletes to the fact that the food was poor, stating that "you could not get an egg cooked the way an athlete wanted it," and that they "ran out of shredded wheat and corn flakes." A serious matter, this, to those who engage in the serious business of Olympic competition nowadays. The Olympic Games lost (or nearly lost) for lack of shredded wheat and corn flakes!

Except for what was contributed toward the building of the Stadium, there were no government grants to those early Olympics for the good reason that the Greek Treasury had no money to grant; but if the Games were much more haphazard and informal than they are to-day they seem strangely enough to have attained a truer success. Officially, the French won the majority of prizes, although thirty-two Americans—a modest team compared with the three hundred and twenty-six athletes plus their official retinue who are making the trip this summer to Amsterdam—ran away with the track and field events. As showing how casual the proceedings were, it is worth noting that the discus throw at Athens was won by Garett, an American who had never seen a discus until he reached Greece. Trainers, coaches, managers, assistant managers, assistant coaches, team chefs, attendants, rubbers, chaperons, nurses, doctors, officials, newspapermen, and all the rest of the great army who nowadays accompany our athletes abroad were totally lacking when this little body of athletic pioneers ventured across at the request of Baron de Coubertin to compete in this athletic revival in 1896. Just what their expenses were is a little hard to discover at this late date; possibly no one kept an accurate report to present to His Excellency the President of The United States as is customary to-day. However, the entire cost of running the Games was less than a quarter of a million dollars. Now it is estimated that the American team in Amsterdam will spend an Olympic Fund of something like four hundred thousand dollars before returning to these shores. An expensive victory!

As the Games of old increased in importance it was observed that many new events were added to the original number of exercises. At the outset all ceremonies and contests took place between dawn and dusk on a summer's day, the first strictly athletic contest as we understand it being what would be called the two-hundred-meter run, for it consisted in a sprint the length of the Stadium, which was approximately two hundred and thirty yards long. Later a double sprint was added; in the seventeenth Olympiad was also added the long course of seven times around the Stadium, the forerunner of our modern distance events. Then came the Pentathlon, in the twenty-third Olympiad the boxing, and later the Pancratium in which boxing and wrestling were combined. Curiously enough, these events which had been included to increase the interest and attention of the nation at large, were at least a symptom of the decline of the Olympics of old. At the very time when new extraneous contests were added—contests in which the majority of the people had little interest—the Games began to lose their hold on the public imagination.

Those who try to account for the loss of spontaneous enthusiasm for the modern Games attribute it partially to the fact that there are too many Olympic competitions in which only a small number of people or only a few nationalities are interested. At present the Games start officially in the month of February with winter sports in French Switzerland

at Chamonix. Just why there should be winter sports in Olympic competitions, sports in which nations in South America and the East and even European countries like Portugal, Spain, Roumania, and Bulgaria have little interest, has never been explained; but that these contests held in French Savoie are a splendid advertisement for the local hotel industry no one can very well deny. The Olympic Games are a good thing: so let us have more of them! That seems to be the spirit in which they are conducted at present. The City of Los Angeles in its enthusiasm for amateur sport even proposes to go so far as to offer to charter ocean liners to bring foreign competitors to California free of charge if the Games of 1932 are assigned to it. "Los Angeles Knows How!"

We are told that the chariot races in the ancient Olympics were added to make sure of the attendance of the wealthy people who cared for this kind of sport. New events were added to our modern Games for similar reasons. The Swedes and Norwegians do not care overmuch for the track and field events because they have few runners and jumpers? Very well, let us add winter sports to the official list. The South Americans never saw a ski or a bob-sled? All right, let us get up a competition in soccer football, in which they excel. Canoeing was included for the first time at the Olympics of 1924, and it appears that lacrosse is to have its place this summer. New contests like these are being continually added, many of them totally out of keeping with the spirit in which the Games were conceived, and most of them introduced as an incentive to some nation which has lost heart or is not enthusiastic about sending representatives. Surely the acme of absurdity was reached with the inclusion of women's teams from several nations in the various swimming events. For not only were the Games in Sparta limited to men competitors; but for many years attendance even was restricted to the male sex.

Polo and hockey, football and curling, bicycling and lacrosse, these sports are in no broad sense international and have no place at all in any international sporting gathering like the Olympic Games. The fact that they are included is a confession of weakness on the part of Olympic authorities, a sure sign that a definite attempt is being made to overcome the apathy of the smaller nationalities, to conciliate everyone while the Games are getting farther and farther away from the ideals of their founder and the spirit in which they were begun.

It took seven centuries for the Olympics of Greece to originate, grow strong, flourish, decay, and finally perish, a victim of professionalism and of divergence from the Olympic ideal. It has taken considerably less than half a century for these modern Games to reach a point where the advisability of continuing them is a subject for general debate in international sporting circles. There is grave doubt as to whether, in the manner in which they are conducted at present, they contribute anything toward the improvement of international relations; it is certain that they contain too much insistence on training for victory at the sacrifice of natural friendliness and good sportsmanship; that there is about them a great deal of unnecessary ballyhoo and a good deal of money wasted; and that there is too frantic an attempt to sustain popular enthusiasm by adding in substance what has been lost in spirit. As a writer in the London *Daily Express* said just before they began this summer, "The instinct of the Olympic Games is all right. We all of us love to have foreign competitors at Wimbledon, at Olympia, in the Grand National, at St. Andrews, and at Henley. But for semi-professional, Geneva-like gatherings that usurp the time-honored name of the Olympic Games there is from one end of the kingdom to the other no enthusiasm whatever. The best thing we could do would be to drop out of them altogether."

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

A STORY

BY McCREADY HUSTON

FOR two weeks at the turn of the year snowdrifts had kept Ruel Cromlow from visiting Roxanna Jewell. Twice he had been on the point of turning into Jewell's lane, but to have bogged down there, with rear wheels whirring against satin walls of snow trenches, would have called for an explanation of his presence; so he had gone on home in his Ford.

In any weather Irad Jewell, Roxanna's husband, came charging out to the paved road in a great blue sedan shod with chains and bore away, contemptuous of hazards, on his business in town. On every day of fresh snow Ruel could tell by the new scorings of those chains when Irad was absent.

Ruel was afraid of the deep snow and he could not afford chains; otherwise he would have gone to Roxanna during those two weeks. But when he opened his book in church Sunday morning and saw the passages headed "Second Sunday After Christmas" he thought with satisfaction, "I have not seen her for two weeks," and he told himself he had begun to draw away from her. Actually, he had been kept away by fear and the lack of a pair of tire chains.

During the preaching this Second Sunday he discovered he could think of the probability of losing his farm through debt without the painful shortness of breath that this expectation had been causing. This interested him. He wondered if a man felt stronger, abler, when he did right. He had done right for two weeks. He leafed through the book: Sunday after Sunday lay ahead, numbered from Christmas toward Easter. The note at the bank, secured by the mortgage on his farm, was due the week following the Tenth Sunday. He wondered if this confidence, this desirable satisfaction, would increase with the Sundays if he stayed away from Roxanna.

"All these things" would be added to those who first sought the Kingdom of God, the preacher quoted to his hundred or so listeners, farmers like Ruel and their wives. Cromlow felt that, considering the beauty of Roxanna Jewell, he had two weeks of seeking behind him. That was a good start. One foot was going to sleep; he fidgeted there in the pew beside his wife, Selena, trying to stir his circulation, his mind moving briefly on the Cromlow tendency toward sluggish hearts. The snow in Jewell's lane had not been so deep, he reflected; after all, he could have pushed through. He could have gone to Roxanna and returned without risk. He said to himself:

"I was being led. I see how it is. If I break off there Showalter will renew that note for six months, maybe a year. The Lord takes care of His own."

Cromlow was drowsing. From now on it would be easy to drive past the entrance to Jewell's lane; keeping a record of his conquest of evil by checking off in the book the Sundays after Christmas would build up his attitude toward the banker over in Wayne. Until now he had thought of himself in his overalls and boots as standing at the banker's win-

dow, begging him to renew. To-day his mind made a different picture. He would ask no favor. He would let Showalter know he expected an extension . . . a man who was doing the right thing. He sat up with a jerk. The minister was giving out the last hymn.

Going about his winter farm work, with time in which to contrast the glowing, untired Roxanna with Selena, and with no repetition of the suggestion about the continuing contract of the Lord with His servants, Cromlow began to see fewer reasons for staying away from Jewell's—fewer because it was so easy to go now that the great January storm had passed.

Roxanna, evidently wondering, perhaps suspicious and angry, made it almost impossible for him to stay away. She telephoned to Selena, saying she wanted to send over some magazines with stories, articles, and recipes marked. There was a pattern she wanted Selena to see. Somebody had to carry these magazines. Selena had said:

"I'll get Ruel to stop by; he's got to go to town anyhow. No; no trouble at all. I'll tell Ruel to stop and get them. Thank you."

That had made it all quite simple. It was easier to go than not. A few weeks earlier Ruel would have welcomed this opportunity; but now that he was counting on getting strength and other things he needed from the Lord he had to satisfy Selena without going for the magazines.

"I drove right by and never thought of it," spoken from behind the roller towel, was satisfactory twice. Ruel liked that because to have his wife picture him passing Jewell's lane absorbed, forgetful of women's errands, made him almost feel that he had done just that. It should suggest to Selena that among the men of the county her husband was immune from the beauty which Irad Jewell had brought home for a second wife.

In his barnyard, putting the Ford in the shed after one of these trips, Cromlow could tell himself that he had not sat at the turning ten minutes before he could go on. He had been almost without power to resist the compulsion to renew that strange sensation of distinction that came with Roxanna's kiss —distinction and pride in what he thought was his dominance and his superiority to Irad Jewell. But he was also under the compulsion to stand in church and read the collect for the Third Sunday without having broken the compact he felt he had with the Lord.

Having seen, been touched by the luxury of Jewell's house, Ruel was thinking differently of his own state, which was, in a word, indecently bare for the times. They had had about the same start. Irad, like himself, was a descendant of a man who had farmed in the county before the Revolution. The ancestors of both seemed to have lived with no purpose but to bequeath farms to each of their sons. This process had continued for generations until the region was marked off in the small farms of the descendants of the settlers. But to-day there was no cash profit in a small farm. Cromlow at thirty knew that his problem was not of the present, a mere extension of the twelve-hundred-dollar loan by the bank. Six months or a year made no difference when a man could earn no money.

Irad Jewell had the right idea. He used his farm to live on, having formed the habit; but his business was in town, twenty miles away. He drove back and forth. His wife had a radio, a player piano, electric lights, running water, and a hired girl in by the day whenever she was needed. A mile down the road Selena Cromlow was living about as her mother and grandmother had lived. Irad Jewell went to town and made money; Ruel Cromlow stayed on the farm and was, except for the grace of the banker, insolvent. The word to use, he realized, was ruined.

The confident click of chains on those heavy balloon tires of Irad's, the unhesitating sweep of his enclosed car as it

took the rise to the main road, the length of Irad's cigar, his fur collar, the glove that waved absently to Cromlow as the two met and passed, made Ruel think of his necessity. If he had a thousand dollars he could buy the cable ferry that spanned the river at Frederick, a mile from his home. Martin Brillhart wanted to sell the ferry and go to California. Owning it, carrying automobile tourists, trucks, neighbors across the water, Cromlow would be in business. He could leave the house in the morning just like Irad Jewell and come home in the evening with money in a leather pouch.

He was thinking of silver and wadded green bills in a pouch when he stood up with the congregation to read. It was the Fourth Sunday after Christmas, and he had not given in to the knowledge of Roxanna waiting for him. Four weeks and over, a good month, a month of doing the right thing. He might yet sit in the evening and press out the crumpled, damp bills, laying them in neat piles, with Selena sitting across the table. He was certain Showalter would renew that note against the farm; he might even listen to lending the money for buying the ferry. "The Lord," the preacher had said, was "mindful of His own." Ruel was glad Roxanna never came to church; not seeing her made his course less hard.

They had always preached a plain gospel at Mt. Gilboa church, and they still did. There had been only three buildings since the dedication in 1784, the log, the stone, and the brick; and hardly more than a dozen pastors. A Cromlow had helped raise the log church, and a Cromlow had been on the rolls ever since. A plain gospel for plain men, and forbears of Ruel taking it in, making it a part of the family fiber, all along the line, convinced that men went to hell for their sins; that the wicked did not prosper; and that good was rewarded in this life and the next.

Ruel had wrestled with his sin and when the wind-heaped snow had forced him to omit it he had, with so much need of the Lord's goodness, repented. But the power of the tempter was great; and in the fifth week of his self-appointed term he was shaken with a great doubt. His paths were not being made straight.

It was like the morning he had met Irad Jewell on the state road—Irad motioning for him to stop and asking him if he was in a hurry.

"I've got to be in town right away, and the furnace is out. Roxie ain't much of a hand. Wish you'd go and build it up for her."

He opened this thick brown overcoat and fished a dollar bill from a vest pocket. Ruel managed to mutter:

"I don't want money for a favor to a neighbor; I'll see to it." Irad nodded and drove on.

Ruel saw to it. This presentation obviously was a trial of his will. He saw through that, all right; and he smiled bitterly. He would have slipped off to Roxanna stealthily by his own planning, but a cross grain in him made him put aside this opportunity. A man had to do things by free will. This, he decided, was worse than being sent to fetch Roxanna's magazines.

He told the Turner boy at the next gate to go up and fix Mrs. Jewell's fire, though afterward he stood and watched the boy plodding up the lane, suddenly drawn to run after him and tell him he would go instead. But he didn't. He was more than half way to his goal. He could not fail the Lord.

He was existing now to count off in Mt. Gilboa meeting house the Sundays after Christmas. At the Seventh he was so stern, so thin, so absent-minded, that Selena was disturbed.

"Ruel is poorly," she said to a neighbor in the church vestibule. "I'm going to get him to go around by sister's and see if she got a bottle of that tonic last time the pedlar was by."

It was a bitters, roughly half alcohol, that had comforted strict farming people for generations. Called a medicine, it was acceptable even to the preacher.

Ruel took several doses and told his wife, "Yes, I feel better already."

What he actually felt was a great unsteadiness and an inability to keep his thoughts carefully arranged. It was a good thing, that medicine; and Selena said, "Go ahead and finish it; I'll get another bottle. A person should take a tonic."

Standing out in the yard under the sky of February's false spring, Ruel started to walk toward Jewell's hill. But in the road he turned and went back to the kitchen, pouring out the bitters. If he went to Roxanna he would go in his senses. This sensation of power the bitters gave made him think of the opportunity of being sent by Irad to build Roxanna's fire. A man either did or didn't, by his own intention.

Besides, he reflected that he was down to less than a hundred dollars. If he could not make Showalter renew and help him buy the ferry he would be sold out. He would have to go somewhere as a hired man. He saw Selena in some other woman's kitchen.

The week of the Eighth Sunday the thing happened that he had feared from the first; the thing he knew about; the thing he recognized as something aside from all intention. The nature of Roxanna Jewell, different from that of women native to the county, came stealing out of her house, from behind the dark, tangled dooryard with its unkempt pines, traversed the interval of winter-seamed and gullied hillsides, found Ruel standing on his own doorstep, and there enveloped him.

Tired of sitting across the red cloth from Selena, he had moved outside without hat or coat. A breath of air, he had said. Suddenly he had looked up and away, white-faced and alert, in the direction of Jewell's. And with seven weeks behind him and but two before, he opened his house door, reached for his hat and coat from the rack in the hall, and called to his wife, "I'll be back in a little."

With that he walked, marched almost, down the state road to Jewell's lane; and never looking back, he went straight to the kitchen door which he knew would be unlocked.

The next Sunday, the Ninth after Christmas, Ruel Cromlow did not go to church. He told Selena he would drive her over if she wanted to go, but he spoke in such a strained, unnatural voice, without looking at her, that she said no, she wouldn't go unless he did. He had not eaten as a man should; and Selena knew he was not pretending, for he would begin heartily enough but in two or three minutes his fork would waver and come to rest beside his plate, and he would sit there staring out the window.

She tried, of course, to get at the cause.

"You're worrying about money again. I wish you wouldn't do that. All we need is one good season on the hay and corn to be even again."

His eyes met hers for an instant, glancing curiously. Women could be satisfied with distant hopes like selling corn in the fall. He said:

"I wish that note was due to-day. It's waiting to see what Showalter will do . . ."

"You'll worry yourself sick and then you won't be able to work when spring opens up."

"I was figuring on getting the ferry, but I don't see how I can now."

"You can't lay your hands on any money. If we could have one good year here we'd clean off everything."

"I thought I was going to fix it up to buy the ferry," he persisted. He felt an undercurrent of desire for her to think well of his intentions to the end he knew impended.

"Well, try not to worry, Ruel. You look terrible."

He went to the barn. Making a pretense of working there, surveying machinery that should be made ready for spring, was better than staying indoors talking. Talking was good when a man felt right, secure. When the

other person did not know the facts it was like playing at conversation with a child.

He stood looking at the rusted frame of a disc harrow and a horse rake, wondering what he should do first. That row of Sundays kept coming between him and his intentions. He had come right up to the end of them and then had gone back on the Lord. He had not hesitated, had not given the Spirit a chance to work. One minute he had been safe and right, the next he had been walking rapidly toward Roxanna. After putting the thought away for weeks, he had received it in a certain, special way; he had answered it immediately, throwing away discretion and, with it, home and substance. Another week and Showalter would be saying, "No; we've got to have our money."

With his doom on him he was frozen into inaction. He might as well have been paralyzed. When he was expected to be working he was usually standing in the barn or about the buildings, standing and staring at the shadows at his feet.

Now the unmistakable color of the southern slopes and the changed profiles of the bare maple branches against the sky taunted him with hints of the spring that was about to console the harassed landscape and reward the good with promises fulfilled. God brought everything in its turn if you waited for Him. As Ruel had not waited he almost wished for a continuance of winter, trying to avoid these messages of change. He was a man awaiting execution for a crime that the land itself, it seemed to him, must know.

When the Tenth Sunday came March was mimicking May so aptly that no natural excuse for staying away from church occurred to Ruel and, as Selena's preparations were obvious, he cranked the Ford at ten o'clock and drove with her to Mt. Gilboa. Spring was moving through the woods on either side of the road, but Ruel drove with his eyes straight ahead, as if he wanted Spring to believe he did not know she was there.

He could not understand now why he had not waited. The compulsion of that evening seemed obscure, improbable. He could not imagine yielding again. This was the Sunday that had been intended to mark his release, bringing a fine, refreshing inclination to stand up straight and smile and shake hands heartily with neighbors, asking questions about politics and affairs. But now he had to pretend to be busy with the Ford, following his wife five minutes late to their pew, taking up the service at the long prayer.

When the preacher told the people to open the book at the Tenth Sunday after Christmas Ruel found the place for Selena but did not share the page. While the rest read he stood and gazed at a colored window, trying to count the irregular pieces of glass.

The note was due on Wednesday. That morning, holding the notification that had come a week before in the mail, Cromlow said to his wife:

"I'm going to town with this. I suppose you know what'll happen when I tell Showalter I can't pay. Grover'll let us set our goods in his barn probably."

Grover was Selena's brother. She leaned on the handle of her broom, a picture that caused Ruel to revert sharply to Roxanna as she had turned from the radio knobs at his step.

"You ought," Selena was saying, "to act like you expected him to give you more time. The spring of the year—and we'll be making something this fall. You act like we'd already been turned out."

The calm justice of her charge made a reply impossible. It was as if she had some special knowledge of his conviction of futility. Roxanna knew things without being told; she had said some of them to him the other night with chiding as angry as her succeeding ardor had been warm. Ruel felt baffled in the presence of these women's suggestions.

He went directly to Wayne without making himself look any better for the interview. His only business was to stand at the banker's window and hear that he was to lose his farm. He would learn how many days or weeks he and Selena would have to look around.

Pushing the printed notice across the grilled opening to the woman behind the counter, he said, "I can't meet this. What's the next thing to do?"

"Wait till I ask Mr. Showalter," she replied doubtfully, carrying the notice through an inner door.

She was not gone long. When she came back she opened a big flat book and took a pen to make an entry. She was writing something there without having replied to Cromlow, when he asked, "What do I do now?"

She looked up. "Oh," she said, "it's all right. He says you might as well let it go till fall. You'll sell something this year. You can let the interest and all go till December. Keep what you have for the taxes. I guess he's foreclosed on some, but you can't do much selling farms just now."

"Let it go till fall." It was a renewal. He reached in and pulled back the notice, turning it in his hands. The woman behind the window added:

"Mr. Showalter seems to know you and your folks. Of course, we can't stand to lose but we've got to take care of people. You'll pay out in the end. Cromlows always have, he says."

Ruel went slowly into the street, getting into his Ford and sitting there. His hands were cold, and he shuddered with a chill that caused him to huddle into the pool of pale March sunshine behind the windshield. He wondered if he were going to be sick. The failure of the Tenth Sunday to bring justice—he had not been prepared for that. This shaking—he ought to feel strong and glad.

Roused by a greeting from the sidewalk, he turned to find Irad Jewell standing there holding out a hand.

"How're you, neighbor!" Irad said. "Don't see you in town very often."

"I was just in the bank," Ruel explained. "Mortgage note due to-day and I couldn't meet it. Showalter gave me till December."

"Sure." Irad nodded genially. "He's all right. And so are you, Ruel. Only trouble with you is you don't take your opportunities."

Opportunities . . . Ruel looked at him, looked into those bright, earnest eyes, and seemed to be looking through them to the discontented black-haired girl Irad had brought from the city for a wife.

"I'd buy the ferry," he confided, following a sudden impulse to be on Irad's business plane. "There's a steady income and it's for sale. But I haven't got the money."

"What'd the ferry cost?"

"Thousand dollars."

"That's not bad. Say, I'll let you have that on your personal note if you want to take it. Pay it off in dribs. I like to see a young man get along. The ferry's a good buy at a thousand dollars."

"You'll loan me the money?"

"That's what I said."

Cromlow looked down at the broad, serious face, at the fat, short fingers clutching the door of the car. Then he smiled and moved quickly to get out onto the sidewalk. "Let's fix it up in the bank," he said. "Maybe you could make it a couple of hundred extra so I'd have something to go on."

The neighbors went into the bank together.

Going out of Wayne with a thousand dollars credited to him in the passbook buttoned in his breast pocket and with three hundred dollars in money tucked away under his jacket, Cromlow stopped his Ford at the edge of the road and began to laugh. He was laughing at the fool he had been about those Sundays after Christmas.

He drew out a package of cigarettes, the first he had had in weeks, and lighted one. He remembered how, until he had met Roxanna Jewell, he had gone about

with a conviction of power. He had held himself as good as men like Irad. With Irad's voluntary loan this conviction had started to flow back. He wondered how he had ever lost it, why he had been so afraid. He had refused to think as well of himself as others thought of him.

This loan from the unsuspecting Irad implied safety. It restored assurance. There was no reason to feel beaten and hunted any more. The banker's unsolicited extension, Jewell's loan, might be taken as an acknowledgment of his, Cromlow's, worth; of his power.

Roxanna had told him once that he had personality. He had not been sure of her meaning. This might be confirmation. At the right time two men had given him what he wanted as if the gifts had been his due. He kept laughing to himself. As for Roxanna, he would go to her when it was convenient. It was evident that his recent worried reasoning had been mistaken.

Almost home, he decided he might as well go on down to the ferry and see Martin Brillhart. The sooner the purchase was arranged for the sooner he would be carrying home receipts from a day's business. His conviction of power was growing. He would start by offering Brillhart eight hundred dollars. That was the way business men worked. He would offer eight and appear to be final and start away. Then Brillhart would call to him saying, "Let's split the difference. You can have it for nine hundred."

There would be a hundred dollars neatly earned. He would sit with Irad Jewell by the fireplace and tell about it with Roxanna on the other side smiling and pouring out cider. Out of the hundred he would save from the transaction he would let Selena get some things in town, things to wear and do with. He felt large and competent. Reverting to that series of Sundays, he laughed again. Maybe God wanted men to be more daring.

At the top of the cobbled way to the wharf at Frederick he left his machine and went down to the ferry where Martin Brillhart was tinkering with the gasoline engine which propelled the barge across the river on its cable guides. A relic of horse and wagon days, the barge would take care of three automobiles and a dozen or so foot passengers. Business during the touring season was good, and everything was cash. Even the neighbors going back and forth obeyed a tradition of paying the ferryman.

A machine rattled down, creaked on board, and stopped. A boy and two country women followed on foot, and Brillhart put away his oil can and started the engine.

"I'll ride over and back, Martin," Cromlow explained. "I want to talk business."

"I'm ready," the tanned old ferryman answered. "When you've been at it thirty-five years in all kinds of weather . . ." He went forward to get the fare of the boy who was standing in the bow.

Cromlow walked up and down humming. This boat and the right to operate it were practically his. He touched the pocket where the bank book lay.

Standing and watching the little engine, he laughed again. He would find out how much Brillhart was spending for gasoline. Probably somebody like himself could cut that down. A good hand on that engine would clean the valves; then it would sound different. He flexed his thick arms agreeably, feeling decisive. It was impossible to imagine that this was the day he had feared. As if the Lord watched a man to check up on every little bit of pleasure!

Irad Jewell himself had lent the money for the ferry. That was almost a sign. The truth was, as anybody could see, Irad had no right to a young creature like Roxanna. Ruel looked at the spring sky. Irad, as an individual, hardly counted.

He took hold of the boat rail and shook it. Not too safe. He would

have to fix that. In decency Brillhart should allow a hundred dollars for repairs. He ought to sell the ferry for eight hundred. Ruel decided to offer him seven at the beginning.

On the return trip he saw three men in automobiles each give Brillhart a quarter. He had better, he reflected, get possession. Those quarters were, in a sense, his. He should not let Brillhart take any more money. There would have to be an article of agreement and a bill of sale, but he would give Martin to understand that the seller should pay the notary.

That woman leaning against the railing—Brillhart wasn't careful. He was leaving himself liable to an action for damages, negligence. An iron rail run along there instead of wood, and iron gates to close on the automobiles. A man couldn't afford any running into the river.

Saying that to himself, he realized it did not seem astonishing that the woman appeared to be sinking outward with the sagging rail. She was going, as he stood and looked at her, with scarcely any outcry into the water.

Ruel heard himself laugh and say, "These women . . ." He was reflecting that he did not know her. Her falling into the water failed to stir him. It was Brillhart's lookout; he, Cromlow, would have had an iron railing. A business man could not be too careful. Good he had not taken over the ferry to-day.

Men were climbing out of their automobiles. Brillhart had stopped the engine and was coming hastily along the deck trailing a grappling hook. Ruel felt amused. He could go in and take that woman out of the river. But if he did he wanted it understood that he acted from his own proper appraisal of his own strength and confidence. He was no hero. If the woman drowned he would not be interested. Matters had been made clear to him.

If he had come to grief after revisiting Roxanna, as he had expected to, he might have wavered in fear now. But instead he had prospered mightily. He would never doubt his own powers again. The Lord did not take His revenges; strange, Ruel thought, that he could have been so mistaken. He felt a sudden desire to demonstrate his new sense of capability.

He stepped forward and stopped Brillhart. This thing should be done without the fumbling of an old man. "Wait," he said, "and put the hook down when I get hold of her." Then he let himself off the deck where the rail had given way and took four or five swift overarm strokes through the water, closing his fingers in the stuff at the sinking woman's neck.

Brillhart was holding down the pole with the iron hook on its end, the other men standing by to lift. Ruel grasped the pole and let the men draw him and the sodden woman to the side. You had to know how to do things, he was thinking. This cold would paralyze an ordinary man. Gripping the pole, he trod water, holding the woman's face in the air till the men could reach down from the deck and drag her up. Ruel followed her, pulling himself up by the pole, ignoring the extended hands. On deck again he took some steps. The act he had just performed was nothing to him, he wanted them to note.

But as he sat on the running board of one of the cars, watching the men laying the woman out for first aid, he wondered why they looked so far away and why he felt so weak. Lying down for a minute would not be bad. Weakness and an amazing nausea. Black chill on that water in March . . . so soon, only ten weeks after Christmas. Must still be ice at the headwaters.

He thought he was laying himself down slowly and with method to rest and let the sickness pass off. The boards—odd about them sinking under him that way. He would raise his head and call to Brillhart; the old man might have a bottle of liquor in the engine room. He would raise his head; he could look after his own wants.

The trouble was he could not get his breath; could not draw it in. It would not come even for the moment needed for calling to Martin Brillhart. Strange it was getting dark too. It couldn't be much after noon. But that was nothing; he was not interested in time; never would be any more. The Tenth Sunday after Christmas was passed. Times and dates were nothing.

Brillhart was above him now and looking down. Cromlow could hear him but he could not break through, could not push off something that was smothering him. He could hear Brillhart. The old man was talking to somebody standing near. "What's Ruel trying to say about Christmas?" he asked.

That was funny. He hadn't said anything about Christmas. He would tell Brillhart about that; about that Sunday after Christmas. He would tell him after the deal for the ferry was closed; not too soon, not before Brillhart had articled. He began to speak, but Brillhart, up there in the black, kept on talking.

"Must have been his heart quit. Not a damn' bit of pulse. The funny part of it is he was going to buy this ferry to-day."

Ruel Cromlow would stop that. They couldn't be meaning his heart. A little circulation trouble; it ran in the family. But his heart . . . they must have gone away. He couldn't hear them any more. It didn't matter. It was good just to lie there and smile about their foolishness.

DOGWOOD

BY MARY ELIZABETH ROBINSON

NOW that you fail me I must rise and go
To find my solace among trees again.
All your misunderstanding, your disdain,
Your cruel blindness, that have hurt me so
Belong to Winter, and must yield their place
With fading snow upon the upward slope—
Yield to the dogwood bloom. Returning hope
Floods through my heart again with April grace.

I must go out among the April trees—
All tender green—and there shall come to me
The peace I never found against your breast;
Wake to the ultimate loveliness of these:
Dark single violets, and the dogwood tree
And the first bird-note—with my heart at rest.

THE NEW RADICALISM

WHAT AMERICANS DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT EUROPE

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

BECAUSE Bolshevism was given its chance in Russia as the result of the great War, it has become a habit to think of radicalism, in so far as it flourishes to-day, as deriving its stimulus from the same upheaval. But the War apparently has dropped a curtain on the memories of what preceded it. To say "pre-war" is often to refer back to a vague kind of millennium, in which the disturbing manifestations of the present could not have originated. Those who dislike radicalism fall gratefully into this way of thinking. If radicalism is the by-product of the abnormal conditions of war, they argue, it will tend to disappear as these conditions become readjusted. This may be true in so far as it refers to violent radicalism, but it ignores the existence of a radicalism in Europe that is unrelated with Bolshevism, and with communism as such. It appeared in legislative form before the War and, far from being on the wane, is a growing force, permeating nearly all parties. It might even be called the underlying thesis of European social thought. In Europe this thesis is not called radical; in America if it were voiced by any political party it would be.

I have called it the "new" radicalism, not in the sense that it is novel, but to distinguish it from the radicalism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The preoccupation of the earlier radicalism—one thinks of the founders of the American and French Republics—was political freedom. The new radicalism, pretty well leaving political freedom out of account, is concerned with the redistribution of wealth through political action.

Socialism is only a wing of this radicalism, with a definite, uncompromising program for distributing wealth, both accumulated and prospective, through the ownership of essential industries by the State. Communism is a strategic sub-theory of socialism that this state ownership is obtainable only by the organized force of industrial workers, not acting patiently through democracy but directly by violence. These two, however, are not the preponderant elements of present-day radicalism. There are the other radicals of whom many Americans seem to know little, who wish wealth to be redistributed, but discredit the drastic methods of socialism. In England they comprise both the Conservatives and Liberals, which together have a clear majority of the electorate and which preach, and when they have the opportunity, compete with each other in various practices of redistribution, accomplishing it by taxing the rich and distributing the proceeds among the poor. Thus the moderate radicals are in the majority, while the minority is composed of the labor party and the miniature body of communists. England is a nation virtually unanimous in its adherence to radicalism, differing only as to the methods of applying it. The same is true of Germany. France, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Scan-

dinavia, Switzerland—indeed the whole of Europe save certain exceptional areas—is witness of the works of this doctrine.

II

Only west of the Atlantic does one find a nation that is downright non-radical politically, that is, disbelieves in using political action to redistribute wealth. The call for redistribution under the guise of any of its many names is raised by no great party, is in no sense a formidable political issue and, indeed, is heartily disliked when it echoes faintly from European shores. Most other phases of European thought have caught hold to some extent in America, and have their local protagonists. But the new radicalism is advocated chiefly by the socialists, insignificant in number, and by humanitarian liberals who have advanced or introduced a few pension and endowment schemes. The wealthy are more heavily taxed than the poor; death duties have been applied; war pensions have been even lavishly paid. But there the redistribution stops. When Europe was turning radical, with Lloyd George launching the social insurance of England, and a generation earlier with the Hohenzollern monarchy resorting to a vast scheme of social legislation to keep its subjects contented, individual Americans were interested in these measures, discussed the philosophy behind them, and even proposed to adopt some of them at home.

If the War had not intervened America would have taken a much keener interest in the social experiments of England, and perhaps would have been directly influenced by them. And England herself would not have acquiesced in the transformation so quietly. Between 1912 and 1914 the country was in the throes of a peaceful revolution, changing over from the old individualism to the new radicalism. For a time Lloyd George was as violently hated as any revolutionary and his doctrines nearly as bitterly resented as socialism would be to-day. Then the War pushed the whole program into a corner and wrote "adopted" over it. A new Lloyd George was thrown on the screen, the great War premier. He is so thought of to-day when his name is mentioned at home or abroad. But the legislation for which he is mainly responsible has given England a social structure at profound variance from the kind of a society which he found. In the light of this stupendous achievement it is hard not to believe that the social legislator will live more brightly in history than the minister of munitions and the War prime minister. Whether the results of his work will prove good or evil, probably no man in Western Europe to-day has worked more far-reaching changes in his lifetime.

Devices for redistributing wealth have been built into the social structure of other leading European states, and by now it has ceased to be the aim of conservatives to throw them out. In Germany they cannot fight the habit and profitable experience of a generation. In England, though social legislation was introduced only two years before the War, it is too late to turn back. France, on the verge of extending social insurance on the British and German scope and pattern, already leads both these countries in family endowment. Conservatives have given up opposing this radicalism. There is no more the question: to redistribute or not to redistribute. The question is how fast and with what machinery. British tories trumpet against the perils of socialization, but themselves add an expensive scheme of widows' pensions to the existing insurance legislation. The conservatives of Germany raise secret troops to keep down communism but acquiesce in burdening the treasury of the Reich and of industry with increased insurance costs.

In a sense, conservatives are on the defensive against socialism, and in accepting the creed of redistribution they are compromising with the rising doc-

trine. But the doctrine of socialism itself is not so insistently dogmatic as it was. If European conservatism has met it part way with its own schemes for redistribution, socialism itself is turning on conservatism and meeting it more directly on this single issue. A generation ago socialism was conceived to be a force to destroy an economic habit called capitalism, and to set up in its stead a new state based on public ownership of the means of production. This still remains the official socialist theory. But the Soviet experience, though obviously the greatest stimulus to socialists, has had at the same time a moderating influence on their thought. The Russians have applied the Marxian formulæ; they have nationalized; the industrial proletariat controls the means of industrial production and owns the credit apparatus of the nation. But after ten years the standard of life of the Russian worker is not nearly so high as in many capitalist countries, and not much higher, if as high, even taking into account the new social benefits, as it was in pre-war Russia. Ten years are short for such gigantic transformations and, indeed, the whole ten has not been absorbed by them, but has been given in part to waging war. But it is not a foregone conclusion, even to sanguine socialists who would like to believe it, that the standard of life in Russia after a century of Soviet rule will be higher than in America by that time.

The lesson can be read in the program adopted by the British Labor Party for the next general election. In it the central doctrine of nationalization is overshadowed by the sur-tax, a new and improved instrument for redistributing wealth, a levy on the upper stratum of income-tax payers to raise funds for new forms of social legislation. This suggests that British socialists are more interested in a short-cut to a higher standard of life than in the dogmatic, Marxian round-about to it. They used to talk freely about the benefit of dividing the surplus wealth of the nation until Sir Josiah Stamp in 1921 figured just what would result from a pool of it shared equally by everyone. Take all the incomes over $1,250 a year, he said, make allowances for the maintenance of the public services previously supported from taxation, and for a normal expansion of capital to keep industry alive, and divide the balance equally among the population, and the share of each family the first year would be $1.25 a week, and thereafter not more than 50 cents. Socialist economists do not accept this figure, but even if they should double or treble it, the benefit would not be worth a repetition of the Russian revolution, where surplus wealth has vanished without anyone being much the better for it. Never strong Marxians, the British socialists have a mind to think along their own line. For the present the sur-tax is sound. For the future, give them control of the bank rate—and with it of the price level—and the ownership or control of the Big Five banks, so that they can examine the books of industry, then they can be sure how far the process of redistribution can be pushed without upsetting production. Looking still farther ahead, give them a generation or two to establish the science of management, and the productivity of industry could be intensified to increase enormously the wealth available for distribution. This is their inner mind on the subject.

The British socialists have not abandoned their earlier propaganda to campaign openly on the ground of this more profound and subtle economic understanding. They still catch votes by preaching old-fashioned socialism. But their leaders, particularly the younger set, know that sheer Marxianism cannot be their ultimate program. They are grappling directly with the question of wealth. The immediate lever is to be the sur-tax. Next it will be the control of credit and an increase of wages by small and expertly administered doses of inflation. The left-wing economists who advocate it cry "Socialism in our time,"

but it is a socialism to which Karl Marx would need a guide-book.

So it has developed that even for these extremists the organization of society has ceased to be the first preoccupation of politics, and the redistribution of wealth has usurped its place. And the new radicalism embraces tory and liberal and socialist alike.

III

Americans who travel in Europe and read about it do not invariably make this discovery. A Stanley Baldwin is not heralded as a radical because he consented to Winston Churchill's adding widows' pensions to the British machinery for redistributing wealth. He himself would not term it a radical gesture. He has a category of radicals of his own whom he quite passionately dislikes, men like Oswald Mosely, James Maxton, and H. N. Brailsford. When an American conservative visiting a Stanley Baldwin hears him berating a Mosely, the American innocently supposes this Mosely to be another Debs or La Follette, and feels the greatest sympathy with Mr. Baldwin. He does not know that Mr. Baldwin himself is something of both Debs and La Follette. He does not know that Mr. Baldwin's government, in the four years he has led it, has actually redistributed more wealth than the Soviet government in the ten years of its power, and that he might well claim a triumph for having done so without harm to the nation.

The works of Mr. Baldwin's radicalism cover an enormous field, starting with the simplest relief of the poor and culminating in a gigantic pyramid of pensions and insurances. In 1925 Great Britain spent under the widest heading of social legislation nearly $1,700,000,000. All of this cannot be credited to redistribution of wealth, for it includes $450,000,000 for education. But loosely speaking, a billion and a quarter a year is the levy on wealth for purposes of redistribution. Of this sum, war pensions represent $330,000,000, and, though this is a benefit chiefly for the poor at the expense chiefly of the wealthy, still it does not belong under the caption of a radicalism unknown to America. For under this caption there is the direct relief of the poor which cost $200,000,000; there is the state subsidy for the building of small dwellings—the "homes for heroes" promised after the War—$90,000,000; state expenditure under the national health insurance acts, $160,000,000; under the unemployment insurance acts, $250,000,000; under old age pension acts, $130,000,000; and finally, widows' pensions, which in 1927 cost $37,000,000. These items total $867,000,000, and if the obligatory contribution of employers under the insurance acts is included, it comes to more than a round billion. This is as great as one-eighth of the total wage bill in Great Britain, and nearly one-fourth of the total income earned in salaries. Multiply it by four, and the wealth redistributed under Mr. Baldwin's guidance is more than $4,000,000,000, among a population of 45,000,000. It is a record that might well turn green with envy the sophisticated "radicals" of the Kremlin.

Though relief of the poor was acknowledged as a social duty in the reign of Elizabeth, it never rested heavily on the British conscience until recently. Twenty-five years ago this relief was costing $45,000,000, about one-fourth of the present expenditure. But twenty-five years ago not one of the other items enumerated as radical had made its appearance. The doctrine of redistribution had not taken hold. This billion-a-year budget really dates only a few years back, and had its beginning in 1912. It would be unfair to Mr. Baldwin not to say that he had no part in designing it, and that his party resisted it and would gladly have fallen fighting it. But now that it is there he has administered it and added to it. And it is his party which levies the taxes to foot the bill, and it is his "whips" who drive in

the tories to pass the Tory chancellor of the exchequer's finance bill.

These radical measures transfer annually about one-twentieth of the British national income. A transfer at the same rate in the United States would shift nearly $4,000,000,000 a year. But stupendous though this British transaction appears, it has not resulted in a much more equable distribution of property. The condition persists in which fewer than 50,000 persons possess five times more property than 13,300,000 other owners. Two per cent of the owners hold more than half the total property, while three-fourths of the owners together have less than eight per cent of the total.

It is natural that such figures should be exciting to the socialists, but they are not much less so to British Liberals. Not content with having created most of the radical machinery for redistributing income, they now look forward to an evener distribution of capital. The latest pronouncement of the Liberal party is contained in the report of the Liberal Industrial Inquiry, which says on this point:

"We agree with the Socialists in thinking that distribution so uneven as it is at present found is mal-distribution. But with the methods proposed by the socialists for correcting that mal-distribution we disagree profoundly. The remedy, in our view, is not concentration in the hands of the State, but diffusion of ownership throughout the community. We stand, not for public ownership, but for popular ownership. The aim must be not to destroy the owner class, but to enlarge it."

The party would go farther in distributing income, for it states: "Some 62 per cent of the nation's income now goes to wages and salaries. Wage-earners and salary-earners should have a growing share in that other 38 per cent of the national income which now goes for rent, interest, management, and profits."

That is, the diffusion of property is to be the end of the radical distribution of the national income. First, there is progressive taxation, the original Liberal program, since carried through by them and the Conservatives. Then there is a heavy tax on inheritance, rising to a 40 per cent levy, another device already in operation and, of course, applied by the Conservatives. The third method advocated by the Liberals is the creation of new ownerships, and attention is drawn to the schemes for profit-sharing and stock-purchase by employees adopted in the United States. But the chief proposal is giving workers a share in the reserves built up by industry, a project for redistributing existing wealth very close to the core of socialist doctrine. This is Liberalism in 1928. It is a bewildering metamorphosis from Gladstonian individualism and *laissez-faire*.

IV

The closer the political aims of progressive European states are examined, the stronger the impulse to predict an estrangement between them and the United States. Here are policies already adopted irrevocably which in their very essence are repugnant to the political thought of America. Is America to be isolated from Europe in theory and experience, as it is in space? Is it to be unresponsive to the problems which give others the gravest concerns? Is America, as it is now fashionable to say in the salons of Europe, the great reactionary country of the future, a nation without sympathy for the political idealism of the rest of the civilized world? But the accusation arises more from poorly understood terminology than from truth. European radicalism has been defined here as the belief in using political action to bring about a more equable distribution of wealth. No doubt about it, political action for this end is not in America's line. In this respect America is politically more conservative than any conservatism to be found in Europe. If reactionism does not mean resistance to a desire for change, but is just a name

for the extreme wing of political conservatism, America cannot escape the label reactionary.

But America is not resisting the desire for change in the matter of the fairer distribution of wealth. It is meeting it in another and non-political way, and this contribution in turn is having an important influence on European thought. This is by the philosophy and practice of "the policy of high wages" and of partnership in industry. For this serves the same purpose as the new radicalism in Europe of raising the general standard of life and of diffusing property ownership. Paying high wages short-circuits the European political practice by giving the worker a larger share of the wealth he has helped create without paying it first to the shareholder, then taxing him, and finally paying the proceeds to certain categories of the needy. This system has certain obvious differences in principle from the European system. It tends to reward individuals according to their work. And it is, moreover, a voluntary system, and depends as a theory not on the state but on the state of mind of vast numbers of employers. But it depends primarily on peculiar American conditions.

European industry does not supply a market so unified as to permit the economies of mass production and the stabilization of consumption. But the philosophy has fired European imaginations. Not applicable to-day, by effort it may become so. European industry is being pushed into a more scientific cohesion, and a beginning has been made of forging the scattered market entities of Europe into a unified whole on the American pattern. The economic conferences under the auspices of the League of Nations have started Europe thinking in terms of customs-union, and may be the beginning of a great free market where American experience becomes germane. By then industry, if it follows present tendencies, will be a changed organism from its individualist predecessor. It will be more of an agreed collaboration between worker and management, producing for a regular consumption, with public knowledge of costs and profits, and with a much subdued voice of shareholders in the conduct of business. Not now possible in Europe, nor for that matter in all industries in America, this would certainly relieve much of the pressure to equalize wealth through political action.

It is, of course, foolish to forecast specific features of an essentially evolutionary movement, but the current can be noted which is determining direction. Wherever there is an industrial society this current is the same. It is the motive to reorganize the work of the world on a basis that more equally apportions the reward of all those who take part in it. Americans may claim for their response to this motive that it is in better keeping with the principles of human conduct as psychologically understood, that is, through the maintenance of personal responsibility and individual initiative. Europeans may differ from Americans and among themselves as to the precise service the state can render in this process. Their extremists, the socialists, may strive to obtain their results through complete state control, the moderates through state guidance and supervision. But they are all differing expressions of an identical force, responding to a universal dissatisfaction with industrial civilization as it now stands. Their discontents vary according to their temperaments and experiences and conditions. Their resultant policies vary as widely. But the political gulfs which separate them into irreconcilable oppositions are not fundamentally emotional, they are intellectual. In a larger sense they are branches of the same tree in growth. One branch, this European belief in the state as an instrument to redistribute wealth, is the new radicalism. American industrial radicalism, the doctrine of higher wages and the raising of the standard of life through industry direct, is another. It might, if one pleased, be called a still newer one.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT

LONDON MEMORIES, 1911–1914

BY MURIEL DRAPER

IN THE year 1911 Paul Draper and I came to London. We left behind us a fantastic year of life spent in Florence where Paul had been working with Isidor Braggiotti to develop his voice. As it developed, he decided to use it for the singing of German *Lieder* and, therefore, sought out the greatest master of this art, Von Zur Mühlen, who was then living and teaching in London. We landed on his doorstep. With his penetrating eyes, searching mind, and pure instinct he weighed Paul as an artist and accepted him. Furthermore, as if by magic, he found us a house opposite his own in that small distinguished alley of London known as Holland Street, and we moved in.

There followed years of vigorous and stimulating work with Mühlen for Paul and, owing to our incurable enthusiasm for music, days and nights of music-making for us both.

Before leaving Florence we had heard of Montague Vert Chester (fantastic name!) as a concert manager of repute and an amateur of music as well. We went in search of him and found him as fantastic as his name. Astute, asthmatic, benevolent, bald-headed, and immaculately white-gloved, he was visibly startled at our prospect of listening under our own roof to all the good chamber music that had been written, played by all the good musicians living whom chance or concerts would bring to London. In spite of his astonishment his mouth watered with delight at the idea: you could hear it water as he said, "Don't be in such a hurry. It's weeks or months before they will be here, and they mightn't like it, and—oh! you Americans are always in such a hurry. Hold on a bit. How are you going to manage it?"

"Why, we are just going to ask them, that's all."

"Well, hold on a bit!"

We held on a bit, but not for long.

The result was that, at the end of our first year in London, Arthur Rubinstein, Jacques Thibaut, Harold Bauer, and Pablo Casals spent many of their waking hours in London with us, transforming life during those hours into splendid deathless sound.

Chester, gradually becoming our surprised but loyal ally, brought Arthur Rubinstein to us immediately upon his arrival in England. When he came into the room, Chester puffing with showmanship behind him, the room became suddenly smaller. He had a young, short body and broad shoulders, from which long arms ended in the most powerfully sensitive hands I have ever seen. Above those shoulders appeared an ageless, grotesquely ugly face at the prow of a beautiful head. This head was topped with a crop of gracelessly crimped dun-blond hair that sprang aggressively from a high concentrated forehead. Eyes pale with intensity seemed more like hieroglyphics of intelligence than eyes, and a somber Semitic nose carved with chastening Polish delicacy supported them. Pale, firmly full lips smiled with nervous sadness over strange

teeth, and only the chin was allowed to rest a little from the forward-moving pace of his vitality.

It was difficult to converse with this dynamo: words withered in the blast. At the first meeting I decided to give it up and, turning to him a little desperately said, "If you play the way you *are*, please begin."

So with beautiful Polish courtesy he rose, bowed, thanked me, and went to the piano. He sat down and plunged at once into the Hammer Klavier Sonata of Beethoven. This work had always been one of my pet aversions and a subject of acrid intimate debate with my husband. Paul's worship of that isolated figure of impassioned serenity would brook no criticism of any single note written by his hand, not even the Hammer Klavier, and only my oft-repeated but never fulfilled threat of playing it could terminate the recurrent debates. I still protest that it can be very boring. In fact, in my ignorance, I conceived of it as never being anything else. Well, I take it all back. Rubinstein played the Hammer Klavier that night as it was meant to be played and as it must have been essentially conceived. It became a work of monumental splendor through his fingers. Such was the young Polish pianist in 1911. He is now one of the great pianists of his time.

The recruiting of Thibaut to our ranks had been accomplished with the utmost simplicity. After one of his London concerts Paul and I went "behind" to the artists' room and told him what we thought of his playing, adding that we were going to take him back to a large, high room for supper, and though at this juncture Chester appeared, breathless and apprehensive, it was too late. He explained to his professional charge that we were two music-mad Americans, not dangerous, but, well—the damage was done, and if M. Thibaut was not too fatigued, etc., etc. . . . So back we went to Holland Street.

The true musicianship of this fine artist, the style and dexterity with which he interprets it, put him in the highest rank of violinists. When he is at the top of his form few can equal him. Uneven, mercurial, melancholy, cynical, he often disappoints and falls far short of his capacities. His very qualities occasionally defeat or exhaust him. Sometimes he can be stubbornly lazy or carried away by a kind of nervous clowning of mind and body.

This slender body of his moved with a quick black alertness, which invaded his somewhat surprisingly massive head, constantly flung back to throw his heavily falling black hair from his eyes. His face could go dead and come alive in swift succession; a heavy cynicism could draw his mouth and eyes down, but a sudden childlike smile could pull them up again. Everything about him was intelligent—intelligent to the point of indifference until he took up his violin. Then intelligence became the spirited ally of a white incandescent heat in which his true music-consciousness was bathed.

Harold Bauer, whose wise enthusiasms, information, and advices about Mühlen had confirmed Paul Draper's wavering choice of singing masters, came early into our London life. The grave beauty and infinite gradations of Bauer's playing are never more happily demonstrated than when it supports, penetrates, and completes the music of other instruments in ensemble performance. He subdues that roar which sometimes becomes a mere heavy shake of soft obstructing sound, pouring out under his left hand and up from his pedalling feet into the lower register of a piano when he is playing alone—subdues it and builds it into the distinguishable and cumulative volumes of vibration that one needs to hear in great climaxes. His very listening to other qualities of sound than those he produces on the piano makes him hear himself more clearly. Some of the most inspired performances of works written for chamber music with piano have been when he was seated at that instrument.

As to Pablo Casals, when he was an-

nounced for a concert in London, I simply wrote him a note, asking him to come to make music after his concert. Rumors having already reached him to the effect that it was for music we asked him, not for lionizing, he came, bringing his 'cello with him. We had been to his concert and, as it was my first hearing of what I believe to be a great interpretive musical genius, it was an event for me. I had watched his face, his body, his fingers as he played, and marvelled at his exclusive dedication of himself to his 'cello. Short, almost completely bald, his small body was somehow indefinably enlarged by the significance of his head, by his arrogant impersonality, and smoldering compactness of movement. Holding the 'cello between his knees, he would turn his head slightly away over his right shoulder and, meeting himself alone in some far place that lay beyond the mechanism of his instrument and the sure dexterity with which he touched it, would listen with unyielding curiosity to the music that issued from it. The sound structure which he built, the austere discipline with which he built it, and the poignant beauty of tone which pervaded it were unique.

So it began, that golden era of life in London.

II

A magnetic nucleus of music had formed, and it behooved me to provide more space for the increasing reach of its radiations than the Holland Street house afforded. So I hunted for a larger house.

As almost every house in London is livable, I did not have to hunt for long. Being bound by no conventions as to locality—two mad young Americans could go where they liked—I found, at 19 and 19a Edith Grove, two houses, one behind the other, and I took them. Edith Grove! The two words are a country to me as I write them to-day, and in that country number 19 is the Capitol. There had been a Maud Grove and a Clara, due to the paternal sentiment of a previous landholder toward his three daughters, among whom he had, doubtless, divided the property and stamped it with their dear silly names. Maud and Clara Grove had given way to less fragile designations, but Edith Grove miraculously remained.

By pulling out all the insides of 19a, I made of a house a room big enough for an orchestra, to say nothing of chamber music. I left only the brick walls, which I pierced with windows and a fireplace, and the roof of the house, in which I put a skylight and across which I stretched iron rods for support. By knocking a hole in the wall, I pushed a staircase through 19a to 19, taking down a solid little stone fence that had separated them, and then we moved in.

It was the autumn of 1912. Arthur Rubinstein, returned to London for the season, found us a matchless Bechstein piano. A Kein Lung screen unfolded itself on one side of the room, and a huge sofa was built to fit another side. Plenty of small chairs for the players and plenty of big ones for the listeners were chosen; floor cushions, of a size that made it possible for a half dozen people to sit, or one tired artist to sleep, if he arrived exhausted from a performance, were piled high in the corners of the room. Amazing how a pianist could sleep while someone sang, or how a violinist could dream during a suite for 'cello!

Musicians were flocking back to London, and we planned our welcoming party in Edith Grove to coincide with Thibaut's first concert engagement. Rubinstein had lured the distinguished violinist Paul Kochanski back with him from Poland and brought him to Edith Grove on this occasion, an act for which I am forever in his debt. Friends brought more friends, as the echoes of the music made in Holland Street the year before had spread far and wide, and all musicians like to play.

Certainly they did in Edith Grove. Knowing that the only reason people are listening is because they desire it, and that the taste and musical knowledge of fellow-players enable them to give and

take every phrase at full value, brings a pleasure to such a spontaneous exercise of their gifts which is often lacking in professional performances. The only condition I ever imposed was that no one who did not make music or love it should be there. The limitless generosity of these great artists who filled my house and ears and heart and mind with the pure golden stream of their accomplishment was too rare a gift to be endangered by an imperfectly grateful acceptance. It was all I could offer in return.

In their honor, the first fire was burning in the fireplace of 19a. Huge candles were lighted in every dim corner of the room. Small powerful electric bulbs were snapped into use over the music stands, and on them the parts of the Mendelssohn Octette were opened at Page 1. This was one of Thibaut's favorite works, and when he arrived from his concert, in a frenzy of delight and high spirits, he wanted to begin it at once. Paul Kochanski, Lionel Tertis, and May Mukle were among those who played with him. They brought to the Octette a dignity and brilliance for which its composer should thank them if ever the uncertainties of time and place involved allow. Excited by the beauty of the performance and the thrilled listening contained within those brick walls, everybody wanted to play everything—to make music and more music forever. They decided on the Beethoven piano trio in D Major, and proceeded to play it—Bauer at the piano, Thibaut violining, and Casals, who had begged to listen to the Octette as he indulged his vices of smoking a long cigar and drinking a long glass of milk, playing his beloved instrument. The brilliant opening movement, the moving theme of the second, and the vigor of the last, played by those three men sing in my ears as I write. Casals, by now really aroused, followed the Beethoven trio with a Bach suite, unaccompanied. The flawless organic growth of the work from the first note to the last was presented with all the serene conviction this artist could bring to it.

III

From that first night hardly a week passed without music at 19 Edith Grove. Some new work to be heard or some newly arrived musician to be welcomed brought us together at a moment's notice.

If, on a night when an artist was giving a concert with orchestra, to be followed by an evening in 19a, we found ourselves faced with a possible vacancy in the personnel necessary to the desired performance of any particular work, our methods were simple. They consisted merely in accosting, on our trips back stage to the artists' room, whatever member of the disbanding orchestra we found possessed of the instrument necessary to fill the vacancy and asking him if he would like to come back to Edith Grove and play some chamber music. To their eternal honor be it said that not one ever refused. On the contrary, I have never known a professional musician who was not willing and, indeed, eager to play with the great artists of their chosen profession. Many's the bassoon and French horn we deterred from their homeward path in the name of music. Many's the double-bass who overcame difficulties engendered by the almost insurmountable proportions of his instrument in order to spend an hour—or two or three or five—in delighted wayfaring through octettes and small orchestral works.

Needless to say, they played through the night. It often occurred that an artist who did not live in London would come for the night of the concert only, leaving London the next day. This meant that he would not arrive at Edith Grove until after the concert and its tedious artists' room salutations and compliments were terminated (though I never knew one who did not like them) anywhere between ten-thirty and midnight, and would not leave until it was time to catch the morning boat-train. He would find perhaps a movement from a Brahms violin sonata, a Beethoven

trio for flute, violin, piano, a Chopin mazurka or German song cycle already in full swing and would creep into a chair or onto a cushion until it was over. Then, usually hungry and a little tired from the strain of a concert, we would carry him off upstairs for food and drink. After this the really serious work of the evening would begin and continue until the skylight in the roof above us would turn from black to black-blue, to blue-gray, to yellow-gray, and at last show clear blue sky beyond yellow sunlight, seen through blue-yellow-gray layers of smoke from burning wood, burning tobacco, and burning candles. It would be six o'clock, seven o'clock, eight o'clock in the morning before we would make another visit to the dining room, where the miracle maids had somehow managed to clear away the debris of supper and make room for fresh coffee, scrambled eggs in an enormous chafing dish, raspberries and strawberries in big bowls. Oh! those English berries! We would breakfast, and break day by going to bed.

This morning departure of guests was a source of constant curiosity and astonishment to the neighbors in Edith Grove. Curtain after curtain would be raised, some surreptitiously and only a few inches, others with an angry snap their whole length, and sleep-distorted faces would lurk and look from the windows. Many and varied were the reports that went flying from house to house, culminating at last in the least likely one of all, that those big cases did not carry musical instruments—not they! They carried all the wicked apparatus of gambling! No one could stay up all night to play music. Only for "vice" could they stay so long awake. Neighbors in the more immediate vicinity could, to their great misfortune, emphatically deny this. They *heard* music to the loss of their sleep and occasionally their tempers. Those at the back of our house, who slept with their windows open just over the also open skylight in the roof of 19a, were the most violent in protestation, even staging a public demonstration from window to window on one night, by blowing policemen's whistles, shooting off torpedoes, and filling the night air with hootings and rattles. They were answered by John Warner and Arthur Rubinstein playing a Bach Prelude and Fugue for four hands on the piano. Bach is stirring enough played by two hands: by four, it is not conducive to sleep. May it here be recorded, however, that in the house adjoining number 19—number 17 to be explicit—there lived a crabbed distinguished old gentleman who, upon his departure from London for the gentler life of the country, wrote to us a letter of regret that he was giving up the only real pleasure he had extracted from life in years, namely that of being "a privileged though invisible listener to strains of music of a kind hitherto undreamed of," for which he thereby desired to register his thanks. If only we had known!

IV

On a night when Thibaut arrived after one of his London concerts he was dropping with fatigue. We sent him down to the studio for a nap on one of the big floor cushions until he should feel refreshed enough to join us. When we went back to the studio after supper we found him sound asleep, stretched out before the fire. Our entrance failed to arouse him, so did an hour or two of music. People left fairly early that night, until only a handful remained. There was a question of morning boat-trains to catch in order to fulfill an engagement in Paris the next evening; and Chester was getting worried about the depths of sleep in which Thibaut lay as one buried. As I was protesting against the intention of waking him, Thibaut suddenly sprang from the cushion straight up into the air like a suddenly sprouting tree, and very wide awake.

"I will play the Bach Chaconne," he announced.

He crossed the room, took his marvelous fiddle out of its case, and standing over by the Goddess of Charity under flowers of Burmese gold, a little sheltered by the folds of the screen, he played the Bach Chaconne. No one violinist of my hearing has ever touched the heights that Thibaut reached that night. Perhaps he himself could never repeat it. He placed the composition surely and beautifully before us. He showed us every integral part of that greatly builded structure, and from its summit flung out its full emotional content, with a technic that created itself to meet the demands of his performance.

His small privileged audience found itself on its feet when he brought it to its close, and at the top of the stairs stood my son Paul Jr., red-gold hair standing up on his head, eyes swimming with blue waters of sleep from which he had emerged, cheeks blazing pink from excitement, clad in a bright green dressing gown. No one spoke as he came down into the room saying, "I've come because I heard such beautiful music."

Thibaut caught him up in his arms and leaped up the stairs to the dining room with him. We did not follow them, but half an hour later we found them there, feeding each other dilapidated bits of food and making dangerous experiments with the coffee-machine. . . . Years afterward when I could bring myself to speak to Thibaut of that night's playing of the Bach Chaconne, he said simply, "*Oui, j'ai bien joué ce soir là.*" To play once like that in a lifetime is enough.

V

In May, 1914, Djiagelief and the Russian Ballet arrived, and all London turned out to greet them. One of the most brilliant first-night audiences gathered under one roof sat in row upon row upon row and in box after box after box. The program, if I remember correctly, was composed of "Scheherezade," "Les Sylphides," and "Petrouchka." Dancing that was new, fresh development of an old technic that wrote another chapter for itself, costumes and scenery that revolutionized the stage, and music that was based on unaccustomed tonalities set London in an uproar.

Djiagelief was the permeating genius who was behind it, through it, around it, and before it: responsible in indefinable ways (as well as those that are definably within the province of a director) for every gesture, light and shade, and measure of tempo. Of all the great artists he has trained what one ever achieved without him that which was possible with him? Bakst, who designed much of the scenery and costuming, has almost fallen into oblivion since, and is recalled to our memory more often by the horrible crudities of his imitators, or the chance happy effect of his color schemes on manufacturers of felt hats and cotton dresses and woollen sweaters than by any fresh creation from his own brain. An occasional exhibition gives evidence that now and again he does something almost as good but never better. The fate of Nijinsky is too tragic to dwell upon. Karsavina is married and mothering, but not dancing. Stravinsky has written "Les Noces," but again it was for Djiagelief. The greatest distinctions of "Les Six," that half dozen of intelligent musical investigators and compilers of rhythm and sound, have been won by writing for his productions. Lopokova has married Maynard Keynes, the English economist, and dances agreeably enough at a party now and then when the spirit moves her. And so it goes.

I have sat with Djiagelief in almost empty theaters during rehearsal and heard him say to the *chef d'orchestre* very politely, "*Non, non, non, maître. Pas tout à fait ça. . . . Est-ce que je me trompe, ou est-ce que ce n'est pas un* tout *petit—trop . . . trop lent? En tout cas, essayons-le un tooout petit peu plus vite. C'est bien possible que j'ai tort.*" Or to a dancing figure on the stage, "*Non, non, non, ma chère petite. Non. L'estomac n'est pas fait du bois. Attendez! attendez!*

écoutez-moi, ni de caoutchouc. Non, chère, non. L'estomac est fait de la chair, après tout, de la bonne chair," and so on and so on until by a series of almost chemical emanations rather than actual directions, he had changed the atomic structure of bodies, scenes, and sounds.

I once asked him if he could express in words the exact thing of which he was possessed that brought about his subtle synthesis of flesh and light and tone vibration.

"*Je ne sais pas, je ne sais pas, ma chère Muriel. Je ne sais pas. Un* tooout *petit peu de la connaissance peut-être, et beaucoup de l'amour. . . . Je ne sais pas.*"

The season was an overwhelming success. And presently the premiere of the "Sacre du Printemps" was imminent. Not a seat was procurable in the house for weeks in advance. Rubinstein and Carl Szymanowski were staying with us at 17 Edith Grove, which I had broken into and annexed, and Paul and Sozia Kochanski were installed in a charming little house across the street, so that no time should be lost getting from one end of London to the other. We started out together for the performance and on our way stopped in at Covent Garden to hear "The Magic Flute." We left in time to arrive at Drury Lane before the first note of "Sacre" began and found our way to our box through seething crowds of almost hysterically expectant people. The lights went down and, after a nervous silence in the darkness, Evan Evans came out on the curtained stage and tried to calm us with a nicely prepared erudite little speech on the virtues and methods of the work we were about to hear. No one listened to him, though no one spoke. Just a ferment of restless rustling and dry coughing could be heard through the house in the darkness, like a many tentacled invisible, but omnipresent, monster. Evan Evans hurriedly faltered into silence and bowed himself off stage. Monteux wormed his quiet way through the orchestra and stood tensely still for a full moment—an almost unbearable moment—and it began.

It is a part of musical history now, that score, and the ballet is part of the history of the stage, so I will not analyze it from either point of view. I believe it to be one of the few great symphonic works of our time, and the ballet a most amazing visualization of a musical score. Nijinsky had the entire direction of it, with Djiagelief to turn to, and though he did not dance in it, it remains one of his unsurpassed achievements. Monteux extracted the full musical value the score contained, manipulated the complex and crashing rhythms of the final climax with uncanny clarity and coherence, filling the air with a sound that is still sinking down through me with every blood beat. The house broke loose. The intensity of the score which builds itself around and in you with each succeeding note and rhythm, leaving you no escape from its passionate logic, drove them to a pitch of frenzy. The sight of human beings moving in an abstract geometric design that became a symbol of eternal emotions, beyond-human in its effect, increased the force with which the music invaded you. When it ceased, people broke and ran, sat motionless and unapproachable, cried with rage and outraged sensibilities ("You call that *Art*, do you?" "You call it *music*?" "My God!"), rushed to the bar for a drink, or tried to laugh it away. They stumbled over seats, began clapping again in small groups, could not leave the theater, could not go anywhere else. Many were shaken out of any capacity to form an opinion, provided they ever had any, and certainly were unable to pass judgment on a work so completely unrelated to habits of thinking and feeling already formed for them by time—that solid delusion, and environment—that erratic master.

I sat still in my chair until I could go out alone, and told the others I would meet them at Scott's Lobster House, the most neutral spot I could think of in which to talk without bursting with ex-

citement. Edith Grove would have been too much for me that night. I was in a deadly calm at the moment but knew I should have to explode somewhere. For me the stream of sound had been freshly tapped. It is common talk now amongst amateurs and critics of music that "Sacre" is not, after the third or fourth or tenth hearing, so impressive. To those I would say, wait another fifteen years and hear it again: without fear of remembering the mistake you might have made of overvaluing or underrating it in the first instance, you can really listen and judge once more. You can always say "I told you so" in either case.

We met at Scott's and, all talking at once, discussed until the early hours. Even Paul Draper, who was reluctant to relinquish musical opinions and standards held since early childhood, was thrilled and forced to admit that here was something.

And so the season of 1914 progressed from triumph to triumph. Chaliapine in the role of Boris was at the top notch of his powers and was flinging one splendid performance after another at the feet of his adoring London audiences, who showered him with every attention in return. He came to Edith Grove shortly after the season began. His presence animated the rooms like some elemental force. He had the shape and substance of a rock, the smell and sound of vast stretches of earth and water, and breathed like the winds in the air. I could never "talk" to him in that ceaseless "intelligent" currency we use in ordinary parlance. I could only look glad to see him, feel deeply at hearing him, and salute him with a wave of the hand, a pat on the shoulder or a smile. He seldom used any other means of communication, and we never misunderstood each other. Very slow of speech, with irradiating smile, pleasant blue eyes and pale yellow hair, powerfully tall and lithely broad, he was a superb figure in those days. When he laughed it rang under the dome of his opened mouth like the cathedral bells in "Boris" and filled the room with its reverberations. The same elemental power pervaded his music, and he was the only person who was allowed to sit beside whoever was playing the piano in chamber-music ensemble at Edith Grove, and hum the themes as he read them. This is the most irritating thing that even a good musician can do, as the sound of the human voice has too subjective a quality to be absorbed in the delicate spare strength of a few essential instruments; but Chaliapine became one, and with unerring pitch, could follow the thematic development through every movement with a sound that was like a new and hitherto unused instrument, a cunning combination of vibrations and percussions. He adored Arthur Rubinstein and, chamber music being relatively unfamiliar to his ear, it gave him intense pleasure to watch it unfold under his eyes. Grand man!

VI

Gertrude Stein was in London that year and could be seen at most of the Drury Lane performances, stalking through crowds adorned in a short corduroy skirt, a white silk shirt, sandals, and a tiny hat perched up on her monumental head. She came to Edith Grove, where she would sit in Buddhistic calm until some topic of conversation arose which stimulated her interest. And then she would talk for hours, a steady flow of ideas in almost boring logical sequence, some of them profound and others merely a form of brilliant dialectic. Her point once gained or, in any case, her opponent once retired, she would sink back into calm and absorb intuitively what no longer aroused her intellectually.

She was sensitive about attacks upon her own peculiar form of literary expression, at least sensitive to any expressed or felt doubt of her sincerity. The technical aspect of it she would debate for hours, but her motive for devel-

oping it she would protect to the last drop of her mind's blood. She would say abruptly, "I don't know anything about it. I take things in and they come out that way, independent of conscious process. I don't know anything about it." She said she could not "do" a portrait of me because I "swooped so," she could not keep me still long enough. She wrote me a letter about myself a year ago, though, that kept me still long enough, I can tell you. I like her very much and agree with Sherwood Anderson that she "may be, just *may* be, the greatest word-slinger of our generation." Certainly she tried to break up word habits that no longer convey any meaning, so long have they been used as symbols of things that do not exist and so often have they been dipped in and out of the pools of imagined and actual experience that lie deep in the history of the race. (I wish she would break up mine! Look at that sentence for instance. It does not mean a thing.)

Paul was infuriated by her writing, though personally devoted to her; and many a night was spent in bitter wrangling with him as to whether a person is or is not entitled to use the word *chair* to convey whatever it may mean to that person, regardless of whether someone else conceives of it as an article of furniture to sit on or not. "But Muriel, don't be ridiculous! You can't call anything else but a chair a chair," he would cry out in despair as the dawn appeared at the windows.

"Why, certainly you can," I would answer. "It probably meant something quite different when it was first articulated, and is tired of being used to denote a silly stationary inanimate thing on four legs with a back to support our spinelessness. It probably wants to mean something else, to Gertrude anyway. Can't a word have a good time all by itself now and again?"

"Muriel, you're mad," Draper would begin again wearily. "You are mad, I tell you. A chair is a chair. That is its accepted meaning. It can have no other. I repeat, a chair is a chair."

"You know you are beginning to doubt it already. You have said it so many times that if I made one or two more passes with that word in front of the eyes of your ear, it would probably mean a kite to you. Let it fly."

"The eyes of your ear—My God! A kite! *Stop*, or I shall go mad too!"

He was so greatly antagonized by this, to him, deliberate misuse of the Anglo-Saxon tongue that he maintained it was perfectly easy to do, that Gertrude was not serious about it and was just having a good time by mixing up a lot of words, and that there was no technic or principle involved. Anyone could do it, he declared; and what is more, G. S. could be fooled by it and think it a serious attempt. "Try it!" I challenged. "Very well, I will. Give me a pencil and paper. I will do a portrait of Rubio" (the benevolent 'cello-playing Spaniard whom Casals had brought to Edith Grove), "and have it ready by tea time." This was just after lunch one day. "Go ahead," said I. "I will come and get it at tea time, and I will send it to Gertrude through a third person whom she'll never suspect, E. Grant Watson" (whose books are written in the good old-fashioned way, and very well too). "I will get him to say he doesn't indorse it, but that a friend of his has sent it to him to be forwarded to her for criticism, and will she graciously accord him an opinion as to the advisability of his pursuit of this method and his talent for it. Agreed?"

"Yes, agreed."

"All right—tea time, remember," and I left him.

I came back at tea time and he pounced up at me from a corner of the sofa. "Go away," he yelled in a murderous tone. "I'm not done yet."

"Forgive me," said I, and I left the room.

At dinner time I returned. He was walking up and down the room. "Paul,

dear," I said as gently as I could, "come to dinner. It's eight o'clock."

"I don't hear you," he said, no longer murderously but in a broken voice, "I don't hear you."

I dined alone.

At bedtime I made one more attempt. He was sitting at the piano, head bent forward against the music-rack. This time I thought I had better be firm.

"Paul, you must go to bed. It's late. You have an early lesson to-morrow. Mühlen will be furious."

He muttered from somewhere under his lowered head, "Mühlen could be furious but Rubio not so, so not furious could Rubio be as Mühlen was as Mühlen is, because of the not chair—No, it was I who was furious about the chair—I can try that—Mühlen furious but not about not furiously about a not chair."

I left him. I heard him come to bed very late. The next morning at breakfast I did not mention it, nor did he, but he left my room with a grim look in his eyes, a batch of paper under his arm, and a freshly sharpened pencil in his pocket. By lunch time he reappeared and, literally prancing with joy, exclaimed, "I've done it! I've done it! It's very good. Here it is. Send it along."

It really was very good—in Gertrude Stein's manner without being in any sense a parody. It was dispatched to Gertrude according to the plan already outlined. It came back to Grant Watson a week or so later with a note from her (which he kept, so I cannot reproduce it here) to the effect that if his friend had any literary gift at all, which she was in no position to judge from the one article submitted, it was most certainly temperamentally unsuited to the style he had so flatteringly chosen; he had best follow his natural writing direction, which was doubtless of a scholarly and conservative trend.

"Have a chair," I said to Draper, when he had finished reading the note.

"Yes, I will, thanks," he answered.

So I mixed him one.

VII

June, 1914, melted into July. In the window-boxes magenta and white stocks filled the rooms of Edith Grove with the spiced magnificence of fragrance they exhale. White awnings at the windows kept out the noonday sun: open fires forestalled the midnight cool. In spite of music-filled nights, breakfasts were early.

The London season was nearing its close. Paul was going to Germany to catch the song-listening populace before it scattered into summer listlessness, and we held a farewell party for him. All the closest friends were there. We were gay but restless. Thibaut was cutting off locks of his hair and throwing them out the dining-room window into the aromatic stocks. He was very entertaining, but he would not play that night. I tried to tempt him with some Chausson, a composer of whom he was very fond; but he insisted that I did not really like the French School of music, and was merely being polite, so I left him alone, throwing his hair into the flowers. It was obvious that he did not *want* to play. Arthur Rubinstein attacked him next. No, it was too hot to play, he mumbled over his shoulder. Arthur became annoyingly persistent.

"Very well," Jacques flung his body quickly around to face Arthur as he spoke, "very well; I will play the Brahms violin concerto if you will play it with me."

Rather a staggering order. The violin score was not in our library, nor was the piano transcription of the orchestral score there either. Violinists do not consider it as part of their chamber-music repertory! Arthur accepted the challenge. I was amazed. "But Arthur," I protested, "I don't believe you have ever seen the piano score, much less played it."

"Why should I have seen it? I am not a violinist. I am not a conductor. But I know it very well. I have heard it. Come, Thibaut; we will begin."

He walked powerfully out of the dining-room, through the small drawing-room, and down the stairs into 19a.

Thibaut, suddenly alive, followed him, flinging what remained of his black hair back from his forehead. From different corners of the house vaguely disorganized guests gathered under the studio roof. Even Chester followed. "The Brahms violin *concerto!* You're crazy. These two Americans have driven you *all* mad. What are you going to play it from?" he asked them.

"Memory," they answered, at the same moment.

"Don't be foolish. It can't be done," he fumed, but remained bolt upright in the biggest chair he could find to sit in, as they walked over to the piano—a little slowly, to be sure.

The Irish angel who guarded my youngest son flew into the room. "Madame," she wailed. "It's long past Smudge's" (a nickname that will never leave him) "feeding time. He's crying with hunger."

"Give him a bottle," I commanded, between my teeth.

"But, Madame—of what? You know he's never had anything but—"

"Of milk, of anything—I don't know. Wean him. Don't you know how to wean a baby? Leave me alone." I turned away from the problem with heartless determination, her faithful "Glory be to God, Madame. You're *terrible*" sounding in my ears. . . . She managed it somehow.

Norman Douglas came up to me and said, "You're getting a little hysterical, Mew. What's the matter? Have you been—?"

"None of that now, Doug. I'm all right. Leave me alone. Thibaut and Arthur are going to play the Brahms violin concerto."

"So I hear. . . . Well, I am going home. You have probably killed your youngest son, but that is a better fate than would otherwise overtake him at the hands of American parents. Much better off dead. Good-night," he concluded cheerfully. And he went home.

By now Arthur was seated at the piano, and Thibaut was tuning his violin. No lights turned on over the music-stands this time. The room had never been so quiet. . . .

And then it began. Arthur became an orchestra, building with the sound of singing strings, soft clear-blown wood, resonant billowing brass, and accurately thudding drums a structure of needed volume for the single melodic unity of Thibaut's violin. In the unlighted corner of the studio they played the work through, without slip or unwritten pause. Needless to say, they had never played it together before. Arthur had never played it at all. And yet no phrase of that immeasurably full work was scanted. Together they had played the Brahms violin concerto from memory.

It was the beginning of the end of that golden era of life in London.

THE PERFECT CRIME

A STORY

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

THE world's greatest detective complacently sipped a port which had never been labelled anything it was not and intently gazed across the table at his most intimate acquaintance; for many years the detective had not permitted himself the luxury of friends. Gregory Hare looked back at him, waiting, listening.

"There is no doubt about it," Trevor reiterated, putting down his glass, "the perfect crime is a possibility; it requires only the perfect criminal."

"Naturally," assented Hare with a shrug, "but the perfect criminal . . ."

"You mean he is a mythical fellow, not apt to be met with in the flesh?"

"Exactly," said Hare, nodding his big head.

Trevor sighed, sipped again, and adjusted the eye-glasses on his thin, sharp nose. "No, I admit I haven't encountered him as yet, but I am always hopeful."

"Hoping to be done in the eye, eh?"

"No, hoping to see the perfect methods of detection tested to the limits of their possibilities. Damn it all, you know, a gifted detector of crime is something more than an inspired policeman with a little bloodhound blood in his veins, something more than a precise scientist; he's an art critic as well, and no art critic likes to be condemned to a steady diet of second-rate stuff."

"Quite."

"Second-rate stuff is bad enough, but it's not the worst. Think of the third, fourth, fifth, and heaven-knows-what-rate crimes that come along every day! And even the masterpieces, the 'classics,' are pretty poor daubs when you look at them closely: a bad tone here and a wrong line there; something false, something botched."

"Most murderers are rather foolish," interjected Hare.

"Foolish! Of course they are. You should know, man, you've defended enough of them. The trouble is that murder almost never evokes the best efforts of the best minds. As a rule it is the work of an inferior mind, cunningly striving towards a perfection that is beyond its reach, or of a superior mind so blinded by passion that its faculties are temporarily impaired. Of course, there are your homicidal maniacs, and they are often clever, but they lack imagination and variety; sooner or later their inability to do anything but repeat themselves brings them up with a sharp jerk."

"Repetition is dullness," murmured Hare, "and dullness, as somebody has remarked, is the one unforgivable sin."

"Right," agreed Trevor. "It is, and plenty of murderers have suffered for it. But they have suffered from vanity almost as often. Practically every murderer, unless he has been accidentally impelled to crime, is an egregious egotist. You know that as well as I do. His sense of power is tremendous, and as a rule he can't keep his mouth shut."

Dr. Harrison Trevor's glasses shone brightly, and he plucked continually at the black cord depending from them as

he jerked out his sentences with rapidity and precision. He was on his own ground, and he knew what he was talking about. For twenty years criminals had been his specialty and his legitimate prey. He had hunted them through all lands, and he hunted them successfully. Upstairs, in a chiffonier drawer in his bedroom, there was a large red-leather box holding visible symbols of that success: small decorations of gold and silver, and bright ribbons bore mute witness to the gratitude that various European governments had felt, on notable occasions, towards the greatest man-hunter of his generation. If Trevor was a dogmatist on murder he was entitled to be one.

Hare, on the other hand, was a good and respectful listener, but, being a criminal lawyer of long experience, he was a man with ideas of his own; and he always expressed them when there was no legal advantage to be gained by withholding them. He expressed one now, when he drawled softly, "All murderers are great egotists, are they? How about great detectives?"

Trevor blinked, then smiled coldly, clutching at his black cord. "Most detectives are asses, I grant you, complete asses and vain as peacocks; very few of them are great. I know only three. One of them is now in Vienna, the second is in Paris, and the third is . . ."

Hare raised his hand in interruption and said, "The third, or rather the first, is in this room."

The greatest detective in the world nodded briskly. "Of course. There's no point in false modesty, is there?"

"None at all. And it might be a little difficult to maintain such an attitude so soon after the Harrington case. The poor chap was put out of his misery week before last, wasn't he?"

Trevor snorted. "Yes, if you want to call him a poor chap; he was a deliberate murderer. But let's get back to that perfect crime of ours."

"Of yours, you mean," Hare corrected him politely. "I haven't subscribed to the possibility of it as yet. And how would you know about a perfect crime if it ever were committed? The criminal would never be discovered."

"If he had any artistic pride, he would leave a full account of it to be published after his death. Besides, you are forgetting the perfect methods of detection."

Hare whistled softly. "There's a pretty theoretical problem for you. What would happen when the perfect detector set out to catch the perfect criminal? Rather like the immovable object and the irresistible force business, and just about as sensible. The fly in the ointment, of course, is that there is no such thing as perfection."

Dr. Trevor sat up rigidly and glared at the speaker. "There is perfection in the detection of crime."

"Well, perhaps there is." Hare laughed amiably. "You should know, Trevor. But I think what you really mean is that there is a perfect method for detecting imperfect crimes."

The doctor's rigidity had vanished, and now he was smiling with as much geniality as he ever displayed. "Perhaps that is what I do mean, perhaps it is. But there is a little experiment that I should like to try, just the same."

"And that is?"

"And that is, or rather would be, the experiment of exercising all my intelligence in the commission of a crime, then, forgetting every detail of it utterly, using my skill and knowledge to solve the riddle of my own creation. Should I catch myself, or should I escape myself? That's the question."

"It would be a nice sporting event," agreed Hare, "but I'm afraid it's one that can't be pulled off. The little trifle of forgetting is the difficulty. But it would be interesting to see the outcome."

"Yes, it would," said the other, speaking rather more dreamily than was his habit, "but we can never see quite as far as we should like to. My Japanese man, Tanaka, has a saying that he resorts to whenever he is asked a difficult question. He simply smiles and answers, '*Fuji san*

ni nobottara sazo tōku made miemashō.' It means, I believe, that if one were to ascend Mount Fuji one could see far. The trouble is that, as in the case of so many problems, we can't climb the mountain."

"Wise Tanaka. But tell me, Trevor, what is your conception of a perfect crime?"

"I'm afraid it isn't precisely formulated; but I have a rough outline in my mind, and I'll give it to you as well as I can. First, though, let's go up to the library; we shall be more comfortable there, and it will give Tanaka a chance to clear the table. Bring your cigar, and come along."

Together the two men climbed the narrow staircase, the host leading. Dr. Trevor's house was a compact, brick building in the East Fifties, not far from Madison Avenue. It was one in a row of several that varied only in details of decoration, and like the others it boasted bright brass railings, a smart white doorway with pillars at either side, and flower-boxes in the lower windows. Its picturesqueness was rather uncharacteristic of its owner, but its neatness was entirely like him. It was not a large house according to the standards of wealthy New York, but it was a perfectly appointed one, and considerably more spacious than it looked from the street, for the doctor had built on an addition that completely covered the plot which had once been the back-yard; and this new section, as well as housing the kitchen and servants' quarters below, held a laboratory and workroom two stories high. An industrial or research chemist might have coveted the equipment of that room; and the filing cases that completely lined the encircling gallery would have furnished any newspaper with a complete reference department. A door opened from the library into the laboratory, and the library itself came close to being the ideal chamber of every student. Wherever shelves could stand, they stood, running from floor to ceiling, the lower ones being closed cupboards. Only one bit of wall-space was visible, just above the colonial mantelpiece that framed a cheery fireplace. Books were the reason of the room, and books seemed to possess it utterly; but deep-seated chairs and low tables made it comfortable for human visitors.

Dr. Harrison Trevor's house was, in short, an ideal bachelor's establishment, and he had never been tempted to transform it into anything else. Women had small place in it; a maid spent only the morning and afternoon hours there, returning to her own home after the daily work was done. Tanaka and the cook, Kido, had their quarters in the new wing downstairs. Trevor's secretary, a young Englishman, who at the moment was taking a well-earned vacation in the country, slept on the top floor; and the doctor's own sleeping and dressing rooms were in the front of the house, on the same floor as the library. More than one male visitor had found reason to remark, "Old Trevor does well for himself."

The same idea flitted across Hare's mind as he puffed at his host's excellent cigar and tasted the liqueur that Tanaka had placed on the table beside his chair. He, too, enjoyed the pleasures of bachelorhood, but he had never learned the knack of enjoying them quite so thoroughly. He would make a few improvements in the routine of his life; he could afford them.

"The perfect crime must, of course, be a murder." Trevor's voice broke the silence that had followed their entrance into the library.

Hare shifted his bulk a little and inquired, "Yes, why?"

"Because it is, according to our accepted standards, the most reprehensible of all crimes and, therefore, according to my interests, the best. Human life is what we prize most and do our best to protect; to take human life with an art that eludes all detection is unquestionably the ideal criminal action. In it there is a degree of beauty possible in no other crime."

"Humph!" grunted Hare, "you make it sound pleasant."

"I am speaking at once as an amateur and as a professor of crime. You have heard surgeons talk of 'beautiful cases.' Well, that is my attitude precisely; and in my cases invariably, as in most of theirs, the patient dies."

"I see."

Trevor blinked, tugged at his eyeglass cord, and then continued. "The crime must be murder, and it must be murder of a particular kind, the purest kind. Now what is the 'purest' kind? Let us see. The *crime passionel* can be ruled out at once, for it is almost impossible that it should be perfect. Passion does not make for art; hot blood begets innumerable blunders. What about the murder for gain? William Palmer is a perfect example of that type of murderer. But men of his kind make murder a means, not an end in itself; they kill not for the sake of eliminating the victim but in order to profit by the victim's death. Palmer wanted Bladon's money, he wanted to avoid paying his debt to Bly. He wanted his wife's life insurance, he wanted his brother's life insurance, he needed Cook's money badly—so he killed them all. If he had possessed the cash he needed, if his horse, Nettle, hadn't bolted and thrown his jockey in the Oaks, those people would probably have been allowed to live; and Palmer would have contented himself with doing away with a few of his troublesome illegitimate children. No, we can't look to murder for profit as the type that might produce our perfect crime."

The sharp-nosed doctor paused and held his cigar for a moment between his thin lips. Hare studied his face curiously; the man's complete lack of emotion in discussing such matters was not wholly pleasant, he reflected.

Trevor put down his cigar. "No, we can't look to the Palmers of this world. Now, how about political and religious murders? They can be counted out almost immediately, for the simple reason that the murderer in such cases is always convinced that he is either serving the public or serving God and, therefore, seldom makes any attempt to conceal his guilt. But there is another class to be considered—those who kill for the sheer joy of killing, those who are dominated by the blood-lust. Offhand you would think that their killing would be of the purest type. But as I have said before, the maniac invariably repeats himself, and his repetition leads to his discovery. And even more important is the consideration that the artist must possess the faculty of choice, and that the born killer has no choice. His actions are not willed by himself, they are compelled; whereas the perfect crime must be a work of art, not of necessity."

"You seem to have written off all the possibilities pretty well," remarked Hare.

The doctor shook his head quickly. "Not all. There is one type of murder left, and it is the kind we are looking for: the murder of elimination, the murder in which the sole and pure object is to remove the victim from the world, to get rid of a person whose continued existence is not desirable to the murderer."

"But that brings you back to your *crime passionel*, doesn't it? Practically all murders of jealousy, for example, are murders of elimination, aren't they?"

"In a sense, yes, but not in the purest sense. And, as I have said before, passion can never produce the perfect crime. It must be studied, carefully meditated, and performed in absolutely cold blood. Otherwise it is sure to be imperfect."

"You do go at this in a rather fish-blooded way," remarked the good listener as the doctor paused for a moment.

"Of course I do, and that is the only way the perfect crime could be committed. Now I can imagine a pure murder of elimination that would be ideal so far as motives and circumstances were concerned. Suppose you had spent fifteen years establishing a certain read-

ing of a dubious passage in one of Pindar's odes."

"Ha, ha!" interrupted Hare jocosely. "Suppose I had?"

"And suppose," continued Dr. Harrison Trevor, not noticing the interruption, "that another scholar had managed to build up an argument which completely invalidated your interpretation. Suppose, further, that he communicated his proofs to you, and that he had as yet mentioned them to no one else. There you would have a perfect motive and a perfect set of circumstances; only the method of the murder would remain to be worked out."

Gregory Hare sat bolt upright. "Good God, man! What do you mean, 'the method of the murder'?"

The doctor blinked. "Why, don't you understand? You would have excellent reasons for eliminating your rival and thereby saving your own interpretation of the text from confutation; and no one, once your victim was dead and the proofs destroyed, could suspect that you had any such motive. You could work with perfect freedom, you could concentrate on two essentials: the method of the murder and, of course, the disposition of the body."

"The disposition of the body?" Hare seemed to echo the speaker's last words involuntarily.

"To be sure; that is a very important item, most important in fact. But I flatter myself," and here the doctor chuckled softly, "that I have done some very valuable research work along that line."

"You have, eh?" murmured Hare, absently reaching for his empty liqueur glass. "And what have you found out?"

"I'll tell you later," Trevor assured him, "and I don't think I would tell any other man alive, because it's really too simple and too dangerous. But at the moment I want to impress on you that the disposition of the body is perhaps the most important step of all in the commission of the perfect crime. The absence of a *corpus delicti* is curiously troublesome to the police. Harrington should really have managed to get rid of West's body, although it probably wouldn't have kept him from sitting in the electric chair two weeks ago. He was too careless."

Hare again sat up sharply and exclaimed, "Was he? Speaking of that, it was the Harrington case that I chiefly wanted to talk to you about to-night."

"Oh, was it? Well, we can get around to that in a minute. And, by the way, that came pretty close to being a murder of elimination, if you like; but the money element figured in it, big money, and gold is apt to have a fairly strong smell when it is mixed up with crime. Harrington's motive was easily traced, but his position made it impossible to touch him until we had our case absolutely water-tight."

"Water-tight, eh? That's what I want to hear about. You see I was abroad until last week, and didn't even know Harrington had been arrested until just before I sailed. The North African newspapers aren't so informative. I was particularly interested, you see, because I knew both men fairly well, and West's wife even better."

"Oh, yes, his wife, gorgeous woman. They were separated, and she's been in Europe for the last two and a half years."

"Yes, I know she has—most of the time."

"All the time. She hasn't been in the United States during that period."

"Hasn't she? Well, I last saw her at Monte Carlo, but that's not important at the moment. I want to hear how you tracked down Harrington."

Dr. Harrison Trevor smiled complacently, adjusted his eye-glasses, and then launched forth in his characteristic manner. "It was really simplicity itself. The only flaw was that Harrington finally confessed. That rather annoyed me, for we didn't need a confession; the circumstantial evidence was complete."

"Circumstantial?"

"Of course. You know as well as I do that most convictions for murder are based on circumstantial evidence. One doesn't send out invitations for a killing."

"No, of course not. Sorry."

"Well, as you probably know, Ernest West, Wall Street operator and multi-millionaire (as the papers had it), was found shot through the heart one night a little more than a year ago. He had a shack down on Long Island, near Smithtown, that he used as a base for duck shooting and fishing. The only servant he kept there was an old housekeeper, a local inhabitant; he liked to lead the simple life when he could. Never even used to take a chauffeur down with him. The evening he was killed the housekeeper was absent, spending the night with a sick daughter of hers in Jamaica. She testified that West had sent her off, saying that he could pick up a light supper and breakfast for himself. She turned up the next morning, and nearly died of the shock. West was shot in what was a kind of gun room where he kept all his gear and a few books—cosy sort of place and the best room in the house. There was no sign of a struggle. He was sitting slumped in a big armchair. The bullet that killed him was a .25 caliber. Furst, of the Homicide Bureau, called me up as soon as the regulars failed to locate any scent, and I went down there immediately. West was an important man, you know." The doctor tugged self-consciously at his black cord. "I went down there at once, and I discovered various things. First of all, the house was isolated, and there was no one in the neighborhood who could give any useful evidence whatsoever. The body had been discovered by a messenger boy with a telegram at about seven-thirty; medical examination indicated that the murder had been committed about an hour before. Inside the house I found only one item that I thought useful. After going over the dust and so forth which I swept up from the gun-room floor, I had several tiny thread-ends that had pretty obviously come from a tweed suit; and those threads could not be matched in West's wardrobe. But they might have been months old, so I didn't concentrate on them at first. Outside the house there was more to go on. The ground was damp, and two sets of footprints were visible: a man's and a woman's . . ."

"A woman's?" Hare was all attention now.

"Yes, the housekeeper's, of course."

"Oh, yes, the housekeeper's."

"Certainly. But it was difficult to identify them, for the reason that the man, apparently through nervousness, had walked up and down the lane leading to the road several times before finally leaving the scene of his crime; and he had trampled over almost every one of the woman's footprints, scarcely leaving one intact."

"That was odd, wasn't it?"

"Very, at first glance, but really simple enough when you think it over. The murderer had hurried out of the house after firing the fatal shot; then he hesitated. He was flurried and couldn't make up his mind as to his next step, even though he had an automobile waiting for him at the end of the lane. So he walked up and down for a few minutes, to calm his nerves and collect his ideas. It was a narrow lane, and the obliteration of the other tracks was at once accidental and inevitable."

"He had a car waiting?"

"Yes, a heavy touring car. Its tire marks were plain, as were those of the public hack that West had ordered for his housekeeper that afternoon. And there was one interesting feature about the marks. There was a big, hard blister on one of the shoes, and it left a perfectly defined indentation in the mud every time it came around."

"I see. And both sets of footprints ended at the same spot?"

"Naturally. The hack stopped for the woman just where the murderer later parked his car."

"Hum." Hare had now lighted a new cigar, and he puffed at it reflectively

before asking, "And you are quite sure the woman did not get into the car with the man?"

Trevor stared at the speaker blankly and exclaimed, "You must be woolgathering, Hare. The woman was the housekeeper, and she went off in a public hack at least two hours before the crime was committed. In any event, Harrington confirmed the correctness of all my deductions when he finally confessed." Dr. Harrison Trevor was obviously nettled.

"Oh, yes, of course he did; I'd forgotten. Sorry. Let's hear how you nabbed him."

For a moment the detective looked at his companion doubtfully, as though he feared the other might be baiting him; for Hare's questions had not been of the sort that his alert mind usually asked. He seemed to have something up his sleeve. But Trevor thrust his suspicions aside and returned to the pleasant task of describing his triumph.

"With the bullet, the footprints, the tire marks, and the threads, I had considerable to go on. All I had to do was to relate them unmistakably to one man, and I had my murderer. But the trail soon led into quarters where we had to move cautiously. With my material evidence in front of me, I set out to fasten upon some individual who might have had a motive for killing West. So far as anyone could say, he had no enemies; but on the other hand he had few friends. He believed in the maxim that he travels fastest who travels alone. However, he had nipped some men pretty badly in the Street; and it was upon his financial operations that I soon concentrated my attention. There, with the facilities for investigation at my command, I discovered some very interesting facts. During the three weeks prior to West's death the common stock of Elliott Light and Power had risen fifty-seven points; four days after he had been shot it had dropped back no less than sixty-three points. Investigation showed that on the day West was murdered Harrington was short one hundred and thirty-odd thousand shares of that particular stock. He had been selling it short all the way up, and West had been buying all that was offered. Harrington's resources, great as they were, weren't equal to his rival's. He knew that unless he could break Elliott Common wide open he was a ruined man, and he took the one sure way to do it that he could think of. He eliminated West. It was murder for millions."

Trevor paused impressively; Hare did not say a word.

"That's about all there is to the story; the rest of it was routine sleuthing. One of my men found four tires, three in perfect condition, which had been taken from Harrington's touring car and replaced on the day following the murder. They had been put in a loft of the garage on Harrington's country place. Three perfect tires, mind you; and on the fourth there was a large, hard blister. Harrington's shoes fitted the footprints in West's lane, and the thread-ends matched the threads in one of Harrington's suits. And, to top it all off, after the man was arrested, we found a .25, pearl-handled revolver in his wall safe. One shot had been fired, and the weapon hadn't been cleaned since. Harrington's chauffeur testified that his master had taken out the big touring car alone on the afternoon of the murder; the man remembered the date because it had been his wife's birthday. It was all very simple, and even such elements of interest as it possessed were lessened by Harrington's confession. The press made much too much of a stir about my part in the affair." The doctor smiled deprecatingly. "It was really no mystery at all, and if the men involved had not been so rich and so prominent the case would have been virtually ignored. But we nailed him just in time; he was sailing for Europe the following week."

"What kind of a revolver did you say it was?" Hare asked the question so abruptly that Trevor started before answering.

"Why, it was a .25, pearl-handled

and nickel-finished. Rather a dainty weapon altogether; Harrington was a bit apologetic about owning such a toy."

"I should think he might have been. Was the handle slightly chipped on the right side?"

Trevor leaned forward suddenly. "Yes, it was. How the devil did you know?"

"Why it got chipped when Alice dropped it on a rock at Davos. The four of us were target-shooting back of the hotel."

"Alice!" exclaimed Trevor. "What Alice? And what do you mean by the four of you?"

Hare answered quietly, "Alice West, my dear fellow. You see, it was her gun. And the four of us were West, Alice, Harrington, and myself; we were all staying at the same hotel in Switzerland four years ago."

"Her gun?" The doctor was speaking excitedly now. "You mean she gave it to him?"

"I doubt it, much as she loved him," drawled Hare. "He probably took it away from her, too late."

"You're talking in riddles," snapped the detective. "What do you mean?"

"Simply that that little weapon helped to execute the wrong man," said Hare wearily.

"The wrong man!"

"Well, that's one way of putting it; but in this case I am very much afraid that the right 'man' was a woman."

Trevor's apparent excitement had vanished abruptly, and now he was as calm as a sphinx. "Tell me exactly what you mean," he demanded.

Hare put aside the butt of his cigar. "It all began back in Davos, four years ago. Harrington fell in love with Alice West, and she fell in love with him. West played dog in the manger: he wouldn't let his wife divorce him and he wouldn't divorce her. They separated, of course, but that didn't help Alice and Harrington towards getting married. I was on the inside of the affair from the first, you see; accidentally to begin with, and afterwards because they all made me their confidant in various degrees. West behaved like a swine, because he really didn't love the woman any more. He simply had made up his mind that no other man was going to have her, legally at least. And he stuck to it—until she killed him."

"She killed him?" The great detective spoke softly.

"I'm as sure of it as though I had seen her do it. To begin with, it was her revolver that fired the shot, as you have proved to me. I've seen it a hundred times when we were firing at bottles and what not for fun. There was no reason for Harrington to borrow it; he had a nice little armory of his own, hadn't he?"

"Yes, we did find a couple of heavy service revolvers and an automatic."

"Exactly. He never would have used a toy like that in a thousand years; and besides he would never have committed a murder. He was too level-headed. Alice, on the other hand, is an extremely hysterical type; I've seen her go completely off her head with anger. Beautiful, Lord, yes! But dangerous, and in the last analysis a coward. She's proved that. I never did envy Harrington."

"But she was in Europe, man, when the murder was committed."

"She was not, Trevor. She was in Montreal that very month, to my certain knowledge, and Montreal isn't so far from Long Island. Harry Sands ran into her at the Ritz there; they were reminiscing about it at Monte Carlo the last time I saw her. She was in Europe before and after the murder, but she wasn't there when it happened. Anyway, that's not the whole story."

"Well, what is it?" Trevor's mouth was grim.

Hare's fingers were playing with a silver match box, and he hesitated a minute before answering. Then he spoke quickly and to the point.

"The rest of it is this. As I told you, Alice is hysterical, and during the past few years drink and dope haven't helped

her any. Well, one night at Monte, just before I left, she went off the deep end. We had been talking about her husband's death, and I had been speculating as to who could have done it. Harrington hadn't been arrested then. And I'd been asking her, too, if she and Harrington weren't going to get married soon. She dodged that question, obviously embarrassed. Then suddenly she burst out into a wild tirade against the dead man, called him every name under heaven, and finally dived into her evening bag and fished out a letter. It was addressed to her, and the post mark was more than a year old; it was almost broken at the creases from having been read over and over again. She shoved it at me, and insisted that I read it. It was from West, and it was a cruel letter if I've ever read one. It was the letter of a cat to a mouse, of a jailer to his prisoner: West had her where he wanted her, and he intended to keep her there. He didn't miss a trick when it came to rubbing it in. It was so bad that I didn't want to finish it, but she made me. When I gave it back to her her eyes were blazing; and she grabbed my hand and cried, 'What would you do to a man like that?' I hemmed and hawed for a minute, and she answered herself by exclaiming, 'Kill him! Kill him! Wouldn't you?' As calmly as I could I pointed out to her that someone had already done just that; and she burst into a fit of the damnedest laughter I've ever heard. Then she calmed down, powdered her nose, and said quietly, 'It's funny that you can shoot the heads off all the innocent bottles you like and no one says a word, but if you kill a human snake they hang you for it. And I don't want to hang, thank you very much.'"

Hare paused as though he were very tired, and then he added, "That's about all there was to it; it wasn't very nice. I left for Africa the next day, and I scarcely ever saw the papers there. But I hadn't any doubts as to who had bumped off Ernest West."

While the minute-hand on the mantel clock jumped three times there was silence in the book-lined room. Then Trevor spoke, and his voice was strained. "So you think I made a mistake?"

Hare looked him straight in the eye. "What do you think?"

The detective took refuge in another question. "Have you any theory as to what really happened?"

"It's hard to say exactly, but I'm sure she did it. Her reference to the bottles showed that she knew what weapon had been used; she must have done in a thousand bottles with it at various times. My guess is that she and Harrington went down to see West together, to see if they couldn't make him change his mind after all, and that they failed. Then she pulled out that little toy of hers. She always carried it around in her bag. I used to tell her it was a bad habit. She shot West before he could move; she was a better shot than Harrington, he could never have found the man's heart. Then they left the house and drove off in Harrington's car; but first of all he went back and thoughtfully trampled out every one of her footprints and, just to make sure he wasn't missing any, he walked over the housekeeper's as well. There were three sets of tracks there, Trevor, not two; I'll bet on that. Then Harrington took the gun away from her —if he hadn't taken it before—and drove her to wherever she wanted to go. She left him; she left him to stand the gaff if he was suspected, and it was like him to do what he did. He loved her if any man ever loved a woman; and she loved him in her own way, but it wasn't the best way in the world. She loved her own white neck considerably more." Hare smiled a wry smile. "She had forgotten that New York State doesn't go in for hanging. Altogether it is not a pretty tale. But Harrington, poor devil, wanted to save the woman even if she wasn't worth it. You see, to him she was."

"It's impossible!" Trevor snapped out the words as if despite himself.

"What is?"

"That I made a mistake."

"We all make mistakes, my dear fellow."

"I don't." The tight mouth was tighter than ever.

"Well, it's a damned shame, but what's done is done." Hare shrugged his shoulders.

Trevor looked at him with cold eyes. "Obviously you do not understand. My reputation does not permit of mistakes. I simply can't make them. That's all."

Hare mustered a genial smile; he was genuinely sorry that Trevor was so distressed and he sought to reassure him. "But your reputation isn't going to suffer. The facts won't come out. Alice West will be dead of dope inside of two years, if I'm any judge, and no one else knows."

"You do."

"Yes, I do; but we can forget about that."

Trevor nodded nervously. "Yes, we must. Do you understand, Hare, we *must*."

Hare studied him quizzically. "Don't worry, old chap, your reputation's safe with me; I'll keep my mouth shut."

Trevor nodded again, more nervously and more emphatically. "Yes, yes, I know you will, of course. I know you will."

"And how about a drink?" Hare swung himself out of his chair.

"On the table there. Help yourself. There's whiskey and brandy and soda and White Rock; take your choice. I'm going into the laboratory for a minute."

The doctor disappeared through the low door, and Hare busied himself with the decanters and the bottles in a preoccupied manner. He was sorry that Trevor was so upset; but what colossal egotism! Perhaps he should have held his tongue; nothing had been gained. He would never mention the subject again. It was a stiff drink of brandy that Hare finally poured himself, and he held it up to the light studying it affectionately, with his back to the laboratory door. But he never drank it; for he dropped the glass as he felt the lean fingers at his throat and the chloroform pad smothering his mouth and nostrils. He managed to say only the two words, "My God . . ."

About fifteen minutes later, Dr. Harrison Trevor peered cautiously over the banister of his own stairway. There was no one below, and he descended swiftly. In the kitchen Tanaka heard the front door slam, and almost immediately afterwards his master's voice calling him from the first-floor landing. Tanaka responded briskly.

"Mr. Hare has just left," said the doctor, "and he forgot his cigarette case. Run after him; he may still be in sight."

Tanaka sped upon his errand. Yes, there on the corner was a tall man, obviously Hare *san;* but he was getting into a taxi. Tanaka ran, but before he was half way down the block Hare *san* had driven off. Tanaka returned to report failure.

"Too bad," said his master, who met him on the landing, "but it doesn't really matter. Telephone Mr. Hare's apartment and tell his man that Mr. Hare left his case here, and that he is not to worry about it. You can take it to him in the morning."

Tanaka went downstairs to obey orders; and his master was left to wonder at the coincidence of the man who looked like Hare getting into the taxi. The accidental evidence might prove useful, but it was quite unnecessary, quite unnecessary; he had no need of accidental aid. At the door of his library the detective paused and surveyed the scene with a critical eye: everything was in place, comfortably, conventionally, indisputably in place. There were no fragments of the broken tumbler on the floor; only a dark, wet spot on the carpet that was drying rapidly. Brandy and soda would leave no stain. Dr. Harrison Trevor smiled a chilly smile and then walked resolutely towards the laboratory where his task awaited him.

Once the door had been locked behind him, his first act was to switch on the electric ventilator fan which carried off all obnoxious odors through a concealed flue. After that he worked on into the morning hours.

The disappearance of Mr. Gregory Hare, eminent criminal lawyer, within a week after his return from abroad, furnished the front pages of the newspapers with rather more than a nine days' wonder. It was Dr. Trevor who was the first to insist upon foul play; and it was Dr. Trevor who worked fervently upon the case, with all the assistance that the police could give him. Naturally he was deeply concerned, for Hare had been an intimate acquaintance, and he had been among the last to see the man alive; but the body was never found, and there was no evidence to go on with. Tanaka repeated what he knew, reiterating the story of the taxi; and a patrolman on fixed post confirmed the Japanese's testimony. The tall gentleman had come from the direction of Dr. Trevor's house, and had driven off just as the servant had come running after him. All of which helped not at all. A certain "Limping" Louie, whom Hare, years before when he was District Attorney, had sent up for a long term, was dragged in by the police net; but he had a perfect alibi. The mystery remained a mystery.

Dr. Trevor and Inspector Furst were discussing the case one afternoon, long after it had been abandoned. Furst still toyed with the idea that it might not have been murder, but the doctor was positive.

"I'm absolutely sure of it, Furst, absolutely sure. Hare was killed."

"Well," said the Inspector, "if you are so sure, I'm inclined to agree. You've never made a mistake."

The tight-lipped doctor spread his hands in a deprecating gesture. "Not yet, Furst, not yet; but over-confidence is dangerous. Have a cigarette." And he held out a gold case.

From the point of view of the criminologist it is a great pity that some years later, when Dr. Harrison Trevor was preparing his memoirs for posthumous publication, death should have snatched the pen from his hand just as he had written the heading for a new chapter. For the chapter heading was: "The Perfect Crime."

"Now I wonder which one that would be?" pondered Furst when he saw the unfinished manuscript.

TEMPERATURE AND THE FATE OF NATIONS

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE rise and fall of nations depends on five main factors—geographical, biological, anthropological, sociological, and psychological. Each of these may vary independently, but each is also greatly influenced by the others. The geographical factor is the most nearly independent. Although man is tremendously influenced by climatic changes of every size from glacial periods to the droughts and storms of to-day, he cannot prevent or alter them. But he can and does clear the forests, slay the wild animals, impoverish the soil, irrigate the desert, and change the distribution of the organisms that spread disease.

The biological factor is concerned with all the influences which alter human inheritance. Mutation, natural selection, migration, marriage, and the crossing of races illustrate the agencies by which it works. The anthropological factor includes the entire range of man's material equipment, his food, clothing, shelter, tools, art, and mechanical inventions.

Closely related to this, and often merging into it, is the sociological factor dealing with institutions of all kinds and with the relation of man to man as part of an organized society. The remaining phases of human activity are summed up in the psychological factor, the *Zeitgeist*, or spirit of the age, which somehow swings man hither and yon in spite of the other factors.

In many cases it is hard to say whether a particular phenomenon belongs to one factor or the other, for in most cases all alike are concerned. In fact, the outstanding failure of most attempts at a philosophy of history is that the five factors are not given equal weight. Historians and philosophers usually act as if the psychological factor were predominant and the remaining roles were played by an economic factor which may be defined as a combination of limited portions derived from the anthropological, sociological, and geographic factors. It is as if the physiologist should be content with a discussion of the nervous system and a brief treatment of the circulatory and respiratory systems as a single unit and should scarcely mention nutrition, reproduction, and the like.

The present article is an attempt to show how an approach to history from the standpoint of the neglected factors helps to clear up some of the great problems. Our theme is the relation of climatology, biology, and anthropology to the "coldward course of progress," as Mr. S. C. Gil Fillan calls it, or the "northward course of empire," to use the phrase of Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

One of the most far-reaching discoveries of recent decades is summed up in the biological laws of climatic limits and climatic optima. According to the law of limits, each climatic factor—and every other environmental factor for that matter—may become so extreme that it renders life impossible. Few plants or animals can endure a constant temperature of a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and all would soon perish from cold or hunger if the temperature never rose above freezing.

According to the law of optima each climatic factor has a certain optimum, or golden mean, to use the phrase of Aristotle. For the vast majority of living creatures, the optimum or most favorable temperature lies between 40° and 90° F. For plants it often lies near 80°, but for polar bears and many oceanic creatures it is presumably not far from 40°. The optima for growth, for physical activity, and for reproduction may differ, but that does not alter the general law. Any departure from the optimum means a diminution in vigor; the greater the departure the less the vigor. At first people simply feel uncomfortable because too cool or too warm; as the departures increase, people become more susceptible to disease, less able to work vigorously, and much more likely to have their physiological functions deranged through excessive muscular activity in keeping warm, or an exhausting effort of the lungs, heart, and skin to prevent the internal temperature from rising too high in hot weather. One of the special effects of departures from the optimum is an excessive death rate among infants, and the consequent necessity that many babies be born in order to maintain the population. Such conditions may impose a terrific strain, even though people themselves are not aware of it. When the limit is reached the creature either dies or fails to reproduce itself.

II

These biological laws furnish one of the chief keys to the distribution of civilization and to the rise and fall of nations. Man may be something more than an animal; he is certainly nothing less. His physiological activities are subject to exactly the same laws which govern the rest of the organic world. One proof of this is a great body of experiments and statistics concerning man's climatic optima. The experiments show that in the northern United States the most comfortable temperature for white people who are lightly clothed and absolutely at rest in motionless saturated air is about 66° F. If the air is drier or is moving, a higher temperature produces the maximum feeling of comfort; if people are heavily clothed or at work, a lower temperature is best.

Statistics make it clear that general health is best when the average outdoor temperature for day and night together is about 64°. For workers in factories an average of 60° promotes the most active work. Babies in both Paris and New York have the best chance of survival when the outdoor temperature averages about 56°. For football and for mental activity a much lower temperature is ideal. People's minds may not work best while they shiver on the bleachers and watch a football team; but the students at West Point and Annapolis, and presumably other brain workers, are mentally most active when the outside air averages about 40°. Thus, under modern conditions of clothing and shelter the optimum temperature in the northern United States varies from 66° to 40° according to the type of activity. It is lower for work than for idleness, for reproduction than for health, and for mental activity than for physical.

Among the various climatic limits those of individual existence, reproduction, and civilization are especially important. So far as civilized man is concerned, the climatic limit of individual existence is probably not reached on the earth's surface. No place is so cold or hot, so dry or wet, so windy or still, so monotonous or so variable, that individuals cannot survive. In primitive times and in the glacial period, however, half of the earth's surface may have been so cold that unprotected savages would have frozen to death had they tried to live there. Even now in regions like Greenland and Antarctica the well-equipped, vigorous, adult white man stands an extremely good chance of freezing to death if he tries to remain year after year. In such places families cannot survive. Until our skill in-

creases very materially it would be suicidal to attempt to raise a family on the Antarctic ice sheet where the intrepid Scott froze to death. It would be almost equally foolish to make the attempt in Death Valley where the thermometer rises above 135°, and the summer is one long discomfort because one's tissues call for water no matter how much one may drink. Men can live there, but not mothers and babies; the climatic limits of reproduction are more narrow than those of individual existence.

Wherever the limits of existence and of reproduction are closely approached, the susceptibility to disease is high, the death rate appalling, and the average span of life is short. That means that people have little or no surplus strength. Near the cold limit their energies are largely consumed in protecting themselves from the fierce cold and in wresting a miserable sustenance from an unwilling environment. At the other extreme physical activity causes the body temperature to rise so rapidly as to produce a chronic feeling of exhaustion or at least of disinclination toward any work beyond what is needed for getting a living and maintaining a family. But surplus energy and the surplus wealth which it creates are essential if civilization is to advance. Their scarcity, it seems, reduces both material and spiritual progress almost to the vanishing point. That in large measure is the reason why the climatic limits of civilization are even more strict than those imposed upon reproduction and individual existence.

The most favorable climates on the contrary are marked by superabundant vitality. High standards of living can be maintained and yet leave plenty of energy for new inventions, new ideas, new experiments, and the like. Everyone who does not work with his hands at the task of procuring food, clothing, and shelter, is part of the surplus. We are free to play our part in the advance of civilization only because many generations of men in the lower ranks have had energy enough to provide food and other materials not only for their own families, but for others. They have been able to do this only because they have lived where the temperature is nearer to the optimum than to the limits.

The laws which apply to temperature apply also to humidity and variability. Practically every statistical investigation of humidity and health indicates that fairly moist air is favorable except at high temperatures. Dry climates are usually valuable as health resorts not because the dryness itself is good, but because it fosters a free life out-of-doors. The optimum humidity at all temperatures below 70° appears to be an average of eighty or ninety per cent. Thus the best sort of day has dew at night with a temperature of 60° or lower and a midday temperature of 70° or more with a relative humidity of perhaps sixty per cent. Watch the weather until such a day arrives and see how delightful it is.

A climate with few changes is doubtless very pleasant and may be ideal for people who are old or feeble. But for health in general, and for steady, effective work it is by no means so good. Piece workers in factories, for example, achieve distinctly more on days when there is a drop of temperature than on those when there is no change or a rise. The most striking evidence is furnished by daily deaths in New York City. If the temperature from one day to the next varies very little during a ten-day period, let us say, the death rate tends to rise regardless of the season. If there are violent fluctuations, on the other hand, the death rate is likewise high, but not so high as in the first case. Between the two extremes comes the optimum—the golden mean. In spring, summer, and autumn the death rate in New York is lowest when the average change of temperature from one day to the next is about 3°. In winter when high variability forces us to protect ourselves against the weather, the lowest death rate comes when the change from day to day averages 4° or 5°. Thus variability,

like temperature and humidity, displays a distinct optimum, on either side of which human health and energy decline.

III

Having seen the nature of climatic limits and optima, we may well inquire as to their variation from place to place and race to race. Such variation is clearly evident, but it is nothing like so great as is usually supposed. The people who live in Finland, for example, seem to have nearly the same climatic optimum as those who live in Sicily. The Finns never seem to be warm enough; for even in July the temperature does not rise to the optimum. The Sicilian summers, on the contrary, are always much too warm, dry, and free from storms. In Florida the cigar makers of Cuban extraction work best at a temperature only about 5° higher than that which is best for workers in New England. In Japan such figures as are available indicate once more that the optimum is little if any higher than for white people of European origin. Even among the negroes of the United States the best health is experienced when the average temperature is only about 5° higher than the optimum for white people.

Does this slight difference mean merely that the negroes have become acclimated here in America? If you think so, look at Java. There we have a race which has lived for unknown generations in a moist climate almost under the equator. Their ancestors, like those of the negro, must have lived for scores of generations where the temperature averages close to 80° every month in the year. Yet the Javanese who have gone into the cool highlands have a far lower death rate than do those who have remained below in the climate of their forebears. Among these tropical people, as among the negroes, the optimum temperature is not far from 70°. Moreover, such scanty evidence as is yet available suggests that even the tropical races are benefited by a fairly high but not extreme humidity and by a moderate degree of variability. Thus, although the optimum climate varies somewhat from race to race, the differences are nothing like so great as those between the climates in which the respective races have lived for scores of generations.

All this suggests some curious possibilities. One of these is that long, long ago a single stock of anthropoid creatures lived in a certain kind of climate so long that they became completely adapted to it. When a period of rapid evolution set in that old stock rose to the human level and ultimately divided into various races, some of which still persist. The climate in which the original human stock lived so long was presumably much like the present optimum. That is, the average temperature was probably somewhere near 70°, the hottest months having an average of 75° or even 80°, and the coldest perhaps 60°. Presumably the humidity was fairly high and the storms frequent enough to give abundant but not extreme variability. To-day the nearest approach to such a condition is found in central Florida. Two or three million years ago when man's progenitors were approaching the human status and when great arms of the ocean penetrated far into Asia, a similar condition may have existed in regions like Persia, or even Tibet which was then a lowland.

There is a widespread opinion, unproved but probable, that the uplifting of Asia and the consequent increase in aridity were major factors in hastening human evolution and in causing the original stock to split up and migrate. Since then migrations have led mankind into practically every known climate. But have tens of thousands of years in the new climates produced complete acclimatization? Not a bit of it. The old adaptation to climate is still so strong, and man has so much power to modify the effect of climate, that no race to-day appears to have an optimum greatly different from that of the original human stock. In other words, man—unlike

the animals—adapts himself to climate by artificial means and only slightly by changes in his own body. But the artificial adaptation is so imperfect that mankind rarely or never lives under the optimum climatic conditions either natural or artificial. Southeastern England, averaging 64° in summer and about 40° in winter, and with fairly high humidity and frequent but not extreme changes of weather, seems to approach the ideal more closely than any other civilized region. Perhaps some primitive tribes in latitudes like that of Florida may be equally well adjusted, but most of mankind lives where heat, dryness, cold, or monotony forces the climate away from the optimum, and in some places carries it well toward the limits.

This gives a new understanding of the problem of civilization and climate. Knowing the facts as to optima and limits, it is not difficult to prepare maps showing how far the climate departs from the optimum. Such maps of climatic energy are almost identical with maps of health and progress as indicated by many kinds of statistics. The agreement among these maps is far too great to be accidental. It can mean only that climate is a main factor in the geographical distribution of health and that health, energy, and people's consequent ability to acquire surplus wealth and carry out enterprises beyond the immediate demands for existence are among the major factors in promoting human progress.

That sounds logical, says the thoughtful reader, but how about the past? Does not the low latitude of ancient centers of civilization disprove the whole climatic hypothesis?

IV

Here both anthropology and changes of climate come to our aid, but I have discussed climate so much elsewhere that here I shall deal only with anthropology. Suppose you were a primitive savage, unclothed, fireless, and as shelterless as the animals. The best climate for you would presumably be the optimum already described where the average temperature ranges from 60° in winter to 80° in summer, and storms are frequent enough to give proper moisture and variability at all seasons. What will happen if some genius, or more probably if some group of highly ingenious people working for generations, develops the art of making fire? Cool weather will lose much of its discomfort; and the cooler, drier parts of the zone where people are thus far living will increase in popularity. In the warmer, moister parts, on the contrary, the savages will have little use for fire because it will not be comfortable.

The use of fire is in due time almost certain to lead to other inventions and discoveries. Mere accidents and then experiments will teach the savages to employ fire in shaping wooden weapons, in protecting themselves from animals, and especially in cooking all sorts of products which in the raw state are unpalatable, indigestible, or even inedible. Thus the invention of fire must have stimulated other inventions and at the same time increased the density of population because more people could now find food in a given area. If all the primitive savages were of equal ability, the greatest degree of progress and the greatest increase in population must have occurred in the cooler and drier portions of the zone then inhabited. There fire was wanted and could easily be made, while in the warmer and moister regions it was less desirable and not so easily started. Thus the art of making fire, which is perhaps the greatest of primitive inventions, must have shifted the climatic optimum and hence the center of progress slightly away from the equator into the cooler parts of the zone of early habitation.

Since that early day, a thousand other inventions big and little, as S. C. Gil Fillan has well pointed out, have produced a similar effect. Long, long ago, perhaps before the invention of fire, some group of clever people found that the

skins of beasts thrown over the shoulders were very comforting in cool weather. Thus the simple but momentous invention of clothing enabled people to be comfortable and preserve their health in regions heretofore too cool for occupation. This invention likewise presumably stimulated other inventions, for the desire for better, cheaper, or more effective methods of obtaining and fashioning clothing must have placed a new and enticing problem constantly before men's eyes.

The invention of artificial shelters made of skins, boughs, or other materials doubtless produced a similar effect. In the long run such shelters must have enormously increased the area where people could endure the rigors of a cold winter. Moreover, they must have furnished a constant challenge to inventive ingenuity. "Our skin hut rots," said a savage. "How can we preserve the leather? Here are holes through which the rain pours down our necks. How can we get rid of them? If we build a fire inside a hut it fills our eyes with tears and burns down the hut. How can we keep warm and yet avoid these difficulties?" In the whole realm of human inventions few problems are more stimulating than those connected with architecture. Most of the problems become a greater and greater incentive to progress as one goes from warmer to colder regions.

Now note another phase of the coldward march of the centers of progress. As soon as fire, clothing, and shelter enabled primitive man to migrate into the cooler regions, and thereby stimulated still further progress, two other kinds of stimuli must have increased. A moderate degree of variability, as we have seen, is decidedly valuable in promoting health and activity both physical and mental. The variability of the weather increases from warm regions to cool. The early races who most fully utilized the inventions connected with fire, clothing, and shelter would be the ones who would be able to migrate into relatively cool regions. By doing that their health and energy would be increased, and they would be still more stimulated toward further inventions and progress.

An even more important phase of the matter is the necessity for foresight, thrift, economy, and careful planning which arises as soon as people migrate into a region where it is necessary to provide for a dry or a cool season. How much food do we need for the winter? What kinds of nuts, seeds, roots, or other forms of food will keep best? How can we preserve our food against the ravages of insects, rodents, men, and other enemies? How about fuel? Have we the right kind of clothing and enough of it? Shall we eat all we want each day, or shall we eat sparingly so that our supplies will last till warm weather? How shall we overcome the effects of bad seasons? These and a hundred others are the kind of questions which confront the dweller in regions where there is a strong contrast between summer and winter. What stronger incentive to progress has mankind ever encountered? And what could be more effective in causing the center of civilization to shift into cooler regions as soon as the necessary inventions and discoveries enable people to live permanently where the winters are cool? Those primitive inventions seem very simple to us, but they were perhaps more difficult, probably more revolutionary, and certainly more fundamental than our greatest modern inventions.

The series of inventions which began with fire, clothing, shelter, and the preservation of food has gone on steadily from that time to this. The invention of the fireplace illustrates a minor step in the chain of progress. For a long time people doubtless built open fires within their shelters, but the smoke which filled the interior must have been a terrible nuisance. As long as one must either forego a fire within doors or else suffer from the smoke, how far can he go in using the leisure time of a cold winter

in the more delicate kinds of work which are so important a feature of man's higher progress? So long as the house is lighted only by unprotected openings without glass the chilliness of the house greatly hampers the development of science and of such arts as writing, painting, and music. Shutters over the windows do not help much, for they make the house dark and smoky whenever it is kept warm in cold weather. Such conditions almost prevent the higher utilization of the leisure time which comes in the cool season.

The invention of the smokeless fireplace helped greatly in this respect. The invention of metal stoves, central furnaces, and modern heating plants has made it still more possible to produce the optimum temperatures within doors regardless of the climate. All this has helped the center of civilization to move into cooler and cooler regions.

Another great help in this respect was the invention of windows of oiled paper whereby light is admitted but not cold air. Finally window-glass began to become common about three centuries ago, and houses at last became places where one could see for any kind of work and yet be warm in any kind of weather. In our own day a still further improvement permits the ultra-violet rays to penetrate within doors and thereby brings the indoor conditions nearer to the optimum.

If you would know what all this means, sit down as I have done, on a winter day in a smoke-filled room beside a tiny opening about a foot square. Let it be placed a foot or two above the floor so that the warm air may not all pour out, as it would if the window were higher. Then with streaming, smoke-reddened eyes, and with fingers chilled and stiff in spite of the fire on the other side of the room, try to write or read or draw. You have to sit there because nowhere else is there light enough. Such conditions prevailed even in the more civilized of the colder lands a few centuries ago. Try them for yourself and you will realize how tremendously man's ability to carry out the higher functions of life in the cooler and more stimulating climates has been increased by modern inventions. No wonder such countries as Scotland, Norway, and Sweden keep rising in the scale of civilization.

To-day the ventilating engineer is the heir of all the ages in these various inventions which have permitted the centers of human progress to move from the warm optimum of the unclothed, fireless savage into the cooler optimum of modern civilization. To-day man succeeds best where the summer approaches fairly closely to the original human optimum, and where the winter is cool or cold but not so severe as to prevent us from creating within the house a climate which again approaches the optimum. But our artificial climates are far from successful. Could there be any more striking sign of failure than the monotonous and appalling regularity with which the death rate rises 40, 50, or even 100 per cent higher in winter than in summer? A few decades ago our hottest summer weather here in the United States was also characterized by a distressing rise in the death rate, chiefly among children. To-day the excess of deaths in summer has been practically eliminated in the more advanced parts of the world, but the winter excess is still portentous. That means a corresponding decline in all kinds of energy and activity winter after winter. The reduction in the summer death rate is mainly due to the medical profession and so is the general reduction which applies also to winter although not so much as to summer. The failure to bring the summer and winter death rates much nearer, relatively speaking, is due perhaps to the failure to appreciate the part played by climate and weather. Such an appreciation appears to be the next great step in this age-long fight to overcome the effects of unfavorable climates and to give man as nearly as possible the optimum climate at all seasons.

When the ventilating engineers learn

not only to regulate temperature but to produce within the house the right conditions of humidity and variability, and when human beings learn to clothe themselves properly both indoors and out in all kinds of weather, and to modify their diet in full accordance with the demands of the seasons, we shall pass another milestone. We may reasonably hope that the difference between the health and strength of summer and winter will be largely eliminated. Will that cause civilization to take still another step toward higher latitudes? Will it cause Canada and Scandinavia to forge ahead as never before? We dare not prophesy, for in this respect as in others there is an optimum beyond which decline once more sets in. But the next few generations are going to find this problem interesting.

Still another great step may follow in due time; we may conquer heat as well as cold. In the far future such a conquest may send the centers of civilization back once more into warmer regions. Thus far practically every invention of the kinds here discussed has been directed against low temperature. Therefore, the center of civilization has tended to move into colder regions. At the same time the people in the cooler regions have been stimulated to further progress not only by the new inventions themselves, but by the lower temperature and greater variability. But practically nothing has yet been done to conquer heat in the same way. The inevitable result is that tropical countries have remained at a low level, and have rarely made any important advance in civilization except as new ideas are introduced from cooler regions. Yet in the far future there is no apparent reason why the conquest of heat as well as cold may not send the centers of civilization back once more toward the warmer regions where they started long ago.

FOREWARNED

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

I FELT it in my bones that this would not
Last through the winter. Other people store
Their apples in the cellar till they rot,
But you and I had never bargained for
A barrelful of anything—Love
Was a bright sweet windfall that we found,
Picked up and polished, never doubtful of
The moment we must toss it to the ground.
Only the moment hurts more than it should.
We were forewarned, but that is not enough,
Our brave ironic laughter is no good,
No earthly good. Old Time has called our bluff.
Spring leaves us cold, incredulous, and bored,
Poking in bins where there is nothing stored.

TAKE YOUR CHILDREN TO EUROPE

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

SOMETIMES children are taken to Europe because parents are going abroad and prefer to have them on the same side of the Atlantic Ocean. Sometimes parents go along to Europe because they prefer to be on the same side of the Atlantic Ocean as their children.

The first time our children went to Europe, in 1910, they were merely taken along. One boy was a year and seven months old, the second son was at the ripe touristy age of four months. The trip over was as lost on him as it is on many an adult whose world centers in a meal and a place to sleep.

When we reached Hamburg and went forth on necessary errands with the nineteen-months-old heir, we drew after us an ever-increasing crowd of kindly but curious spectators. Within two hours of landing in Europe we learned the lesson that what seems the height of propriety in one land may nearly cause a riot in another. In this case it was a knitted pointed cap with a fluffy ball on the end, and white knitted sweater and leggings—the sort of winter costume worn by ninety children out of a hundred in this country. No one in Germany had ever seen anything like it. We could have charged admission.

We spent three years in Europe. When we returned to California we learned the lesson all over again. Our three- and four-year old sons were dressed as every German and English small boy was dressed (we had outfits from both countries, all of which seemed quite ordinary to our three-years-away eyes). It was like traveling with a circus. Everyone whisperingly decided that the German costumes were bathing suits, and giggled.

When our sons came back in 1913 they spoke only German. "We'll always keep it up with them!" we said. But within two months after reaching Berkeley the boys were rebels. Daily they heard people say, "Make them talk German to us, it sounds so cute!"—or else the callers, waiting for no interpreter, essayed a fearfully pronounced, "*Spreken See Doytsh?*" After a few weeks of being considered sideshows, naturally the boys "spreked" nothing when requested to perform. In no time English was the language of the day.

"*Warum hat* the man *gecut* the *Kopf* from the chicken *ab?*" asked Jim breathlessly, in the transition period.

"I know what dat in English is!" announced the elder brother one day, pointing to a puddle of water left by the rain.

"*Was denn?*"

"It's a poodle!"

One year later they could, or would, speak no single word of German.

We had learned another lesson. In a foreign country small children pick up a foreign language without an ounce of effort and with perfect pronunciation. Back in the United States they forget it completely. Herculean efforts may keep a semblance of a foreign language going, especially if one can afford to employ someone about the house who speaks that language and no English. But in the case of average busy sociable American parents with average busy sociable offspring, the foreign language

becomes a memory to be sighed over by parents, and not even that by the young.

For all the years which followed, we cherished the dream that when the gods saw fit, back we should rush—bag, baggage, and children—to the Europe we loved. For years if the sons went to bed promptly part of the reward was being sung the German songs they held dear: "*Hänschen Klein*," "*Kommt ein Vogel geflogen*," and "*Es regnet, es regnet, der Kuckuck wird nass.*" Taking them back to Europe was as firm a part of our educational plan for them as sending them to college later. How to bring it to pass we had not one concrete idea. Yet Thoreau says of his two years at Walden, "I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary."

And in September, 1921, we found ourselves on an eastbound steamer again. Nandy was now thirteen; Jim, eleven; my daughter, five. We were to spend *two whole years* in Europe! We spent five. We couldn't have torn ourselves away after two years, nor after three, nor after four. At the end of five we were able to bid Europe farewell, though it was none too easy.

In Miss LeGallienne's recent article on educating children abroad she gave an idea of the adverse criticism which such a program encounters. Everything dire is predicted. One apparently intelligent friend even hinted that feeblemindedness would almost inevitably result for my sons if not for my daughter. Those close enough to us to feel justified in showing any concern over dollars and cents naturally expressed little faith in my ability to finance the plan. We are a pleasant mixture of Micawber and New Testament faith in something turning up. What was our bank balance when we docked in New York harbor in 1926? Had we been immigrants we should have been deported. But who cared? Every cent earned abroad was immediately put into a trip here, there, or elsewhere with the children. I sold a short story—we packed off to Venice and Verona. Once some money I had lent was paid back—within a month the sons and I were bound for Spain. The most expensive touring we indulged in, a trip to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, was undertaken on expectations—wasn't a novel going to bring in many times more than enough to pay for our jaunt? That novel brought in about enough to pay for our Norwegian breakfasts. But the Norwegian breakfasts were fit for heaven. Many a best seller has never bought such breakfasts!

We managed to finance our five years in Europe, and we persist in believing we did the wise thing in staying there five years. When friend after friend had asked me hopefully if I did not feel that I had kept my children away from this country too long (to many people three months away from the United States is three months of life lost) I began to wonder myself if my assurance might not be questionable. So I cornered each son and demanded, "Tell me the absolute truth—you've been back in this country long enough by now to answer. Just exactly how do you feel about having spent five years in Europe?" Each son answered in practically the identical words, "Every day I live I'm more grateful to you for having given us that European experience." I asked the children the same question again as I began this article. "How can you ask? You know how we feel about our years in Europe, we wouldn't have missed a day!" All three children will pore by the hour over the six European memory books, albums bursting with photographs, programs, tickets, mementos of everything we did during those five years abroad. "Will you ever forget that time—!" "Wait, Jim, don't turn the page yet, I'm not ready!"

Why did we stay five years instead of

two? Why our enthusiasm over Europe as an educational experiment? In short, why Europe at all for children?

II

In certain respects I must be discouraging. Because of our enthusiasm for Europe, especially as an educational background, we have been knowingly and unknowingly responsible for something of a mild family exodus to the Old World. Recently I received a letter from Geneva asking if I were aware of the American families, or fractions of families, in Switzerland for whose presence I was wholly or in part responsible. It is a disturbing thought, since most of them may end by thanking me little if at all. If some of them are as cool toward such experiments as we are enthusiastic, I attribute it mainly to three causes.

First, most families can plan for only one year abroad. One year is enough to give adults a rich European background. It is too short a time to accomplish valuable results for American children in foreign schools. And if the children are homesick because of the new alien language, if they feel they are falling behind in their work, if they are unhappy in the midst of totally strange surroundings—comrades, school methods, sports—naturally their unhappiness reacts on the parents, and all regret leaving the old familiar haunts.

I warned them, I warned them, those who sought my advice! Children should have it least two years in a foreign school if humanly possible. It takes the greater part of the first year to become sufficiently accustomed to a foreign school to derive any great benefit from it, unless perhaps a boy or girl begins such a year already thoroughly familiar with the language, and is unusually pliable and adaptable. I never saw a more unhappy boy than our Jim during the first months at his Swiss school. He hated it all! But by the end of the first summer vacation he could hardly wait to get back. Over and over during my five years' contact with French- and German-speaking schools I saw the same thing: woebegone, homesick, lost boys who couldn't make themselves understood, eating strange foods, wearing strange clothes, sitting through lessons in a strange tongue. Presto—skies cleared! They "fit-in." From that moment on their parents drew relieved and contented breaths. (Not that the difficult period of adjustment may not have had its high educational value.)

In such matters one can speak with no exactness, yet I am tempted to venture that two years of Europe have from three to four times the value of one year, plus the fact that a child has double the opportunity for travel and sightseeing (and one must always bear in mind that a very little travel and sightseeing at a time go a long way with children.)

Some over-hopeful parents beset me for detailed advice as to just how they can go about getting in one European summer what we were the richer for after five years. "We want the children—nine, seven, and four—to see all they can of Europe and get German (or French or Italian) as thoroughly as possible, but we can spend only three and a half months abroad. Where should we go?" And I tell them to stay at home. "Well, I must say you don't sound like your books!" I didn't write those books after three and a half months.

One reason why some disappointed parents upbraid me is because they insist it is French they desire their offspring to learn in one year, and it must be in a French-Swiss school. Whereupon they proceed to pick a school in which the majority of boys or girls are English-speaking, as is the case in most of the French-Swiss schools I know. The children may be happier than if they were spending a year in a really foreign school, and their mother and father get a chance to travel (which goodness knows they deserve), but the children learn little of a foreign language. I would have no objection to

such a choice if only the parents hadn't a tendency to blame me when scant French is learned and that with a Yankee accent.

The second cause for lack of enthusiasm on the part of other parents who take their children to Europe is a resentment against the attitude of foreigners toward Americans. We met so little of such unfriendliness that I can honestly say it was a negligible element in our experiment. The reasons why we met so little were perhaps twofold.

When we landed in Europe, in 1921, war psychology held devastating sway. Americans were more popular in France than they are to-day, less popular in German-speaking lands. We spent our first summer tramping and traveling through Germany. Knowing how Germans would feel, with some justification, toward Americans, we determined to speak no English in Germany; besides, this would be much better for our German. We traveled with rucksacks only, we stayed in the simplest hotels, we rode third class. People took us for Germans—Germans from some distant part of Germany, since our accents were never equal to an exact imitation of any particular locality. If they learned through friendly curiosity that we were Americans it seemed to make no difference. Time and time again we were in places where no American had ever been seen.

It was the same during the summer that we spent bicycling in France. We spoke little French to one another—my French is hopeless—but we traveled almost entirely in parts of France where American tourists were unknown. Innkeepers, French fellow-travelers, shopkeepers were full of interest in three Americans with bicycles and rucksacks, and their friendliness was never failing. The only time when we encountered aloofness—and that was hardly rudeness—was when we had to spend one night in an expensive hotel frequented by American tourists.

Americans often complain bitterly of rude treatment at the hands of Swiss hotel-keepers and shopkeepers. Again I plead the happily mollifying influence of speaking the same language and of sampling life simply along untouristed byways. My two sons speak Swiss dialect like natives—or like a mixture of several natives, since their dialect is made up of bits of Zurich, Bern, Schaffhausen, and Appenzel. So few foreigners speak the dialect at all that it warms the cockles of Swiss hearts to be greeted with an ardent "*Wie läbshs't?*" (I can come no nearer the dialect sound of "*Wie leben Sie?*") In Switzerland, too, we usually traveled as the Swiss do—with rucksacks and mountain boots, or with skis and sleds. The Swiss are not an impulsive, breezy race; but as for the attitude of Swiss boys toward my American sons, year after year, in school, in five Christmas vacations in the snow mountains, in a summer of mountain-climbing, on a bicycle trip across the land, I heard always the same story, "I've made the nicest new Swiss friends!" There was no single experience to make the boys feel outsiders. My daughter spent most of her time in French Switzerland. Her French was like a native's. No one ever made her feel strange. She also could and did feel perfectly at home in German-speaking Switzerland.

The third cause of our enthusiasm was our luck in enjoying good health throughout almost the entire five years. It can be a woeful thing to be sick, or have one's children sick, in a foreign land, where language, doctors, and ways are all strange. No wonder certain unlucky American families return with a vow never to travel again—and give me hard looks because they hold me in part responsible for their having crossed the Atlantic Ocean. One year abroad, and a good part of it ailing . . .

If we had had only our first year abroad! Jim was miserable almost the entire first half of his school year and just as things began to go to his liking, he came down with pneumonia,

and I spent three weeks in the hospital with him; my daughter acquired measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, and mumps in her German-Swiss kindergarten; Nandy was none too enthusiastic at first over his Swiss school (the boys were separated their first year). If we had left Europe after one year neither boy would have had any facility in German, and none of the three would have learned any French at all. We had seen something of Italy, a good bit of Germany, and had had one Christmas vacation in the mountains.

The second year, that second year I plead for: French begun with the boys, fluent for the daughter, German fluent for all three, an understanding of all the school work, good friends made, homes visited. In addition, more of Italy, another and finer Swiss mountain experience at Christmas, a taste of Spain, a summer of Swiss mountain climbing plus Paris and the battlefields. The children now felt themselves an integral part of the Swiss life about them. We could have left Europe no sooner than at the end of that second summer with any feelings of real satisfaction. As a matter of fact, we couldn't have been dragged away then. And not an ailment. . . .

Even such upsets as we had over the five years, and such need of professional services, had their compensations. We found Europe such a cheap place in which to get patched up! The four of us went every six months to the dentist. True, usually there was nothing to be done but polishing. For the same sort of work as usual our first dentist's bill in this country was a few dollars more than the combined bills of our two American-trained Swiss dentists during the whole five years abroad!

In Berlin I had a serious eye infection, my only mishap in the five years. Indeed, I was threatened with blindness. When I realized the seriousness of the situation I at once sought out Doctor Vogt, head of the University Eye Clinic in Zurich, who is considered by many the greatest oculist in Europe. His treatments lasted over five months although I visited him personally only some six times. The total charges were under thirty dollars—and the result was two good eyes.

We had one slight operation in the family. They tell me that in this country it would have cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars. The Swiss specialist charged ten dollars for everything.

If you feel an ache or a pain coming on—Sail! (Or perhaps listen to a few stories of the other kind of luck first.)

III

When I sailed for Europe with two sons of thirteen and eleven and a daughter of five, I had not the slightest notion that I was escaping any difficulties in the raising of modern young people. I left these shores to add to our store of culture in a way not possible in the new United States. Only little by little did I begin to realize how easy I had thereby made my own lot as parent. And not until our return to this country have I been fully aware of the problems I never had to face.

Take for one thing the automobile. It has brought manifold blessings to humanity, yet sometimes it adds to a parent's perplexities. In Switzerland we knew about the same class of people we know in this country, only not so many, of course; yet we had been abroad four years before we possessed a single friend who owned an automobile, nor did such a state of affairs ever strike us as in the least strange. It would be safe to say the children rode in automobiles (not counting Paris taxicabs) five times in the five European years. How did the Swiss get around? How did the Parkers get around? They walked, they rode bicycles. In Zurich one rode in spotless blue-and-white street cars. For long distances there were trains. Not so pleasant, that, as a car, I admit. But is not life lived at a more wholesome pace if you and all the people you know walk and ride bicycles?

Again, take the movies. What I escaped when we packed ourselves off to an almost movieless life! "Can't I go to the movies this afternoon? All the boys—or all the girls—are going!" Did I hear that week after week in Europe? I never heard it once. Oh, yes, we went to the movies now and then, perhaps ten times in five years, except that during the last four months in London the boys and I went oftener. We could seldom afford the London theaters and were able to pick out some excellent "pictures." Certain European countries, Austria and Germany for instance, did not allow children under sixteen—in some parts eighteen—in the movies. We were debarred on several occasions when we thought to rest our weary feet in the midst of sightseeing—and from such innocuous films!

Can anyone say that day in, day out, year in, year out, having young people see a newspaper practically devoid of any hint of scandal is not an advantage as compared with living where the newspapers have scandal plastered over and through them three hundred and sixty-five days in the year? Compare almost any American paper with our daily *Zürcher Zeitung* or the *Journal de Genève*. Is almost total lack of offensive news, and five years of no comic strips, a detriment to the young?

We have come to accept the tremendous emphasis upon sport and athletics in the lives of many, if not most, of our school children. It has its benefits, I know; yet I cannot help sighing for the utter simplicity of the play life in the European schools I know. (I came in contact with no girls' schools where enough athletics were indulged in.) There is as yet too little group play in foreign schools, with the education which that involves. But if I had to choose between the too little of our Swiss school, and the overemphasis on teams and games and victories in this country, I should choose the Swiss alternative. The ideal is somewhere between the two. The great thing in Switzerland is that boys of all ages have much to talk about besides sport, and life has a multitude of interests, sport being merely one of them and not overshadowing all else.

What was Sport Day in the Swiss school? Competition in jumping, running, throwing this and that (swimming and tennis events came later)—an American field day minus so much as the thought of a single spectator. There was keen excitement among the boys themselves. It had formerly been the custom to distribute prizes on the evening of Sport Day, but it was finally decided that the most appropriate recognition of athletic prowess was merely the laurel wreath of old. No cups, no letters, no publicity of any sort. Yet there was no less enthusiasm on that account.

Switzerland has not the blessings or otherwise of prohibition, and what that means for good or ill to the present young people of the land. From what I know of Switzerland and from what I have seen and heard of this country, I should say that for the present it is an advantage to be the mother of sons in Switzerland rather than in the United States. Every day I feel more sure that our five years of a sane and unemphasized attitude toward wine and beer abroad (did we ever let the having or not having of either mean five minutes' conversation?) has been a decided asset in helping us to face the American's hectic overemphasis upon the whole problem. Having nothing to drink in this country means nothing at all in our lives. Being able to drink wine or beer abroad when we wanted it meant just so much and no more—something very pleasant indeed if we chose the right label and something very unpleasant if we didn't.

"My dear, the moral tone of to-day—did you find it as unfortunate for your young people abroad as it is in this country?" By moral tone people mean sex tone. (The word *moral* shrinks and shrinks.) European parents, too, think

their children face moral perdition and ask one another, "What are our young people coming to?" But their idea of "lax relations between the sexes" is what ours would have been twenty years or so ago. They contrast the present only with their own past, which was a past so stilted, so unhuman, so supervised that any easy association at all between well brought up young males and females was as good as unheard of. Our difficulty in Europe was that my boys did not see enough of girls, my girl not enough of boys. The boys looked forward to knowing American girls. Jim's comment after five Cambridge parties was that he was becoming a bit weary of wholesome girls getting their teeth straightened. The sons have five lean romanceless years to make up for.

IV

Music—what a difference! I know that in certain localities in the United States marvelous things are being done to encourage the young musically. Yet we shall have to wait generations before music can mean to Americans what it does to any of the German-speaking peoples. From an old *Simplicissimus:*

"Our child is a Wonderchild!"
"So, what instrument does he play?"
"Our child plays *no* instrument!"

Two illustrations I always cite to give a hint of the attitude toward music abroad. The time came for us to leave our fascinating sixteenth-century Swiss cloister jutting out into the Rhine. The children were told they could have a farewell party our last Sunday afternoon. I consulted with the Herr and Frau Professor who owned the cloister and lived in the abbot's apartment upstairs, and we decided that my sons might invite six boys, making eight in all. We feared the antiques would not safely stand more. On the appointed day when the ancient cloister cord was pulled I opened the door to thirty-three. The sons had early learned the ease of inclusive as against exclusive list-making.

My American heart was horrified. Whatever would happen to a sixteenth-century cloister and its antiques with thirty-three active healthy Swiss youngsters between the ages of twelve and eighteen turned loose in it? In this country the place would have been wrecked. Small cause I had to worry in Stein am Rhein. The afternoon was given over mainly to music. Most of the boys had walked the seven miles from the school at Glarisegg, some rode bicycles. Only those who carried 'cellos and violins came in the train. Almost every mother's son of them played that afternoon, solos, duets, trios, quartettes. There were a few games, expanded from plans for eight to thirty-three; there was some food, expanded from plans for eight to thirty-three. The afternoon was a success—the boys' music made it so. When I tried to explain that such an afternoon would have been more or less impossible in the United States, I gave among other reasons the fact that so many families could not afford music lessons for their children. An older Swiss boy looked at me with round eyes. "But Frau Parker, one doesn't speak of *affording* music lessons!"

I might as well have remarked, "You must realize that in America many families can't afford to feed their children."

My second illustration is the gala festivity which took place in Vienna when the great of the city were invited to celebrate the seven-hundredth time four amateurs had played quartette together—four friends who had lived through that enriching (though no doubt at times disputatious) experience and deemed it worthy of a fitting and honorable ceremony.

How easy to have boys as well as girls grow to love great music abroad! How next to impossible, by comparison, in this country! Oh, yes, they "take lessons" here. They "study" piano, violin, 'cello, voice. How deep it all

goes is not hard to discover. Turn your American boy or girl loose in a room with a victrola and records. What will be played? Jazz, nineteen jazz records to one piece of lasting music. What do they play when they sit down at the piano for a few carefree moments when they are not practicing? Jazz.

I was much impressed by a certain young man at a Sunday dinner in New York. "He plays the piano marvelously," I was informed. "We must get him to play after dinner." I was starved for just that—to curl up in a corner again while someone with loving fingers roamed from Bach to Schumann and from Chopin to Schubert. Not once since my return to this country had I enjoyed such a treat.

I sought the corner of a big davenport. The young man sat down at the piano. Out came such soul-tormenting sounds as one should be made to listen to only for punishment. He knew everything Irving Berlin had ever composed and played his manifold works with original bangings of jazz variations. "Isn't he a marvel?" the guests asked one another.

I knew no one with a radio in Europe. Do you desire music of an evening in Vienna, in Zurich, in Munich? Herr Doktor plays the 'cello, Frau Doktor his accompaniment, their son Adolph the violin. And after music, or instead of music—conversation. Yes, conversation. In these states it is too often "Turn on the radio," or "Let's go to the movies." Which after all is no net loss if one has nothing to talk about.

Another advantage of Switzerland—it makes possible the bringing up of American children without a shred of race prejudice. No matter how tolerant parents may be, there is always the danger that children may unwittingly pick up from their associates regrettable aversions, however slight, to Jews or negroes or Wops or Japs or whoever the butt of their particular locality may be. Our three went to Europe with no race or national prejudices whatever. They came back five years later—I was going to say with no race or national prejudices whatever. And yet they have a slight animosity toward the French—mainly a holdover from Poincaré's Ruhr policy together with some unfortunate contacts in their French school.

I listened to a doubter cross-question my elder son, then a Freshman at Harvard. "Let me ask you a direct question. You go out for football practice; a negro and a white student are standing near you. Which boy would you address first?"

Without hesitation Nandy answered, "The negro."

"Why, but—you're just saying that to be—"

"I mean it." The boy was evidently honest. "There are a lot of bores at Harvard. I haven't talked to a negro there who hasn't been more interesting than the average run of white students."

V

The last advantage of Europe is something very intangible and yet very good for young and old. There is more emphasis on the cultural, less on the commercial things of life. An American can spend five years abroad so living that the possession of money seems indeed insignificant compared with what it would mean in the United States. It is possible to unearth just as much commercialism in many parts of Europe as one finds right here; it is possible to find people in this country who are untainted by commercialism, but the general atmosphere *is* different.

Is there not something to be said for educating children in a land where education is so respected that each year new secondary school teachers are for the most part recruited from among the more brilliant university men? What type of male teacher for young boys and girls does our attitude toward education all too often produce? What even of the desire to have one's sons brought up, especially if they have no father, in a

land where in every branch of education men teachers predominate?

I too, like Miss LeGallienne, had ardent desires for world-mindedness in my children, for internationalism as against the type of "patriotism" fostered in this country after the War, and by numerous "patriotic" organizations since then. One *can* teach a foreign language to a child in the United States; one *can* instill a love of the finest in music in the heart of a child who never leaves these shores; one *can* bring up a child whose ideas and ideals will not stop with a halt at national boundary lines. Does the value of the results increase proportionally with the difficulty of realizing them? I argued that a child would learn internationalism in Switzerland without being taught; he would become an unconscious internationalist. I still believe it. My boys and girl spent five years of their lives living, playing, learning among Swiss and a sprinkling of German, Swedish, Italian, Czech, Austrian, French, Belgian, English, Hungarian children—such a conglomeration of nationalities as one is apt to find in Swiss boarding schools. In our vacations we traveled into every possible land. We lived for a time in London and Vienna. All three of the children had a chance to see the League of Nations at work. Could I conceivably bring back to their native land three "hundred per centers" to add to the dead weight of national arrogance and aloofness? One of the main reasons for our going to Europe was that I might return with three Americans possessed of a breadth of vision and understanding which might be of some use in the service of the Republic.

Have they, after their five years abroad, found it difficult to fit into their own country's ways? What does one mean by "fitting in"? Absolute acceptance of everything American? Not even your modern witch-hunter does that. They are happy and they are open-minded. Travel young, for youth is the age of fitting in abroad. Return home still young, for youth is the age of fitting in at home. A parent's concern may be over the natural tendency of the young, as of the old, to fit into their environments too unquestioningly.

THE SENSE OF THE FUTURE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IN EARLIER days, before we were all divided into the tough-minded and the tender-minded, introverts and extraverts, and kindred categories, we were frequently listed as optimists or pessimists. Very few adults, I take it, were really either one or the other. The pessimist was the man who insured himself mentally against the shock of catastrophe by pretending to expect it; the optimist attempted to avert disaster by denying it. Both were to some extent practicers of verbal magic. It worked, as magic does. The pessimist contrived never to be thoroughly disappointed, and the optimist managed never to be wholly discouraged. Dickens isolated both mentalities, and in the same book—Mrs. Gummidge and Mr. Micawber. Really complete types are to be found only in art—we human beings botch perfection daily with contradictions and complexities. Yet there were, and still are, roughly speaking, two such groups: you could prove it by their mutual hostility. Was it Oliver Herford, or someone else, who said that a pessimist was a man who had been intimately acquainted with an optimist? Yes, there was—there is—a hint of generic difference: a matter of temperament rather than of philosophy.

Fortunately, one never has actually to live with either Mrs. Gummidge or Mr. Micawber. As we said, those pure and perfect attitudes are practically never incarnated. The pessimist often turned cheerful on your hands, and the optimist frequently registered gloom. For this reason we avoided civil war.

Apart from intensely and intimately personal problems, I know of no field on which these antagonistic types clash more inveterately and inevitably than the politico-social. The most fortunate pessimist could always be depressed about his community and the race in general, and the most luckless optimist could center his hopes in mankind; and nobody could authoritatively contradict either of them when they spoke in those large terms. The future was certainly the shibboleth that most authentically separated them. The difference has been more emphasized than ever since the War; for the War, which rent the planet, brought the riven and scattered elements back together in intimate and terrible shock. Millions of people who, before the War never considered the planet, have learned to consider it—however ignorantly. Even in the United States we have had to become aware of races, nations, problems not officially our own. So one has a chance to see the optimist-pessimist clash where one did not see it before; for everyone, nowadays, has something to say about general problems.

What is nearest the hearts of most of us is America. We cannot remain Allies forever; ten years after the War, to be pro-British or pro-French is mere Jacobitism—outdated. After the wrench of the War it is harder than it used to be, to be parasitic to Europe. If we wanted to be European, we could not—Europe would have none of us. One is not necessarily proud of being an American: one simply is, as one has brown eyes or blue, and one acts accordingly. Being an American is a funda-

mental, inalterable thing—not like being a conservative or a radical, a Republican or a Democrat. We may delight in it or regret it: we must in either case base our attitude to the world upon the fact.

The boosting and ballyhoo, the "God's own country," the provincial materialism, of the United States, our pathetic pride in commercial success, our brash readiness to exchange traditions for absurdities that can never become traditions, our easy-going boisterousness and our strange sectarian fervors, our willingness to declare non-existent what does not please us, have all combined to make us appear the most optimistic folk on earth. The man "from Missouri" has always had childish Missourian delusions of his own. To suggest that most Americans are perhaps not optimistic enough probably sounds strange. And yet, in a certain sense, it is coming to be true. Large numbers of civilized Americans have, within two decades, lost most of their optimism, and are among the most melancholy people on earth when they envisage the future. Since the War we seem to be stunned and awaiting catastrophe. Those of us who have looked to Europe all our lives, kept within our fingers the frail thread of historic continuity, have seen a hostile grin on the face of Europe, or felt the thread snap. For the last ten years I have seen my acquaintance divide between a general mundane dismay and a pathetic pretense that red revolution would be at least interesting. Change, political, social, international, has been so overwhelming in our own lifetimes that we cling to the present moment. The ship of state has become, in our eyes, a raft. Most of our talk is annotating Heraclitus.

All this seems to be less a moral than an intellectual matter. What one sees oneself and a lot of other people losing is not faith, not courage, but the actual sense of the future. No one greatly likes the look of the future except the born iconoclasts, the people who love smashing for its own sake, and want a "kick" from life even if they die of the kick. Most Americans, however, are not like that; and not greatly liking the look of the future, we have—naturally, perhaps—ceased habitually to look at it. Thereby we cripple ourselves.

What one comes to feel, as one wanders about this great land of ours and talks with many people of many kinds, is that there is here a real cleavage of types. Both optimist and pessimist had a very vivid sense of the future; they differed merely as to its nature. Both took it heavily into account. This is something different, and categories seem to be reshaping themselves. Out of both ranks a group is forming that does not reckon with the future at all; that deliberately excludes the future from the present. That seems to me to take nearly all the decoration out of the house of life, if not to darken the window permanently.

To talk with people who still reckon with the future is like having a landscape where there was only a blank wall. More than that, it is like being an American among Americans again. That the sense of the future should pass out of American mentality is a monstrous joke; for Americans, more than any other Western nation, have lived on hope. To be pioneers for three hundred and fifty years, scrapping every year as soon as another began—yes, we have been shockingly extravagant of material wealth and of moral experience—bred in us disdain of the past; but we staked everything, "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor," on the future. Now, we have only a present. Where this is true, personal happiness is on the decline. I think, if we look searchingly about us, we shall have to admit that personal happiness *is* on the decline. This fact, when perceived, has been attributed to many causes: to the loss of religious faith and the popularizing of science with its belittling of man; to the hysteric greed of a materialistic civilization and the satiety that follows; to the nervous wear and tear of the age of machines and

inhuman speed; to the breaking down of conventions that kept us in safe and comfortable ruts. I imagine that dropping the future out of our daily lives is as responsible as any of these. As a social group, we are losing the sense of the future—that intimate inclusion of it in our personal scheme which was once typically American. It would not be accurate to say that we are turning pessimistic, for the pessimist, we agreed, kept the future much in mind. He was always allowing it to ruin a perfectly good present.

II

No grown-up person, we may take it, expects a plan to work infallibly, or a dream to force its own fulfilment. A world of proverbs has always been there to warn us of our impotence. Yet it is foolish not to plan, and not to dream; and less and less do I meet people who do either—beyond the limits of next week. I realize their rareness by the shock, as of light itself turned upon darkness, when I meet people who do: who add to the joy of the moment the prevision of joys to come; who entertain a reasonable expectation that life will be a more satisfying thing ten years hence than it is now; who take the future to their hearts and hearths, loving it in advance, like an unborn child. They do not seem Utopians, these people, while I spend comfortable hours with them. They know that catastrophe is ever imminent, and make their mental reservations. Yet they know also that the future is what is going to happen, and they mean, within human capability, to make certain things happen rather than others. Eventually we shall have this and this, do thus and so; and meanwhile we will create the causes of those logical results. We will plant for the garden we really want, knowing that trees and shrubs will grow; though we may never be able to have the complete house of our dreams, we will cannily decide on the essential features of it—something we *can* have: space, or sun, or one great window with a view. We will work to an end; and if we are unexpectedly frustrated, we shall at least have had the satisfaction of preoccupying ourselves with something bigger and more exciting than the mere work itself—namely, the work *plus* its result. In other words, we will be constructive; architects, not day laborers.

All this sounds, perhaps, like something broadcasted at eleven in the morning, when most radio fans are busy elsewhere. Yet we owe America to the prevalence of that gay philosophy. A critic has recently written of the harm done us, spiritually, intellectually, and æsthetically, by the pioneers. One wonders with what type he would have liked to replace them. That the pioneer was destructive and wasteful, one does not deny. But if the pioneer was pure loot and destruction, how comes it that Oregon and California are so different from Mexico and Peru, where the pioneer invaders were notoriously mere looters and destroyers? The same critic, if I remember, reproaches the pioneers with their log cabins. A great many good citizens have lived in log cabins, but most of them had no intention of living in log cabins forever—nor did they. They saw in their hearts the houses they would live in—and, in surprising numbers, those houses came into being. In surprising numbers, the communities that dream realize their dreams. I was discussing recently with an old friend the future of a new institution in a city that is large, though very young, even as American cities reckon youth. I was disposed to doubt its future: to doubt there being enough intelligence, enough genius, you may say, locally available, for the pursuit and achievement of a grandiose plan. I will not record our discussion. There was a hint, in my friend's talk, of *solvetur ambulando;* of confidence in future accretions of intelligence and inspiration, as well as of wealth; of the belief that the plan in itself would to some extent evolve, create, its own fulfilment. The citizens had a

geographical site, and an imaginative intention: these would suffice. And, in all probability, they will. But if you do not see, beside your log cabin, on your empty acres, those other structures, as yet incorporeal but, for you, of a reality only deferred—you will probably perpetuate your log cabin, you yourself denying actuality to the dream. You range yourself with all the uncreative minds that have hampered history. Moreover, you curtail your own legitimate happiness. We should have two presents, not one; to-day, and the morrow which we may as well embrace, since it will surely come.

I am well aware that skyscrapers and tunnels and bridges and dams and irrigation works continue to be projected and built in this great country of ours. Commercially, industrially, corporations still venture much. Yet the average intelligent citizen is certainly less happy, in spite of the new releasing creeds, than he was a few decades ago. There are many reasons for the decline of happiness among the intelligent, some of which have been hinted at, and not least of the reasons, I believe, is that we tend to stand pat on what we have, and refuse to dream. For too many, the sense of the future is atrophied. Let no one pounce on the word "dream" as a give-away. There are dreams and dreams. The dream which is an escape from life, an anodyne, a fairy-tale we tell ourselves to put ourselves to sleep, has its value, and most of us keep a few such on hand for bad days. We shed, for a little, our own characters and possibilities, and are refreshed thereby. Unhappy indeed must be the man or woman who does not keep a dream or two going! I am speaking, just now, of another sort of vision: the dream that marshals known facts as precisely as a blue-print, the dream that has intention in it, the dream that gives one definite work to do, the dream that rejects impossibilities as heartlessly as does a balance-sheet. Every parent knows that children are incalculable, and will surely contradict their breeding and training at one point if not at many. Yet no good parent turns fatalist about his child. He does his best to guide it to a certain physical and mental condition. A dream, perhaps, but a creative and a reasoned dream. And one in which he reckons with the future as a fact not wholly unforeknowable or unmalleable.

III

After the fashion of the verbalist, I am haunted by inconsiderable phrases out of the great welter of printed books. Perhaps no one else condescends to remember *Marcella*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Marcella (who ate her cake and had it, too) described herself, I believe, as a Venturist—Venturists, I suppose, were Bolshevists in leg-o'-mutton sleeves and padded coats. Anyhow, she was an unconscionable young Radical, and upset the village by trying to create new schemes for the sales of local basket-work. Better conditions of labor, direct sales, higher prices—something of that sort. Jimmy Gedge was the local middleman and villain. The schemes somehow did not work—Marcella was very young, and, besides, destined by Mrs. Ward to marry a rich and not precisely Radical peer. "I reckon Jimmy Gedge'll last my time," mutters one crone who goes away from Marcella disappointed, with her baskets. "I reckon Jimmy Gedge'll last my time" I have murmured many times in twenty-five years. We all say it with disgust, if we are young; more hopefully, after we have endured as much disaster as we care about, and are tired of youth's incessant gleeful talk of tumbrils. But it is a fatal thing to say too often. We perpetuate Jimmy Gedge by declaring it.

America has notoriously had little faith in the permanence of Jimmy Gedge. No civilized nation has ever lived so inveterately in companionship with the future. We have been a by-word, for this, among the older countries.

Curious, to see the very spirit of America changing before one's eyes. . . . Curious, to see that long handclasp slackening, and the future abandoned. Yet, except for the political and religious and commercial quacks with an axe to grind and a public to gull, Americans seem to be falling back, in their personal philosophies, on Jimmy Gedge. International, even national, destinies are no affair of mine, and it is not on the political or economic, or even on the philosophic or scientific score, that I would argue for bringing back the future into our most practical meditations. Simply on the score of personal happiness—of deeper breathing and more fun. When I meet, now, a man or a woman who treats the future as if it belonged to him, no more but no less than past and present belong to him, who acts not as if each day were to be his last, but as if he could trust the sun to rise for him as it has a habit of doing, who means to have something to say about what that sun shall shine on, who is neither gambler nor fatalist, but whose attitude to his personal destiny is consciously creative, I come perilously near knowing what they mean by "uplift."

Perilously, I say, because "uplift," in so far as I have met it, takes too little cognizance of facts. I should not like to be uplifted by Glenn Frank or Dr. Frank Crane—I should fall too far and too hard. That sort of uplift is levitation, and I am too matter-of-fact to practice it. I cannot feel with Miss Philura (alas! that I forget both her author and her exact title) that everything I desire exists for me in some divine storehouse, and that I have only to order it as confidently as I would order it from Sears, Roebuck, and it will come—clothes, money, love, anything. "Prayer," someone said to me in my early youth, "is an attempt to hypnotize the secret forces of the universe." I have my own notions of prayer, which are quite different. Miss Philura, however—who did not pray, who merely sent in her order and waited for it to be delivered—was hypnotizing those forces. In the little book, she got away with it. No: I am not recommending that anyone should be either Miss Philura or Mr. Micawber. One must be very alert, and not a little suspicious—hard-boiled, if you like—to dream constructively. One has to cut out improbabilities, and define the possible very cannily. But if one has a reasonable, you might say a plausible, desire, which in the nature of things cannot be immediately satisfied, why not enjoy tinkering with it, fitting it to conditions and conditions to it; why not enlarge one's landscape by living mentally with the prospect of that desire fulfilled? Why not include the future in to-day—provided one does not confuse the present with the future job? Surely the people who work at their dreams as well as play at them, are the happiest. Frustration is as common as grasshoppers; but folk who, for that reason, refuse to adopt a creative attitude to their own destinies are missing much. They are shutting themselves up with only carbon monoxide to breathe. Sooner or later, their associates breathe it, too, and we are all unhappy together, as Mr. Glowry recommended. In America, above all, this should not be done.

IV

For, as it is only the sensualist who lives wholly in the present, and most people must live partly in past or future, the American spirit had to make its choice. For every historic, economic, geographic, ethnic reason, we chose the future to recreate our minds in. We ignored the past both deliberately and instinctively. We became vulgar, destructive pioneers who lived in log cabins. We

> . . . heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,
> And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains.

(Not so vulgar, if you ask me.) Ignoring the past, we lost much that would

have been supremely useful to us. We took the future instead, and made the most we could of that. True, we could have made more of the future if we had kept the past with us as well; but it is now too late to repine or change. A European, draping himself from head to foot in the past, might be dignified if pathetic; an American doing the same would be pathetic, and absurd as well. . . ."What you say is true," said my friend, "and yet I think they will be justified. In fifty years, I believe, they will have something absolutely of the first order." My interlocutor's brown eyes glowed with the pleasure of what would probably exist in fifty years, when the brown eyes would be closed forever. It shook me a little; for I realized how many of my friends are able, nowadays, to conceive vividly, and actually rejoice in, only those things on which their fingers can close at the moment—something just coming into being, or mummified, by dead hands, for their possessing.

It is perhaps natural that we should find this joy, this logic, this attitude, more common in the western portion of our continent than here at home. It is the newest part of America and, in our national history, the youngest. Also, the mere emptiness of much of the West, the great reaches of desert and plain, with their attributes of beauty and silence and space, make a thinking man more thoughtful yet. What he thinks of —unless he is a geologist—is, inevitably, the future. There are no mistakes to rectify, even to contemplate; only potentialities. In spite of oneself, one rediscovers the bright lexicon of youth. But a suggestive landscape should not be necessary to this gayer and saner point of view: nor is it. Every one of us, East or West, has an inestimable interval stretching between himself and dissolution, and nothing was ever accomplished by acting as if this day were to be one's last. To fashion that interval, annexing to-morrow to to-day, taking comfort from logic and the law of averages, and treating the future as if it were partly plastic, is the part of wisdom. And certainly, for Americans, "indicated."

When we stop patting and pulling and molding and loving the future, we stop being real Americans. Considering that we cannot, at any price, be anything else, that is foolish. It is perhaps rather hard to perfect one's own type; impossible, in one's own person, to perfect another's. One need not be sectional, or chauvinist; indeed, to designate any portion of the planet as "God's country" is to insult not only other portions, but the Deity Himself. Yet since we ourselves belong to our own group and origins, we must find happiness within certain conditions of race and situation. Our genius must be the genius of that race and situation. It is no use trying to be early Egyptian. Platitudes, yes. . . . But one sees many Americans contracting, not expanding, their type. For one of the greatest American gifts was that intimate and vivid sense of the future. We seem at the moment nationally disinclined to cultivate that sense; but let us not lose it, until we must, out of our personal lives.

The Lion's Mouth

POET AND PUBLISHER

BY DAVID McCORD

THE poet knocked on the publisher's door.

"Come in," said a voice.

The poet went in.

"Yes?" queried the publisher.

"No," whispered the poet, for he was alert though shy. "I have a volume of verse."

"Is that a feather on your trousers?" asked the publisher.

"It's a hole," said the poet, glancing down.

"It doesn't matter," said the publisher. "I only wondered."

"I wonder myself sometimes," said the poet. "There are one hundred and forty-three pages of wonder in this manuscript, excluding the title-page, the half-title, the dedication, and three blank sheets. I typed them myself."

"The blank sheets?" asked the publisher, though not unkindly.

"The poems," corrected the poet.

"Did you write them too?" asked the publisher.

"On the backs of envelopes," replied the poet.

"Bills?" mused the publisher.

"Yes," answered the poet.

"Are they cheerful?" said the publisher.

"Did you ever see a cheerful bill?" replied the poet.

"I was referring to the poems," said the publisher.

"No," said the poet. "I wrote them when I was young."

"I'm sorry," said the publisher. "We have three sad poets on our list already."

"But I'm not sad," said the poet. "I only use sad words."

"How sad?" asked the publisher. "Say me some."

"Love," said the poet.

"Love is always sad," said the publisher, plucking an imaginary blond hair from his coat. "Say me some others."

"Tears," said the poet.

"Ah, yes," said the publisher. "I had forgotten about tears. Would you mind shedding a few?"

The poet shed several which fell noisily across his manuscript.

"Here, here," interrupted the publisher, and it could be seen that he was moved. "You are getting it all wet. Say me some more."

"Love," sobbed the poet.

"You said that first."

"Sorry," said the poet.

"You mean 'sorrow'," corrected the publisher.

"Pain," said the poet. "And misery."

"What do you rime that with?" interrupted the publisher.

"I don't," replied the poet. "I use it internally."

"How very medicinal," remarked the publisher.

"Death," finished the poet.

"I could fancy you were coming to that," said the publisher.

"We all come to it," said the poet in a nasty way that poets have.

"Have you written nothing since you were older?" asked the publisher, as he regained a grip on himself.

"Too much," said the poet in a rather surprising way.

"What is it like?" pursued the publisher.

"It isn't," said the poet. "It is different."

"You mean you don't punctuate," said the publisher.

"No," replied the poet. "I do."

"You mean you don't capitalize, then," continued the publisher.

"Generously," said the poet.

"You have a new form?"

"No new form."

"How pagan," said the publisher. "I prefer you when you were sad; let me run through this manuscript."

"Let me read it to you," urged the poet.

"No," refused the publisher. "I cry easily."

"Very well," said the poet.

"Which blank page am I on?" asked the publisher.

"The second," said the poet, glancing at it.

"Where's the first one?"

"You must have read it."

"So I have."

"There is a quality to this," said the publisher, putting an expression on his face. He had read the first poem, which made no sense at all.

"*I* like it," said the poet.

"That makes two of us," said the publisher absently. "Perhaps we can get a bookseller to find a third."

"A third?" asked the poet.

"A reader," said the publisher. "Every book should have a reader. Even yours."

"Then you will print me?" cried the poet delightedly.

"I may as well," said the publisher. "Every publishing house should have a few losing poets. Are you a good loser?"

"I have lost everything."

"You speak with great personal pride," said the publisher.

The following year the poet called again. This time he walked straight in.

"Hello," said the publisher.

"Hello," said the poet. "I have a new book."

"Is it as bad as the first one?" asked the publisher, though again not unkindly.

"I think so," said the poet.

"I hope it's no better," said the publisher. "We've got to get the public used to you."

In the third year the poet wrote a third book. The publisher printed it in Caslon italics and bound it in black boards with a gold shelf-mark. Certain pages he left uncut, so that the reader felt no obligation to consume the whole thing. This made it convenient. There were a number of misprints. These made it valuable.

The fourth year the poet called again.

"Hello," said the publisher. "Got another book?"

"No," said the poet. "I've an idea."

"Fancy it coming now," mused the publisher. "You've been holding out on me."

"I've been thinking," began the poet.

"Will the critics know?" asked the publisher parenthetically.

"That you can bring out my selected poems," pursued the poet.

"Who will select them?" asked the publisher.

"I will," said the poet.

"Take every third one then," suggested the publisher. "I have always been lucky with threes."

The fifth year the publisher spoke first.

"Another idea?" he said.

"Yes," admitted the poet.

"They're coming fast," said the publisher. "One of these years you'll have two."

"This is a good one," said the poet.

"I'm glad of that," said the publisher contrastingly.

"Bring out my collected poems."

The publisher fainted.

The sixth year the publisher would have been out if the poet had not surprised him. He came in through the window.

"Hello," he said.

The publisher sighed. "Don't tell me you've got a posthumous volume on you?"

"No," said the poet.

"Or another idea?"

"Yes," said the poet. "You must have me discovered."

"You aren't an island," said the publisher. "How can I?"

"I'm a poet."

"Well, you're not a dead poet," said the publisher, "though I often wish you were."

"My poems are," said the poet. "It's the same thing."

The publisher didn't understand this.

"Who will discover you?" he asked.

"I will," said the poet. "Under a false name."

"John Drinkwater?" suggested the publisher.

"No," said the poet.

"Thomas Hardy?"

"No," said the poet.

"Buster Keaton?"

"No," said the poet.

"*Pro Bono Publico?* That's a good one."

"I shall find it," said the poet.

So in the sixth year the poet "discovered" himself in a long article which was printed in a literary journal. He said he was neglected. He was. He said he was important. He wasn't. He said he was coming into his own. Heigh ho!

During the week that the article appeared the publisher had three telephone calls asking if this neglected poet was the same one who had written that terrible book (which they spelled out for him). After that things quieted down.

"Hello," said the poet some days after.

"Hello," whispered the publisher from his couch. He was a broken man. "Go away and die."

"I have a little thing here," began the poet. His shirt was like shredded wheat.

"So have I," said the publisher, peering into the cartridge chamber. "I hope I don't have to use it."

"It begins like this," said the poet. There was soup on his waistcoat.

"But it ends like this," said the publisher, with a slight squeeze of the trigger-finger.

There was a small report. A manuscript fluttered to the ground. It had a bullet hole in the second stanza.

"I'm sorry you did that," said the poet, weakly, from the floor.

"So am I, in a way," said the publisher.

"Do you fancy I will sell now?" asked the poet. He was dying rapidly.

"Sure," said the publisher in his old cheerful manner.

The poet fumbled at the typewritten sheets.

"What do you think of this line?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't like to say," said the publisher. "You're a dying man."

"So I am," said the poet. "Where are you going to bury me?"

"I shall have you remaindered," said the publisher. "I always have."

"I'm glad I didn't hear that," breathed the poet with some satisfaction.

He was already quite dead.

THERE ARE NO POST CARDS IN PATAGONIA

BY PHILIP WAGNER

NOW that our friends are all in Europe for the summer, Helen and I are trying once more to decide what to do with the picture post cards they send us. This (to use the jargon of international diplomacy) was a Question three years ago. Two years ago it became a Problem. And last year we began to think we had a full-fledged Menace on our hands. We are now quite desperate. We face each day's mail with morbid dread—dread of find-

ing in it another view of the walled city of Carcassonne or of the water front at Marseilles. We already have an even dozen strip post cards of the walled city and at least ten of the water front. We want no more of either.

There was a time when Helen and I heard the call of Europe. Friends of ours were marrying right and left and all of them were going to Europe for their wedding trips. Others, unmarried, were signing up for tourist third-class voyages, which, so we were assured, offered such a delightfully informal way of getting across the Atlantic. Others of more adventurous spirit were arranging to cross on cattle boats, or by polishing silver, or by swabbing decks, or (in the case of several girls) by acting as understewardesses whose chief duty was to hold the heads of sick old ladies. Some of our wealthier friends were planning luxurious tours which involved the renting of expensive motor cars. A few whose inclinations were toward scholarship were planning several months of bliss at the inevitable Sorbonne. They went about for months muttering darkly about *lycées* and all sorts of things.

Helen and I were disturbed by all this hustle and bustle. A quite disgusting poverty required that we get to work while the words of the college valedictorian were yet ringing in our ears; and so we entered the service of Industry at just about the time our friends were starting to fight the European customs officers.

We first heard from England. A thoughtful friend sent us a picture post card showing Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of William Shakespeare (1564–1616). A few days later a view of Lord Nelson's statue in Trafalgar Square popped up in our mail. And our first picture of Buckingham Palace followed shortly after it. But these were mere preliminary sprinklings. The deluge really started when our friends began to reach Paris. How well we both remember our first post card picture of the cathedral of Notre Dame! The friend who sent it was very faithful and followed it with views of the Jardin des Tuileries looking toward the Avenue des Champs Elysées, of the Hôtel de Ville, of the Place Vendôme, of the Avenue at Versailles, and of the Place de l'Opéra, in rapid succession. Details were filled in by other friends. There was one who specialized in panoramic views of Paris taken from every conceivable position. Another exercised his good taste by sending us pictures of famous statues, such as the Winged Victory of Samothrace and Venus de Milo.

But Paris was not the only place on the continent from which post cards were sent. No, indeed! Provence was a popular shipping point. We found out what the Maison Carrée at Nîmes looks like. A view of certain Cloisters at Arles was sent us by one who had our edification at heart, and a lovely card showing An Old Hill Town of Provence. As I say, we have also learned about the walled city of Carcassonne from practically everyone who has taken passage during the last three years.

And of course there was our friend the Hispanomaniac, who showered us with cards from every post office in the Iberian peninsula. Salamanca, the cathedral of Burgos (with a pretty close-up of one of the towers, showing all the carving), the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra, the monastery at Montserrat, the old Roman Aqueduct at Segovia, the old Roman bridge at Toledo: the beauties of all were brought to our attention by this diligent friend. He even added a nice view of the Main Watchtower to our Carcassonne collection.

It is unnecessary to go farther. A catalogue of our collection would require many stout octavo volumes. I need only mention a few outstanding items, such as the Baths at Baden Baden, the Beach at Biarritz, the Nordfjord, the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, and the Probable Site of Calvary, to indicate the extent and variety of it.

The result of all this is that we have become quite wearied of Europe. To

tell the truth, Europe is an old story to us now. The novelty has worn off. We are sick and tired of it. It was fun at first to advise enthusiastic innocents who were going to Europe for the first time—to tell them about quaint little out-of-the-way places which they simply *must not* miss, and to let them in on the less frequented nooks and crannies of the continent "where you aren't so likely to run into a bunch of tourists." It was fun, I say, for a while; but the novelty has worn off. The time has come when, as a good queen once said, "We are not amused." The beauties of the old Moorish mosque at Cordoba have ceased to impress us; and as for the walled city of Carcassonne, perhaps the less said the better. Helen grows distinctly white about the gills when this medieval citadel is mentioned. Yesterday, when we received a post card showing the ramparts of the Aude gate, she fell into a swoon.

We have wondered a great deal about this post card trouble with which all of our traveling friends are afflicted; and we think we understand it. They journey (let us say) to the walled city of Carcassonne. When they get to the walled city, there it is. It is much as they had expected it to be. They look at it. They look at it again. They walk about in it, looking at it. They view it from this angle and that. The church of St. Nazaire is apparently where it ought to be. Dimensions are all just about what the travel books said they would be. In short, there they are. But they quickly find that they must do something besides just *be* there. Only the authors of travel books are content to sit in one spot for hours and just *be* there. So the traveling friends start to dash about with a look in their eyes which says, more eloquently than words, "What shall we do next?" Inevitably they run into a place where post cards may be bought. They think of the loved ones at home . . . and the proprietors of *Toute La France—Edition Jové* chalk up another sale.

If this description is correct, the post card has its place in the therapeutics of traveling. And in view of this therapeutic value I should hesitate to recommend the sudden and complete abolition of the practice of buying them. Those of us who stay at home must do nothing to harm our traveling fellows. We must not be brutal. Rather, we must bring to the consideration of this problem all the kindliness and sympathy at our command. The flower of America's manhood and womanhood, we must remember, sails for Europe on the First of June each year; and nothing must be done which might cause any general psychic disturbance among them.

Yet there is no point in seeking a scheme which will simply dispose of the cards once they are received. After all, that would only add the toiling ash man to the long list of those who are getting a trifle tired of Europe. It would not strike at the heart of the matter at all. So it seems to me more sensible to stop the flow gradually at its source by weaning individual travelers from the habit. A gentle agitation might be inaugurated in favor of visiting lands which are now little frequented by travelers, and have not yet been brought before the lens of the post card photographer. When one or two travelers are gathered together, let us insinuate a word in praise of wave-washed Zanzibar. Let us dwell on the exotic loveliness of southern Senegambia. Let us extol the allure of Tierra del Fuego; or better yet, of the broad rolling pampas of Patagonia. Perhaps a few will try Patagonia next time instead of Europe. And the first time a Patagonian wild ass (or whatever it is that runs wild in Patagonia) charges on them from a nearby copse, they will lose all symptoms of the "What shall we do next?" disease of which post cards are the remedy, and lose them for good. They would then be able to visit the walled city of Carcassonne and other European "points of interest" without feeling themselves the unofficial cultural ambassadors of every relative and acquaintance in the United States.

GOING TO EUROPE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AT THIS writing the annual migration of citizens of the United States to the continent of Europe has for some weeks been proceeding full swing. Fast steamers, six or seven at a time, sail out of New York with huge loads of passengers for the European ports. It is a little troublesome getting out of New York on foggy days or nights, but they usually do it. Fleet after fleet, off they go and will continue so to do through June and July and well into August, the migration never ceasing but going out crowded in the early months of summer and returning crowded in later summer and early autumn. It is like a great tide that rolls out and in due time rolls back, and so far it seems to increase from year to year. It probably will so increase until it gets some check either by a disturbance in Europe or by some slackening of profits in American industry which will make for economy for a while.

Why do people go to Europe? Food and shelter are abundant though somewhat costly here, and even drink seems obtainable. Beds are good here, roads are good here, and motors abound as nowhere else on earth. Not one in a thousand of us has seen his own country; and really it is something to see. Yet we flock in multitudes every summer to Europe and keep it up all through the rest of the year but with diminished numbers.

Do we go to see Europe? Some of us do. Some of our travelers have a consuming desire to look at the Europe that they have heard about and read about, and to that end will work and hoard with long self-denial and live and travel frugally when they get there and see what they can. It is a good show. No one who has seen Europe is quite the same again as he was before he saw it. The people who are really worthy of the picture are considerably educated by it. People go to Europe to see Europe, go because they have business there, go to be cured of disease, go to study something, go to buy something, but probably the larger part of our travelers go to Europe because they want to get out of the United States. A large proportion of them are fairly indifferent about what they shall see or about the improvement of their minds, but go because they are tired and need a change and because Europe is the best and easiest change offered. They think it will be nice to sit in a steamer chair for a week and not do anything. They hope their nerves and tempers will improve and even their appetites. They hope to grow more amiable, and freer and more edifying in conversation; but what they want above all things is to get away from life as they have been living it and gain new points of view. If they could go to heaven and shop about a while they might like that, but there would be the difficulty about coming back. Anyone can get into the *au delà* who is sufficiently audacious, but return is not yet on a satisfactory basis; and nearly all of these Americans who

go to Europe expect to come back and are confident the time will come when they will want to.

I should wonder what they think of it if I believed they thought. Of course most people do not think or at least not so as to have really impartible views. Impressions are made upon American visitors to Europe, but they are not always impressions which the visitors can locate at the time. The way to educate the eyes is to look at things with them. Of course some eyes see more in Europe than other eyes do, but it is incredible that any eyes should look at Europe and not learn something. I think the eyes of our travelers must be improved in Europe. It may take the minds behind them years to find it out, but probably the improvement exists. Then there is the palate—the palate may pick up a thing or two, and to increase one's discrimination about food is worth some roving.

What the mind gathers is quite likely to go to the subconscious mind. Travelers can go to Europe and come back and not discover what it has done for them until long afterwards. The improvement of the mind is considerably accomplished by that method. Of course there are minds already improved, or believed to be, by reading, meditation, traveling, observation, like Count Keyserling's, and capable when they go traveling of telling, as he does, what's what about all the countries and all the people that he inspects. But there are drawbacks about this. When the Keyserlings say what is not so about various things and people it is always important, whereas when it is done by our travelers who cannot make any claim to real mental processes it does not make any difference.

At all events, the real profit of going to Europe must be expected to transpire after the traveler gets home. An American who goes to Europe sees what he is capable of seeing, increases his capacity to see, and, coming back home in due time, adds something to the assets of the country. But some Americans stay in Europe. If they add anything anywhere it must be to Europe; but probably the most valuable thing which most of them confer on that continent is what they have learned in the United States.

THERE seems to be an increasing appreciation of what can be learned in the United States. There has been a considerable change since some European asked, "Who reads an American book?" Not that Europeans read American books so very freely as it is, but Europe does pay increased attention to American ideas. Our country and people in it have got rich, and in the stage of development mankind has now reached people who have got rich are very generally interesting. Riches are an evidence of things unseen. Riches of American origin observed in Europe inspire curiosity as to what is behind them. Of course the Europeans are more interested in us than they used to be! They have to be. People who are concerned nowadays to know what is going on in this world and what is likely to happen next are constrained to study the United States.

One could wish it were a more edifying study, but to real students it is good enough. Dead remains have an interest, and stories of exhumations get space and good positions in the newspapers, but modernity is more important than antiquity, and modernity at present in most particulars is best investigated in the United States. This country is freer to be modern than any other country. It is less loaded down with tradition, habit, law. It is well nourished. It has the means to make terrific experiments, reconstructions, and developments of all sorts, and is passing through curious stages of experiment in religion, education, and government. Europe is quite alive to these matters. Our people go abroad mainly for change and recreation, but Europeans seem to come here in increasing numbers to try

to find out what is going on and what sort of results the goings-on produce. Even the least complimentary of them admits that the subject of his observations is important; some of them think that we do some things better than other people. Others think whatever we may be now, we are on the way to amount to a good deal.

This increasing curiosity of peoples about one another which is illustrated in the growing disposition of Americans to wander all over the world is a good thing. For one thing, it is a sign of a growing perception that mankind and all the races which compose it is one great species tied together by a common origin and a common destiny. To have that idea get around promotes the brotherhood of man which in these times, in spite of all squabbles, does seem to be prospering. It is helped in that direction by the increasing realization that unless it does prosper the races and nations are in danger of wiping one another off the earth. For more Americans to know Europe better and more Europeans to know America better, North and South, is all to the good, and so are the increasing facilities of transportation which is so helpful to it. One is bored by the reiteration of the flying stories and usurpation of the best spaces in the newspapers by successive tales of adventures of the explorers of the empyrean, but after all there is more to flying than a problem of mechanics. It does promise to be a great factor in human life, more than an economic—more than a sporting, factor; one that concerns the relations of nations and human brotherhood.

That came out in the immense enthusiasm over Lindbergh. One would have got out of patience with it, as perhaps Lindbergh did, if it had not been for the sense of its underlying spiritual importance.

Meanwhile the crowds that go to Europe still go and come back in ships, and of the adventurers that try the aërial path a considerable proportion, so far, land in the *au delà*. There is a good deal of likeness between going to Europe and going into the next stage of life. It is true that in Europe we can still find uses for money, if we have any, whereas in the Big Beyond we do not; and in Europe we still have our bodies for better or worse and are subject to the possibilities of misbehavior and illness which bodies imply, whereas in the Beyond we are no longer bothered with them. But aside from that there is a likeness. We get in Europe what we are prepared to receive. Very ignorant people do not see much that they can understand. "Chartres to St. Michel" will not mean much to them though they will learn by what they see.

People whose pleasures are in the bodily senses may do better in Europe than they will in the Beyond, but the same general truth applies to both localities—that visitors can get only what they are qualified to take in. The Beyond is much more important to us than Europe, and our education for it is of much greater concern; but in so far as it gets through the heads of mankind that their residence on this foggy planet is to prepare them for a better atmosphere somewhere else, we may hope for a considerable improvement in human development. The changes now going on make for that, as the reiteration of the idea that our system of education is still very imperfect and that we pay too much attention to cramming the mind with facts and not enough to developing its capacities for thought. All that marches with the idea that the great acquirements in this life are the things we can carry with us when we leave it. Travelers in Europe, buyers of various articles, have always in their minds the Custom House in New York where they must settle for what they are bringing in. There is another Custom House they will pass through in due time where their separation from their accumulated baggage will be considerably more thorough than it is at the Custom House in New York.

EUROPEAN travelers who come here are respectfully notified that they are entering a realm in which change is proceeding with even greater velocity than in most of the countries they leave. They will not see our government, though they may feel it, and perhaps some of them will take our word for it, well backed by much better-informed minds, that it is not what it used to be. This is the complaint of our thoughtful politicians, that our government has changed and is no longer the mechanism which our fathers designed. Possibly something on this subject will have been said in one or the other nominating conventions, but at any rate it is being abundantly said outside of them, the opinion of many observers being that local self-government has been hard hit and that the central government has ominously increased in meddlesomeness and irresponsibility. There is a great deal of grave complaint about government by committees of Congress, but the particular spot in which the palladium of our liberties fell down hardest was in the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Visitors will not notice perhaps that the American people are in a state of revolt, though they may read something about it in the newspapers, but the revolt is going on and may be more visible in August than it is in June. It will not be violent, not at all an armed revolt, but something in the nature of resistance so strong and with so powerful a support in the public mind that it cannot be put down.

Evidence of the strength of that resistance appeared in the observations of four members of the United States Supreme Court on a decision handed down on June 4th that sustained the use in convicting certain rum runners of evidence obtained by tapping telephone wires. The wires of the persons suspected were tapped for months and their conversations listened to. That was a crime under the laws of the State of Washington where it was done. Nevertheless, five members of the Supreme Court, including the Chief Justice, sustained the use of this testimony obtained by criminal means in convicting the accused.

It was not that which was so remarkable. What was startling was the vigor of the sentiments of the four dissenting justices, as expressed chiefly by Justice Brandeis, but also by Justice Holmes and Justice Butler. They were nothing less than scandalized at the decision. "If the government," said Justice Brandeis, "becomes a law breaker, it breeds contempt for law and invites every man to become a law unto himself. It invites anarchy." "For those who agree with me," said Justice Holmes, "no distinction can be taken between the government as prosecutor and the government as judge. If the existing code does not permit district attorneys to have a hand in such dirty business, it does not permit a judge to allow such iniquities to proceed."

Sooner or later most fundamental questions invite attention to the Supreme Court of the United States which has to pass on some detail of them. That Court in this case decided that law-breaking of a contemptible description was permissible for the enforcement of the Volstead Act. Four members, as said, dissented from that decision. In that decision alone there is enough of an issue to run a presidential campaign on, for surely it is important that our next President, when there is a vacancy in the Supreme Court for him to fill, should fill it with a lawyer whose action in such a case as this can be foretold.

President Butler at the recent commencement at Columbia College talked about the lingering zeal to persecute. There is a lot of it in this country at this time, and few more inviting activities offer than such as may be directed to its eradication.

Personal and Otherwise

NO contemporary historian could be better equipped than ***Charles A. Beard*** to answer wisely the question whether Western civilization is on the way to destruction, as Spengler and others have claimed, or is strong enough to resist attacks from without and decay from within. Mr. Beard, formerly professor of politics at Columbia University, has taken American history as his special field; his most recent and widely-known book is *The Rise of American Civilization*, written in collaboration with his wife, Mary R. Beard. But his studies and his experience have not been confined to the United States: he has written on European history as well, and he has had first-hand contact with Oriental problems as director of the Institute of Municipal Research at Tokyo in 1922, and as adviser to Viscount Goto, the Japanese minister of home affairs, after the earthquake of 1923. Mr. Beard has recently been engaged in editing a book to be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Co., entitled *Whither Mankind?;* his present article will appear in extended form as the introduction to this book.

The short stories of ***Katherine Mansfield*** (Kathleen Beauchamp, who became Mrs. J. Middleton Murry) have made her name familiar wherever English literature is read and have had a striking influence on the work of many a contemporary writer. We are privileged to bring out a hitherto unpublished story, presumably based on recollections of her childhood in New Zealand. Miss Mansfield died in 1923; her best-known books are *Bliss*, *The Garden Party*, and *The Doves' Nest*.

The text of the article on which ***Doctor G. V. Hamilton*** and ***Kenneth Macgowan*** collaborated explains the nature of the investigation by the Bureau of Social Hygiene in New York of which it is a partial record. (The directors of the Bureau of Social Hygiene include John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as chairman, Charles O. Heydt, as secretary and treasurer, Dr. Katherine B. Davis, and Raymond B. Fosdick, with Dr. Abraham Flexner as associate.) This investigation, pursued in a thoroughly scientific spirit with the aim of finding facts about some of the human relationships upon which our opinions most acutely need to be tested by facts, is the sort of study which Mr. Haldane probably had in mind in his recent article on "Science and Ethics," when he spoke of the contribution which men of scientific temper might make to the solution of various problems of human conduct. Another article by Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Maegowan, "Marriage and Money," based on the same investigation, will appear shortly.

Zona Gale gives us this month a paper which is not fiction yet has the same sort of charm as her most delightful stories of Wisconsin life. Her novels (*Miss Lulu Bett*, *Faint Perfume*, *Preface to a Life*, etc.), her plays (including the dramatization of *Miss Lulu Bett*, for which she was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1920), and her short fiction (some of it collected in her recent volume, *Yellow Gentians and Blue*) have established her position among the leading American writers of our time. Miss Gale was married in June to William L. Breese, a fellow-resident of Portage, Wisconsin.

Two months ago we printed a none-too-flattering study of the American political system by ***Harold J. Laski,*** one of the most brilliant of English political philosophers. Professor Laski now turns his attention to a problem the difficulty of which those who administer our great foundations would probably be among the first to recognize. He writes from varied first-hand knowledge of the educational world on both sides of the Atlantic: for he was once lecturer

in history at McGill University and at Harvard, he lectured also at Amherst and Yale, he knows Oxford as only an Oxonian can, he has taught at Cambridge, and he is now professor of political science in the University of London and vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education.

Wilbur Daniel Steele, always a valued contributor to HARPER'S, spent the past winter (after completing *Meat*) in Charleston, South Carolina. His story in this issue grows out of his study of local negro types during his stay in the South.

The Olympic Games for 1928 will be held at Amsterdam while this issue of the Magazine is in the hands of its subscribers; ***John R. Tunis's*** critical analysis is therefore timely as well as penetrating. Mr. Tunis, former sporting editor of the *New Yorker*, now tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post*, is one of the few American writers on sport who has not fallen a victim to the "Great Sports Myth" of which he wrote in our March issue.

McCready Huston, a Pennsylvanian who moved to Indiana to do newspaper work after serving a Pittsburgh paper for several years, has been a contributor to the Lion's Mouth, but "Tenth Sunday After Christmas" is his first HARPER story. Mr. Huston has written two novels; the third, *Dear Senator*, is to be published this fall. He lives in South Bend.

After fifteen years of almost uninterrupted experience as European correspondent for American newspapers, ***Raymond Gram Swing*** is well fitted to point out to readers on this side of the water the major differences between European and American political thought. Mr. Swing is now London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the New York *Evening Post*.

Those who enjoyed ***Muriel Draper's*** memories of Henry James and Norman Douglas in recent issues of the Magazine will especially welcome her account of the music made at her London house by some of the greatest contemporary musicians during the years when her husband, the late Paul Draper, was studying the singing of German *Lieder* under Von Zur Mühlen. Mrs. Draper is now living in New York; her book, *All This Is True*, including these and other lively recollections, will be published shortly by Harper & Brothers.

Ben Ray Redman, war aviator, poet, editor, translator of several books from the French, and author of a book on Edwin Arlington Robinson, has contributed verse and Lion's Mouth articles to the Magazine.

Since the appearance of *Civilization and Climate* in 1915, ***Ellsworth Huntington*** has been recognized as an authority on the social and economic effects of climate. A geographer of wide-ranging interests, Dr. Huntington won many years ago the Gill Memorial of the Royal Geographical Society of London and the Maunoir Medal of the Geographical Society of Paris for his explorations in Asia, and subsequently became assistant professor of geography at Yale University. He is now research associate at Yale and chairman of the National Research Council's committee on the relation of atmosphere to man.

Those who were discouraged by Hesper LeGallienne's experience with foreign schools, as set forth in her article in our April issue, may now take heart. ***Cornelia Stratton Parker's*** view of European schooling for American children is quite different. Mrs. Parker's first book, *An American Idyll* (1919), dealt with her husband, Carleton H. Parker, the economist, and their life together. Some of the European experiences on which she bases her present article were recounted in a later book, *Ports and Happy Places*. Several years ago she studied conditions among American working women by taking a series of low-paid jobs herself, and described her adventures in a series of HARPER articles and a book, *Working with the Working Woman;* at this writing she is beginning another similar experiment.

The essays and stories of ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** are favorably known to the HARPER public. Her books include *Vain Oblations*, *Lost Valley*, and *The Aristocratic West;* her recent articles in this Magazine have covered a range of subjects from the definition of culture to the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Philadelphia.

The poets of the month are ***Sterling North,*** who was brought up in Wisconsin, now lives in Chicago, won the Witter Bynner Inter-

collegiate Poetry Prize for 1927, and appeared in this magazine for the first time last March; ***Mary Elizabeth Robinson*** of the staff of Harper & Brothers, a new contributor; and ***Ruth Fitch Bartlett*** (Mrs. Walter S. Bartlett) of New York and New Canaan, Connecticut, several of whose sonnets we have published recently.

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are ***David McCord*** of Cambridge, author of a book of essays, *Oddly Enough*, a book of poems, *Floodgate*, and a forthcoming collection of humorous dialogues in the style of "Poet and Publisher"; and ***Philip Wagner,*** who lives in Schenectady because the General Electric Company is located there, and in his spare moments occasionally feeds the Lion.

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Sears Gallagher, whose etching of a familiar midsummer scene is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is a Boston artist whose work is represented in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Brooklyn Museum, and other important collections. He won the Logan prize for etching in 1922 at the Chicago Society of Etchers.

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A reader in Ohio, who informs us that his mother was a Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West, takes fervid exception to Miss Wylie's statement that Dumb Lizzie spurns criticism from young writers. On the contrary, says he:

> The real literary devil of America is the chap who defiantly flings to a non-believing world the accusation that the Middle West is O.K., that it is young, and hopeful, and constructive; that the Kiwanis motto "We build" is quite true, but that it perhaps has some of the faults of youth. No writer in the Middle West under thirty-five would have the nerve to claim this. Every member on the porch of the Country Club at Akron would cut him dead. Even the Baptist Preacher would only claim that he meant well—but went too far. And God help him with the Woman's Club.
>
> The manner in which to make a popular talk to the Kiwanis Club is to pan the Kiwanis Club in the style of Sinclair Lewis. They will make him a life member. I would advise the young author if he would be popular to make fun of all platitudes, even truth, even religion, to take a coupie of knocks at Rotary, to make three wise-cracks at the Baptist minister. He will go over big if his novel has a Mid-West background, and the odor of the sewer hangs over its genius.
>
> I would advise this young talent *not* to put it nicely, but to "offend the susceptibilities of Baptist Ministers, Purity Campaigners, Anti-Vivisectionists, Anti-Tobacco Leaguers, Prohibitionists, Kleagles of the Ku Klux, Roman Catholics, Jews, and the Lord's Day Alliance."
>
> I will positively guarantee "that Dumb Lizzie will not only lay her heart and fortune at his feet," but will kiss the poor prune. . . .
>
> I would say that the article by I. A. R. Wylie is a flop, but she is a lady and I am a gent and my Mother (signs of breaking completely down) is a lady and a Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West.

❦ ❦ ❦

There is great variety among the numerous replies to Mr. Kenna's "Minister or Business Executive?" One reader claims that what the ministry needs is not less business efficiency, but more; if church organizations were really well run and were not forced to rely on the services of inefficient committee-women and clerks who hold their jobs as a form of charity from the church, the minister, he says, would not find himself so overburdened. A former clergyman, on the other hand, feels that the real difficulty for the modern clergyman lies elsewhere:

> Dear Sir:
>
> I have read with interest and considerable sympathy the article in your current issue, "Minister or Business Executive?" I am not unacquainted with the problem with which Mr. Kenna deals. But I cannot agree with his implied remedy, namely, that if organization were simplified by the employment of a sort of general manager, the problem would be solved. Although I have no quarrel with him about the baneful effects of over-organization, I do not believe that simplification of the organization would very greatly alter conditions. The real problem seems to me to be that which is stated earlier in Mr. Kenna's article, namely, that people do not find anything tangible in the church. If the word valuable is substituted for tangible, I think we shall have a true statement of the difficulty. The church is not "delivering the goods" and all people of intelligence are aware of the fact.
>
> Now may I suggest a way out? It is not the

way I, myself, took. I grew disgusted with the sham and pose of it all and pulled out bag and baggage. And I would do it again. But the suggestion I am here making is for the man who desires to remain in the ministry. The church can make itself valuable by encouraging its ministry to be intellectually honest. Leisure because of freedom from the minutiæ of church work will, indeed, permit the minister to give greater time to study, but that alone will not save the church. We need honesty in addition to intellectuality in the pulpit. . . .

The salvation of the church rests not upon any reorganization or financial adjustment. It rests solely upon an open-minded, frank acceptance of modern scientific thought, and the untrammeled presentation of that thought by its ministers.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE W. DARNELL.

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From Dr. Wingate M. Johnson of Winston-Salem, N. C., we have received a reply to Ford Madox Ford's "O Hygeia!" which we wish we could quote at length. We have space only for Dr. Johnson's comment on Mr. Ford's "two great truths": that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and that "nothing will do you any harm that you like."

Upon the first "truth" depend many of the food fancies that make life miserable for so many people. It is true that occasionally one encounters an individual with a true idiosyncrasy for a certain food. For instance, every pediatrician has had to deal with children who develop a violent urticarial eruption and perhaps vomit persistently when given their first taste of egg. Most of these, however, can be made to acquire a tolerance for egg if given in small quantities at first, the amount being slowly increased at intervals of several days. With rare exceptions most people who claim not to be able to eat certain articles of diet are really suffering from overactive imaginations. Stefansson, in *The Friendly Arctic*, says that he himself thought he could not eat fish until he was twenty-five years old, but admits that he might have learned to eat it much sooner if it had not furnished such a fascinating topic of conversation.

What is one man's meat will usually serve as meat for the overwhelming majority of other men, and likewise one man's poison will usually prove effective for others also.

Mr. Ford's second "truth," "Nothing will do you any harm if you like it," as applied by him to dietetics, has in it something of good and something of bad. I am absolutely in accord with his statement, "No child should ever be induced to think about his health." It is bad psychology to make a child eat anything "because it is good for him." Eating should be a matter of course for a child. No child should ever be coaxed to eat; he should be given the proper food at proper intervals, and allowed to take it or leave it.

With all due respect to the precocity of the youngest generation, however, I cannot agree that an infant in arms, or just out of arms, or even of school age, is quite as capable of selecting a suitable ration as is an older person who has made some study of it. After witnessing the untimely departure from this mundane sphere of numerous cherubs who were allowed to choose their own provender by over-indulgent parents, I am sure that Mr. Ford is a better writer than pediatrician. It is unsportsmanlike to bet on a certainty, hence I will not offer to wager him that at least nine out of ten children between one and fifteen years of age, if left to order their own meals, will do as my own youngster did when, at the age of seven, she bought her first meal at the graded school cafeteria. When asked at home what she had for lunch, she proudly said, "A chocolate-milk, some cake, some ice cream, and a bar of chocolate." It was several days before she recovered from her sugar spree, and an interview with the school dietitian resulted in her having, after that, a plate lunch which was chosen for the children with some care.

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With this issue of the Magazine, the single-copy price of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is advanced from 35 to 40 cents to bring it in line with the prevailing prices for magazines of its class. The subscription price, four dollars a year, is unchanged.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

A Few Points for Women Investors

By PAUL TOMLINSON

WHEN people used to say that woman's place was in the home they meant by implication that her place was in the home only. Few people believe this nowadays, however. and those who do are liable to be smiled at by those who know better. Women run big businesses, they fly over oceans and swim channels, excel in all forms of sport, do practically everything that men do, and in many instances do these things better than men. Most successful business executives employ a woman secretary who is as important to him in the conduct of his affairs as a crutch is to a one-legged man in his attempts at locomotion. Women still run homes, but they run, and help to run, lots of other things too.

IN THE matter of investments it is sometimes said that women have not got the money sense of men. Possibly this is true, and if the estimate that women will lose $700,000,000 in 1928 through the purchase of worthless securities is correct, there would seem to be something in the statement. On the other hand, men will probably earn the doubtful distinction of losing an even larger amount of money. Of course men invest more money than women, though women, through the administration of homes and their roles as family purchasing agents, control many more expenditures than men. This being the case, why should they not be as astute in the business of investing as the so-called stronger sex? The answer is that they are when given the same opportunity to learn the business.

WOMEN are an increasingly important factor in the investment field. The fact—if it is a fact—that they will lose seven hundred million dollars this year through the purchase of worthless securities, proves this statement, and proves too how worthy of attention the purveyors of this kind of securities consider them. Women do not confine their attention to worthless securities, however, for in a corporation like the American Telephone and Telegraph Company they own 41% of the stock; 39% of the stockholders of the Union Pacific Railway are women; and this percentage reaches forty-five in the case

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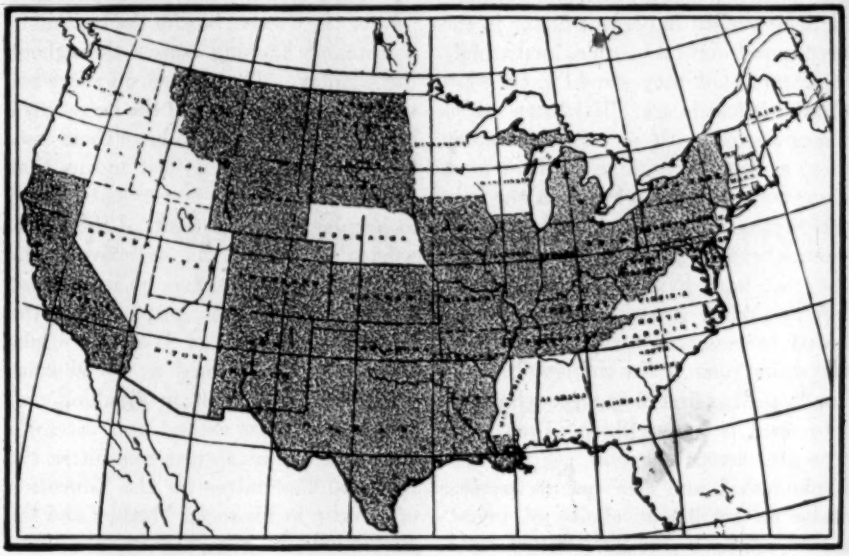
of the Southern Pacific. More than six thousand five hundred women own stock in the Southern Railway. Women own $35,000,000 worth of stock in the Chicago and Northwestern. These figures also prove how important a factor women are in the investment world; and their holdings are by no means limited to the securities of these companies named here. What a fine thing it would be if they did limit their purchases to companies of this type.

INSURANCE companies report that ninety per cent of all estates over $5000 left to women are dissipated within seven years after receipt. Where does the money go? Not all of it is lost in speculation or through the purchase of worthless securities because in many cases a woman is obliged to spend her principal for perfectly legitimate purposes; undoubtedly, much of it is lost through faulty investing, however. It is said that twenty per cent of the entire turnover in a day's business on the New York Stock Exchange is in trading by and for women. This is a startling statement, but after all, if men can buy and sell securities, why cannot women too? To go one step farther, if men can speculate, why not women? The answer here is that a larger percentage of the men who speculate have little right to engage in such an activity, and the majority of women have even less; for in spite of the large share they take in business it is, nevertheless, a fact that women's earning power is still considerably below men's, and on this account, if no other, they find it more difficult to recoup their losses.

IT IS because women's earning power is less than men's that their investments should be selected with greater care. The less able a person is to lose money the stronger should be the safe-



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guards against loss, and as women become an increasingly important factor in the investment world it becomes increasingly important that they should know what these safeguards are. If women are as unacquainted with securities as many men, a large percentage of them must have very little knowledge on the subject indeed. Do they know the difference between stocks and bonds? Can they tell how dividends differ from interest? What is the relation of preferred to common stock? How many can define some of the common types of bonds, such as first mortgage, debenture, refunding, or convertible? These matters are elementary and yet they are fundamental, and how can an investor make an intelligent choice of investments unless he, or she, knows something about the different types of investments which are available?

THIS is an important matter, not only for the women, but for the legitimate investment banking houses throughout the country. The women do not want to lose their money, and the investment bankers do not want to have them lose, for everything that is lost means that much less for future investments. And in keeping with the trend of the times, women have taken the initiative in the education of their sisters on investment topics. Under the auspices of the General Federation of Women's Clubs there has been formed a special committee on Education in Banking and Investment. To extend and intensify the work of this special committee the National Committee for the Education of Woman in Financial Matters and the Protection of Her Money has been formed, with a membership made up of a long list of distinguished persons,

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from all parts of the country, and representing many businesses and professions. The work of this committee will be carried out through a lecture bureau, and legal, information, real estate, general business, and publicity bureaus. A fine work and one directed largely towards the enactment of laws for the protection of the woman investor and the curbing of the security salesman.

IN RECENT years there has been helpful legislation designed to protect the investor, and these laws have done a considerable amount of good. At the same time it should be remembered that the people who sell worthless and fake securities, and who do it designedly, are not going to allow a few laws to stand in their way. The financial rewards make whatever risk there is worth while, and they are willing to take their chances; further, there are few laws that a smart person, when he really puts his mind on the problem, cannot successfully evade. The best safeguard for any investor is knowledge.

ANOTHER aim of the Committee is to curb the security salesman, and no doubt they have in mind not only the seller of fake securities, but the vendor of doubtful ones as well. An excellent idea, but not so easy of accomplishment because these people usually know their business very thoroughly, are unscrupulous, and exceedingly persistent. And where they too frequently have the advantage is in the inability of their intended victims to refute their statements. The investor they go after is the person who is without knowledge of investments, which is only another way of stating that knowledge is the investor's best safeguard against loss.

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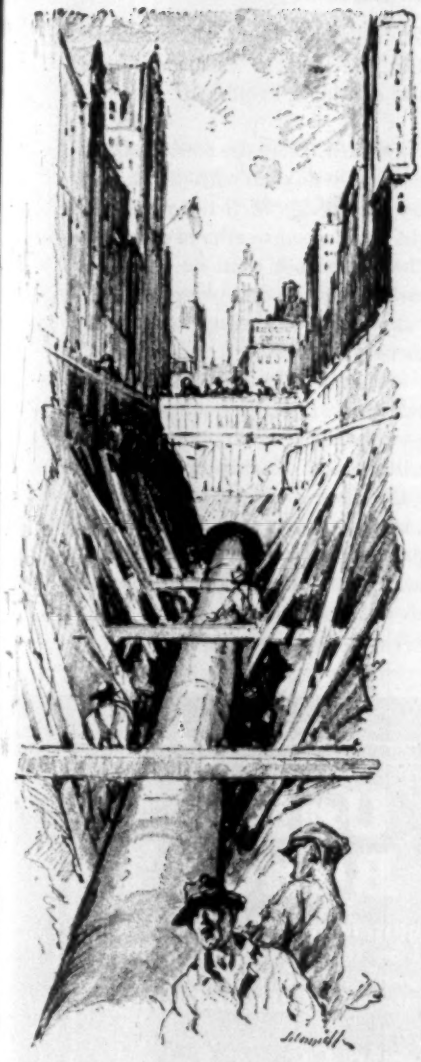

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WHAT is the answer? Must every investor in the land take a correspondence course in finance and in the buying of securities? Must this great army of women who have joined the ranks of investors become expert investment bankers, and possess themselves of a knowledge of all the thousands of securities which are for sale? It does not seem so to us, for there is a far easier and simpler method of protecting themselves. What every woman knows, or should know, is that in so far as securities are concerned facts are the only things that count. The way to get at the facts is to investigate through the office of a reputable investment banker. All good bankers either have the facts or can get them, and if women will acquire the habit of taking their investment problems to these experts their losses will be reduced to a minimum, and the seller of fake and worthless securities will have to seek some other means of earning a livelihood.

OF COURSE there are certain securities which anyone with only a rudimentary knowledge of investments can tell right away are unworthy of consideration; these need not even be submitted to a banker. In the first place any salesman who ridicules savings banks and denounces Wall Street, so-called, is pretty certainly offering something for sale which is unworthy of attention. Savings banks provide exactly what many thousands of investors want and need; they are conservative, but because of this conservatism money can be entrusted to them with confidence, and, a very important point, depositors can always get their money out on a moment's notice. Wall Street may be

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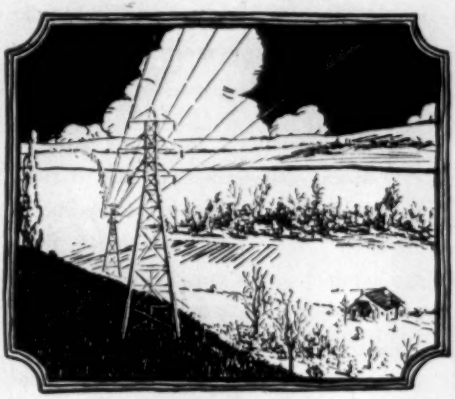
a bad place in the estimation of many people, but many more consider it an essential part of our economic and industrial life. Whoever is right, the fact is that stock promoters almost invariably denounce Wall Street for their own purposes and to throw a blind over their own operations.

WHEN stock is offered for some absurdly low price, such as a few cents a share, it is fairly certain that no opportunity for profit is lost if the investor declines to buy. When enormous dividends are promised it is well to become suspicious. Good stock does not ordinarily sell for a few cents a share, and if large dividends are really in prospect, the price of a sound stock will discount this fact and not allow the purchaser any tremendous return on his money.

When you are offered a limited number of shares in an enterprise, be on your guard at once. When a good investment is offered it is not necessary to make it look as if the purchaser were being singled out for some unusual privilege denied to others. Sound securities are issued with the idea of being sold, and the object of the salesman is to sell his allotment as fast as possible. Is it reasonable to suppose that he is going to deny any man who wants to buy?

PROMOTERS of fake and unsound investments have a favorite trick of dwelling largely upon the profits which have accrued to those people "who were smart enough" to buy the original stock of certain of our well-known industries. They dwell upon the successes made by other companies to the exclusion of facts concerning their own. As if the Standard Oil Company's great success, for instance, were any argument in favor of success for all other oil



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companies. Stock salesmen should talk about their own wares, and stick to them, and to facts.

ONE particularly suspicious habit of stock promoters is trying to rush the prospective purchaser into making a decision. Here is an opportunity, they say in effect, and if you don't act at once you may never have another one like it. Which of course is nonsense. The reason they urge haste is because they know that if the investor takes time to investigate no sale will be made; it is "now or never," and naturally they want it to be now.

FINALLY, and on general principle, it is well to keep away from stock in mining and little-known oil companies, from companies promoting inventions or patented articles, from orchard companies, land enterprises, new radio, and new moving picture ventures. Remember that new ventures of all kinds are hazardous, and that before you part with your money a careful investigation is no more than good common sense.

THERE is no reason why women should lose money in investing, at least there is no reason why they should lose because of lack of knowledge and information. They may not have the knowledge, but with very little trouble they can obtain all the information they need. There are Better Business Bureaus in many cities throughout the country; the National Committee for the Education of Woman in Financial Matters and the

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FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

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WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

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A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS: A booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

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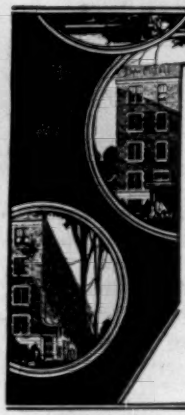

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

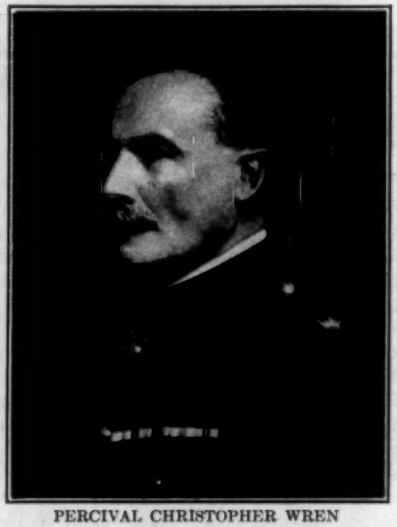
THE LAST OF THE FORSYTES

SWAN SONG is ready in book form, and John Galsworthy's great Forsyte Saga, begun practically twenty years ago, is closed at last. Those of us who have followed it through the years may testify that we are intimately acquainted with one English family and have achieved a fine comprehension of one English point of view. Although not as important as the earliest books of the Forsyte Saga, *Swan Song* is welcome as an elaboration of those years when Soames Forsyte reached the autumn of his life and beheld the newer England and the modern generation with mingled bewilderment and dread. If *Swan Song* stood alone we should demand much more character development in the earlier chapters and a better projection of what it was all about. But it comes to us as the final chronicle in the story of a family and deals with people with whom we are now wholly familiar: Fleur and Michael Mont, with Michael taking part in the British general strike, on the side of the government, of course; Fleur unsettled in her emotions by the arrival of Jon Forsyte, the son of Irene, who had married Anne in the United States; then Soames Forsyte, still sure of himself, the man of property protecting his position and convincing himself again that his views are not only useful but in the end the only righteous ones—Soames is in and out of the picture, trying to protect Fleur, to get Jon away, and to discover the roots of the Forsytes on their ancestral acres. Yet the emotional drama which Mr. Galsworthy works out takes place despite Soames's efforts. Fleur is the aggressor, and Jon is drawn in the net against his better self; it is he who must renounce Fleur, who thereupon receives the hardest blow that life has in store for her. Mr. Galsworthy's devices are a bit conventional—Jon, naturally, is made to rally to the side of his wife when he learns that she is about to become a mother, an episode which proves once more how few devices for arousing human emotions are at the beck and call of the novelist. Toward the end fate plays ironically with both the master and the daughter; it is through the carelessness of Fleur that Soames is compelled to make a desperate fight to save his carefully gathered paintings from the fire in his gallery; it is in trying to save her that he is fatally injured. Fleur has now tasted the joy of victory and the ashes of defeat; we may take for granted that henceforward she will become more and more a Forsyte. As if this were the memorial of Soames, Mr. Galsworthy has shown him in his most characteristic poses and attitudes; there are some rich passages, fine in description, and the character of Soames is touched up with ironic bits. This would seem to be a proper moment to return to the earlier works and trace anew the whole story of the Forsytes. Readers who have not had that pleasure will find the little Grove Edition of the works of Galsworthy a useful and inexpensive help. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER"

The place of the hero in American history has been exploited so much that we rarely consider the villain, whose influence is often

much more lasting. The men who abolished the slave trade were heroes; but the men who traded rum for slaves on the west coast of Africa and ferried them to the United States left an indelible mark on American history. *Adventures of an African Slaver* is, therefore, no less important because it happens to be a horrible, brutal tale. It comes to us as a reprinting of a book of the fifties, when Theodore Canot, who had put in thirty years in illegal slaving and piracy, told his story to Brantz Mayer, a Baltimore newspaper man. Malcolm Cowley has given it a historical introduction; Miguel Covarrubias has decorated it with some of the most effectively ironic drawings to be found in any recent book. The work naturally suggests comparison with *Trader Horn*, for one reason because it paints such a very different picture of the west coast, and for another because it is a reminiscence related to an amanuensis. In this instance, however, Brantz Mayer was not as perspicacious as Ethelreda Lewis, for he polished up the old salt and converted his lusty oaths and rough language into polished English periods. We must remember, however, that the search for the "human document" had not been pursued as assiduously in Mayer's day as it is in our own, and that bad language was not a sidelight on character but simply bad language. To that extent Theodore Canot's bloody chronicle reminds you of Julius Cæsar's objective story of how he put down the Belgii and the Nervii. For variety Canot lacked nothing—his was a full life; he had no religion, no morals, and "few weaknesses." He bought blacks on the hoof in Liberia from native chiefs who were only too glad to raid the interior for members of their own race; he also traded with Moslem leaders on the west coast, who enslaved the blacks for Canot's gold. They were herded in "factories"—the factor's headquarters—and then shipped in vessels that carried anywhere from three hundred to seven hundred slaves. Often they were packed so close that when night came they were placed together spoon fashion; all were completely nude, and had their heads shaved to ward off vermin. The slavers took care to feed them, for a healthy black brought money, whereas a corpse was a loss. In spite of this primitive care—and Canot seems to think the slaves were not badly treated at all—many died on these voyages, and an epidemic invariably led to wholesale burials. Yet Canot has the temerity to tell us that these blacks danced for joy when they beheld the West Indian plantations and received clothes and food, for he considered their lot in slavery as far better than in the savage surroundings of the wilderness. To some extent his testimony may be admitted, for what he tells of Dahomey and Liberian orgies will satisfy readers who crave for bloodshed for many a long day. No cruelties appear to have equalled in history the sacrificial mutilations carried on against black enemies; Africa, which has propitiated all the gods from Moloch to Mumbo Jumbo, can tell of bloody beginnings. The thrilling passages in Canot's discourse deal with pursuit of the slaver by British, Danish, and French men-of-war; and his absolute disregard of international practice on the high seas will satisfy anyone who craves for pirate tales. Human greed governed the slave trade; nations profited by it; the very designation "guinea" for the coin grew out of it. When it was outlawed it continued illegally in the same fashion as rum running does now on the Atlantic coast.



PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN
Author of "Beau Ideal," which has just been published

In how far can we believe Canot? No doubt he built himself up, especially when he dealt in romantic fables about the ladies; yet a man of his villainy may well have lived all the events which he records. What we lack is his exact phrasing, his original contribution; and we are so far from Mayer's day that we do not

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know whether he was a writer of repute or a man who loved to embroider a likely tale.

But slavery was brought about in this fashion, and so *Adventures of an African Slaver* may be accepted at face value as probably an authentic record of those dark years when man made chattels of his fellow-men and spared them neither pain nor suffering if it brought him gold. (A. and C. Boni.)

SEAN O'CASEY'S NEW DRAMA

Sean O'Casey seems intent on keeping the Irish spirit alive, for his earlier plays started no amount of controversy, and his latest, *The Silver Tassie*, has been rejected even by his friends, William Butler Yeats and the Abbey Theater group. It has been published on this side in book form by Macmillan, and the chances are that it won't be available in any other way for some time. Some of its passages are highly entertaining, others are interesting for the devices used; nowhere does Mr. O'Casey seem to have preserved the unity of his earlier plays or reached the heights of drama in the plain lives with which he deals. Moreover, Mr. O'Casey's manner of developing comedy out of special situations sometimes gives the impression that the situations did not grow logically with the play, but were ready to place where they might enliven the action. The first act introduces us to a typical Dublin group, with Harry Heegan, who has just won a silver loving cup at football, being urged by his anxious family to hurry back to the ship before his leave runs out. In the second act most of the characters reappear in the trenches, and the degradation and hardship of the front-line trenches is reflected in the chants of the soldiers. A hospital ward follows, with its opportunities for character comedy. Harry Heegan, the stalwart football athlete, has become lame from the waist down; Teddy Foran, whom we met in the first act breaking his wife's dishes, becomes blind and dependent on his wife's attentions; one of the minor characters, Barney, who has been pursuing Harry's girl, Jessie, comes out of the War unscathed and is still pursuing her when the play ends, obviously with success; Susie Monican, whose religious fervor was a reflection of her defeat in love, becomes a hard-boiled nurse in the hospital and a worldly light-of-love toward the end. What Mr. O'Casey attempts is rather an ironic rendering of the fate of human beings who fall by the wayside, and the last act, when the maimed veterans view from their invalid chairs a dance in the football club, reflects the saying of Susie and others that life must go on, and that one might as well be merry. Referring to Harry, she repeats: "For he is a life on the ebb, we a full life on the flow"—man has little time for those on the ebb even when they have once been his heroes. If we may judge Mr. O'Casey's play by what we know of his convictions, it is evident that he has in mind the horrible waste of human material in war. The best are left wrecks; the weaker ones remain to prey on those whom the strong should protect; man worships the gun as his god—there is a long apostrophe to the gun in the second act. But this message has not been conveyed as effectively as in "Juno and the Paycock"; in "The Plough and the Stars" he also seemed to have treated the general demoralization in the tenements with better effect.

BEATRICE BURTON
Author of "The Little Yellow House"

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Compton Mackenzie has written a capital yarn in *Extremes Meet*, a story of the British Secret Service in the Mediterranean. This earnest artist has turned to what might be considered a theme too light for him, if it did not happen that he commands a light and nimble pen for the purpose. *Extremes Meet*

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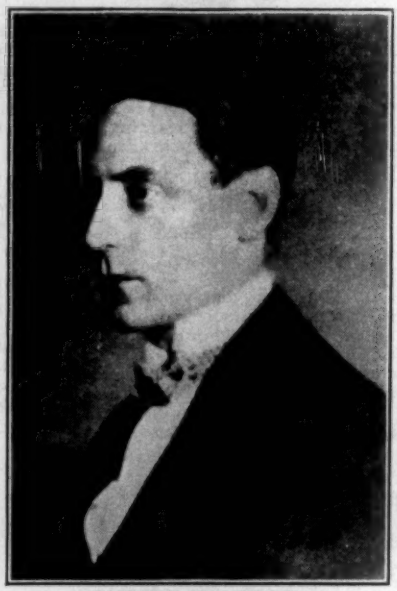
covers only two days and two nights, and there is plenty of movement in spite of the fact that it is often more a book of talk than of deeds. Roger Waterlow, who has missed a comfortable and responsible post in the naval service, has been sent to a Balkan town to organize a system of spying on the German agents. His agents are inefficient, boastful, cringing, and complacent—and he himself ironically surveys the queer hot-house life in this minor locality and hopes he can do something for the good of the cause which will justify all this pother. His path crosses that of Georgie Radcliffe, wife of Arthur Radcliffe of the legation, who really has nothing to do in this resort; Queenie Walters, who has a British passport but is suspected of being a German agent; Capt. Paul Drimys, aide-de-camp to the king, who calls every day on Mrs. Radcliffe and is suspected of working her for information for the Germans, and other suspicious characters, some of whom are really of importance, whereas others, as in the case of the madame of the Pension Bonbon, merely elaborate the scenery. Even Sylvia Scarlett peeps in for a paragraph or two—an inept reminder of the author's promise of yesterday. Waterlow's give and take in daily conversation is excellent reading; toward the end events become much more complicated and move as fast as one could wish them to in one night—with sentiment catching the reader up where it is least expected. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)



COMPTON MACKENZIE
Author of "Extremes Meet"

NEW BIOGRAPHIES

Lives of great men still remind us that the publication of biography is rapidly becoming a national industry, not far behind steel, automobiles, and railroads in volume. The new book announcements for the fall show that within the last few years students have been delving into the lives of the great, the useful, and the obscure. One would imagine that the truly great figures had been exhausted and that biographers would now have to turn to the lives of vice-presidents, governors, school principals, and steamboat captains. But no, the new announcements include another life of Abraham Lincoln: *Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1858* by Albert Beveridge; at least two lives of Napoleon: *Napoleon the Man* by Dmitri Merezhkovski and *Bonaparte* by Fritz von Unruh; and a life of Christ: *Jesus the Son of Man* by Kahlil Gibran. For good measure let us add that two books on Moses have been promised: *Moses* by Louis Untermeyer, a biographical novel, and *Life of Moses* by Edmund Fleg.

There will be autobiography as well as biography—foremost, perhaps, *Memories and Reflections, 1852–1927* by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Julius Meier-Graefe's study, *Dostoievsky*, has been translated into English; *The Life of George Rogers Clark* by James A. James and *Bartolome de las Casas* by Marcel Biron touch on our early history; *Sir Thomas Malory* by Edward Hicks turns to another age, whereas *Carter Henry Harrison I* by Claudius O. Johnson and *The Life of President Harper* by T. W. Goodspeed are Chicago contributions, the latter being the life of the first president of the University of Chicago. *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*, Volumes 3 and 4, edited by Charles Seymour, should have a wide political interest; *The Life of John W. Weeks* has been written by Charles G. Washburn, and *Alexander Graham Bell* by Catherine Mackenzie. *Memories of a Sculptor's Wife* by Mrs. Daniel Chester French runs from the Civil War to to-day; and *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* is a new contribution to the American Men of Letters Series by Ferris Greenslet. Two lives of Rabelais are in preparation: one by Anatole France, translated

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by Ernest Boyd; another by Jake Falstaff, an attempt at fictive autobiography. More contemporary biographies are to be found in *The Balloon Buster* by Norman S. Hall, the story of Frank Luke of Arizona, America's second ace, which is already available, and *Sergeant York*, the story of his life written by himself from his diary with the aid of Tom Skeyhill. It was Sergeant York who practically defeated an entire German machine gun battalion in the Argonne on October 8, 1918, killing twenty-eight, capturing thirty-five machine guns, and bringing in one hundred and thirty-two prisoners. *Cap'n George Fred, Whaler*, is another life story, told informally, and perhaps as important as the more serious and studied biographies.

HOW THE GREAT WAR CAME ABOUT

The German ambassador in London in 1914, Prince Lichnowsky, could not see eye to eye with the German Kaiser. He was a practical man, with great common sense, much like Sir Edward Grey, later Viscount. His attempts to stop the War were interpreted as a lack of patriotism, and he retired to Switzerland. After the War he lived on his Silesian estate until his death on February 27, 1928. His reminiscences, composed of his comment on Anglo-German relations, the despatches that passed between him and the German statesmen in Berlin, and his political aphorisms are contained in his book of reminiscences, *Heading for the Abyss*. It is an important work, for it helps clear up much of the muddle caused by the cries of "war guilt," and the controversial chatter of superannuated diplomats. Without being able to go into detail, I can indicate the essential points: Lichnowsky had regularly warned Berlin that Great Britain could not remain neutral in the event of an attack on France. Sir Edward Grey explained to him that the cabinet had made no commitments to Russia and France, but that there had been military and naval conversations as early as 1906, when Germany was thought to be an international danger. The attempts of Grey to force mediation in the Austro-Serbian affair are conveyed repeatedly by Lichnowsky to Berlin, only to be met by an uncompromising attitude; the statements of Von Jagow, and the marginal comment of the Kaiser himself on the despatches indicate that Germany hoped Austria would eliminate the Greater Serbia danger and make Serbia helpless; it was their belief that if England remained neutral and suggested neutrality to

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Russia and France, the affair could be localized. There is no great hope for mediation running through the German despatches. There is also the insistence of Von Jagow that Russia is not ready for war, but that in several years it may be, and then will crush Germany by force of numbers. The German Kaiser meets the suggestions that Austrian conditions were not impossible of fulfillment with the remark that he has nothing to do with the wishes of a sovereign state; besides, the Serbians deserve a good drubbing and need not be considered a civilized state. It is evident that the British cabinet has been aware that Austria might make her demands too difficult to meet. Lichnowsky also conveys to Berlin his doubt of English neutrality in the event of a continental war, but it is much more a possibility if Belgium is not attacked. The violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany gave England the excuse it needed; otherwise it might have been more difficult to get public opinion solidly behind intervention, at least for some length of time. The compactness of these despatches and the common sense in the outlook of the ambassador make this a book of great value to any student of the crisis. Lichnowsky has some important views on Bismarck; he cannot see what Germany might have gained by the extermination of the Serbs; he never believed that a war would reduce the Yugoslav national spirit. The policy of Austria lay outside the terms of the Triple Alliance. The book caused much controversy in Germany, when it was published last November; it has been translated by Prof. Sefton Delmer and published by Payson & Clarke.

MYSTERY AND DETECTIVE STORIES

The Mystery of the Blue Train by Agatha Christie is another straightforward mystery story by the author of *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) It has the advantage of a well-knit plot, and not too much soliloquizing by the detective, Hercule Poirot. The Blue Train takes Englishmen to Nice, and it is on the train that Ruth Kettering, daughter of a wealthy American business man and wife of an Englishman who is heir to a title, is murdered. The loss of rubies worth $500,000 complicates the situation; the lady is also suspected of a possible *affaire du cœur;* moreover she was about to divorce her husband, which would have lost him her estate of about $2,000,000. Enough of a beginning to whet the appetite of voracious readers. *The Mystery of the Blue*

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Train relies on plot, and the author sees the story through without side trips.

Meanwhile many new detective and mystery stories are coming from the presses, and the readers should be satiated. Despite the supply the output grows; mystery tales are easily read, and the man whose interest is held for an hour or two wants another stimulant when the first has been disposed of. Among the new books are *The Man in the Shadows* by Carroll John Daly. (Edward J. Clode.) This deals with the adventures of Race Williams, private investigator. *The Six Proud Walkers* by Frances Beeding is a tale of adventure in Italy, with a bit of international intrigue thrown in, a most capable tale. (Little, Brown.) *The Black House in Harley Street* by J. S. Fletcher, that veteran story teller, deals with an unexpected fortune which comes to a brother and a sister, whereupon all sorts of dire consequences happen in the black house. *Scissors Cut Paper* by Gerard Fairlie (Little, Brown) conveys horror and suspense. *Cobweb Castle* is another by J. S. Fletcher (Knopf) dealing again with an heir to a great fortune who is found murdered in his ancestral home. *The Secret of Mohawk Pond* by Natalie Sumner Lincoln is a tale in which the will of an eccentric uncle makes things unpleasant for a young woman who has to enter a lonely house in Connecticut to acquire a fortune. (Appleton.)

FAMOUS TRIALS

From detective and mystery stories to famous trials is but a step, and it often happens that reality is more fascinating and considerably more mystifying than fiction. Readers who need fact in their dish may turn to the Famous Trials Series which Scribner is publishing. George Dilnot, who has compiled excellent works of this character in the past, is responsible for some of these volumes. Here are *The Trial of the Detectives*, dealing with the trial of certain of the chief detectives of Scotland Yard for collusion with two criminals in 1877; *The Trial of Professor Webster*, dealing with the trial and death of a Harvard professor who was accused and found guilty of the murder of Doctor Parkman, a wealthy Boston physician and philanthropist, who was killed in the medical college which he had presented to the university. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of the witnesses. This was in 1850. *The Peltzer Case* by Gerard Harry is told by the man who was a young reporter at the famous Peltzer trial and helped obtain the release of

Shall I Buy "BAMBI"?

This actual photograph was taken in The Beacon Book Shop, situated in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York. It was posed especially for an ad. But the scene has taken place countless times in this particular shop, as well as in bookstores all over America. Since it is impossible to photograph the questions and thoughts that arise in the mind of this man, let us imagine what some of them are, and answer briefly:

1 *Why is there so much talk about this particular book?* Possibly one of the reasons is that *Bambi* has been distributed to members of TheBook-of-the-MonthClub, who have started the talk. If one of your friends is a member ask him what he thought of *Bambi*. Another reason is that *Bambi* is altogether different from other books that have been published. A deer is the central character—which immediately raises another question:

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3 *What do the critics think of Bambi?* Although the space in this page does not permit the reproduction of even a few of the tributes, in our career as publishers we have never brought out a book that has met with a more universally favorable response. (A booklet containing some of the reviews has been prepared which will be sent post-free upon application to ESSANDESS, Dept. A., 37 W. 57th St.) Meanwhile, the man in the photograph is referred to John Galsworthy's foreword in the book.

4 *Why not wait and borrow a copy from a friend?* There is no reason why—in the advertising vernacular—"you must read this book tonight." It will be as enjoyable next week, or next year. By all means borrow a copy. If after reading it you feel that you want a copy of your own, you will find it a carefully and beautifully made book, printed in large type, and made to be enjoyed ten years hence as well as now. *Bambi* by Felix Salten is available at all bookstores, price $2.50. Simon and Schuster, Inc., Publishers, 37 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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the younger brother thirty years later. This happened in 1882. *The Trial of Patrick Mahon* has been introduced by Edgar Wallace, and is an English case of 1924. *The Mysterious Murder of Maria Marten* by J. Curtis is also called "the tragedy of the red barn," and is a historic Suffolk tragedy. The prospectus for this series of trials promises a book on Chester Gillette—whose crime is said to have inspired Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*—on Landru, and Jim the Penman. This should make mystery readers very happy.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Four requests have been sent in to us during the past month to find out-of-print books. We can only advise our readers to go direct to second-hand book stores either in their own cities or such stores as Thoms and Eron, 89 Chambers St., New York City; Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Ave., New York City; Goodspeed's Book Store, 5A Park St., Boston, Mass., or Leary's Book Store, Philadelphia, Pa. These stores have access to all possible ways of locating copies of old books if such are in existence and for sale. Retail book stores also very often try to obtain these books for their customers. Through this column, at various times, we have called for replies to certain requests for books and, in some cases, have received response. But generally we can only suggest that our correspondents get in touch with any of the stores listed above or with their own book dealer. Miss Jennie Hogarth asks for a copy of *The Great Wet Way* by A. J. Cohen, formerly a Dodd, Mead publication. The book requested by Miss Isobel Clanger, New York City, is *The Melancholy Tale of Me, My Remembrances* by E. H. Sothern, once a Scribner publication. Mr. Wallace Smith, Portland, Oregon, wishes a copy of *Beau Brummel*, published in a beautifully illustrated edition by George H. Doran (now Doubleday, Doran) about two years ago. The price was $10.00 for the volume. Mrs. W. R. S. Swartz has asked us to locate a set of readers, called *The National Readers*, used by her mother in school during the years from 1866 to 1874 in Minnesota. If any reader has one of these books and is willing to part with it, we shall be pleased to receive notice and will send it on to those who have appealed to us. . . . A list of Thomas Hardy's novels is too long to reprint in full in this column. There are seventeen volumes in the leather thin-paper edition, $2.50 each, and

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eighteen volumes in the cloth book paper edition, $2.25 each. Both cloth and leather sets are in uniform binding. They are published by Harper & Brothers, who will send Mr. Thomas Paul, Jr., Weston, Mass., a complete list of the titles. We will quote a few of the late Mr. Hardy's books: *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, and *The Return of the Native*. . . . Contrary to Mr. Henry Ridwell's (Akron, Ohio) most emphatic statement that there should be a "good edition" of *The Gadfly* by Voynich, there is only one edition now obtainable of this book. This is published by Grosset & Dunlap, 1140 Broadway, New York City, at 75 cents. . . . Mrs. C. B. Seeley, Baltimore, Md., writes to us for information on *The Outline of Art*, *The Outline of Literature*, and *The Outline of Science*. The first is edited by Sir William Orpen, two volumes, $4.50 each in cloth and $20.00 the set in half-morocco. The second is edited by John Drinkwater, three volumes, $4.50 each in cloth and $30.00 the set in half-morocco. The third is edited by J. Arthur Thomson, four volumes, $4.50 each in cloth and $38.00 the set in half-morocco. George P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City, is the publisher of all the books in this series. . . . Answers to three inquiries are requested by Mr. Walter Breen, Glenwood, Iowa. He is very much interested in A. B. See's book on *Schools* and wants to know where he can obtain a copy. This book is not sold to the trade nor even privately as yet. Upon inquiry we learned that the only possible way for Mr. Breen to get this book is to write direct to Mr. See, care of the Electric Elevator Co., 52 Vesey St., New York City, who will perhaps send him one. As far as we could learn, there will be no charge. His second question deals with books published by Henry C. Beers. This writer has nothing in book form; all his articles have been written for magazines thus far. Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City, is the publisher of H. L. Mencken's works. The titles and prices are: *The American Language*, $6.00, *Book of Burlesques*, $2.50, *Book of Prefaces*, $2.50, *Defense of Women*, $2.50, *Notes on Democracy*, $2.50, *Prejudices*, six series, $2.50 each, and *Selected Prejudices*, $2.00. . . . Both the Book-of-the-Month Club, 218 West 40th St., New York City, and The Literary Guild of America, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City, will send a back list of their various publications and all information on future

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An Educational Discovery

We were taking our son Jack to his uncle's farm to visit his cousin Billy. Billy, with an old mare and wagon, was at the station.

"I call the carriage 'good ship Argo,'" he announced, "and pretend I'm Jason."

"Who is Jason?" interrupted our son. Billy told the myth charmingly. His use of words astonished us. Although our Jack had gone to an expensive private day school in the city he had no such vocabulary.

The young driver pointed out a field which reminded him of Millet's paintings; his remarks as we went on revealed knowledge also of botany and zoology. Why had not our son learned these things, too?

"Amy," I cried to Billy's mother when we arrived, "where does Billy go to school?"

School Comes to Him

"Billy doesn't go to school," she replied. "I consider it an educational discovery! School comes to him. Haven't you heard of the famous Calvert Home Instruction Courses?

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